

LITTLE WOODCRAFTER'S BOOK

LILLIAN
ELIZABETH
ROY





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**LITTLE WOODCRAFTER'S
BOOK**

LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY



AWAITING THE VISITORS

LITTLE WOODCRAFTER'S BOOK

BY
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AUTHOR OF
"THE WOODCRAFT GIRLS AT CAMP," ETC.



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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
ONE	STARTING THE LITTLE LODGE	15
TWO	A WEEK OF WORK	35
THREE	THE MAYDAY PARTY FOR BETTY	60
FOUR	THE LITTLE LODGE WINS HONOURS	83
FIVE	BUSY DAYS OF FUN!	101
SIX	STORY TELLING AND DANCING	117
SEVEN	A WEEK END CAMP ON THE PALISADES	129
EIGHT	FOLK LORE AND LEGENDS	149
NINE	OFF FOR WICKEECHEOKEE CAMP	173
TEN	THE STORY OF THE ROBINS	192
ELEVEN	FUN AT WICKEECHEOKEE CAMP	214
TWELVE	A RAINY AFTERNOON	236
THIRTEEN	PREPARING FOR THE FOURTH	256
FOURTEEN	THE FOURTH OF JULY PARTY	273
FIFTEEN	AT WOODCHUCK CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACKS	288
SIXTEEN	THE END OF THE SUMMER CAMP	308

ILLUSTRATIONS

Awaiting the Visitors [see Page 322]	<i>Frontispiece</i> ✓
	PAGE
Whisk Broom Patterns	42
Completed Broom Holder	47
Patterns of Betty's Catch-all	49
The Peanut Chickens	50
The Bird House	52
The Inkawink Indians	57
The Inkawink Trees	58
"Lem'me fink—Teddy knows dat flower"	68 ✓
The Inkawink Cows	93
The Inkawink Hens	94
The Inkawink Lions	95
The Inkawink Dancers	97
The Inkawink Men	99
Here Teddy Established His Workshop	104 ✓
The 'Mer'can Eagle	107
The Pins	120
"Can You Read This?"	121
"Oh Shief!"	132 ✓

	PAGE
"March! March!" Song	136-137
Hazel Leaf and Blossom	144
Hazel Bud and Catkin	144
Beech Blossom	144
Beech Nuts	144
American Chestnut	144
White Elm	144
La Bergère—French Folk Song	146-147
Edith Showed Them the Dance	158 ✓
The Brownies' Star	161
Song of "The Frog's Party"	176
The Frog's Party (Picture).	178
Patterns of Aeroplanes	203
Correct Manner of Launching	205
The Brave Little Robin	209
Teddy Sat upon a Log and Kept Time	216 ✓
Weaving a Grass Mat	222 ✓
"America" Song	228-229
Pattern of Wheel	239
Clothes Horse Screen Ready	240
Pin-hole Design	241
Use a Lantern	242
Pinhole Envelope	244
"Gefunden"—German Folk Song	256-257
Patterns for Petals	260
Patterns of Flowers	262

ILLUSTRATIONS

xi

	PAGE
The Peanut Team	265
The Peanut Pets	266
The American Merchant Marine	268
The Lima Bean	270
Pattern for Brownie-gram	274
A Brownie-gram	275
A Lady Brownie-gram	277
The Medicine Man	278
The Lone Scout	282 ✓
Painting the Totems	296
Bumble-Bee—Song	304
“Hail, O Brothers!”	306
Pinhole Camera	316
Billy and Paul Practising the Dances	320 ✓

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CHAPTER ONE

STARTING THE LITTLE LODGE

HEY, Zan! Let me in!" shouted Bobby Baker, as he pounded violently upon the plate glass panel in the front door of his home.

"For goodness' sake, wait! I'm coming just as fast as ever I can, Bob!" cried Suzanne Baker, rushing through the hall to admit her youngest brother.

Then, as the door swung open, she added, "Did you think I was a streak of lightning?"

"Humph! I guess not! I always knew you were a tortoise!" retorted Bob, with the usual impatience of a thirteen-year-old active boy who firmly believes that sisters are placed in the family for his especial benefit.

The moment he had entered the library, he turned to his sister and demanded, "Say, I hear *you* started that Little Lodge for Woodcrafters!"

"Miss Miller suggested that we girls begin one for our little friends, so I planned most of it—why?" said Zan, puzzled at the resentment expressed in her brother's tone and face.

"'Cause, you promised to help Fiji and me get our Band of boys organised and going this summer, and here you take *our* time to start something for a lot of babies!" cried Bob, and disappointment spoke in every word.

"Oh, that's what's the matter with you this afternoon, is it?" laughed Zan, going over to the table where she had been sorting papers when her brother interrupted her. "Well, Bobs, don't worry any more about *that*! Mrs. Remington has already planned for a Band for you boys to be annexed to the Tribe she is now working on. Her first Band is eager to secure enough boys to complete the number necessary to charter as a Tribe, so she asked me if I thought you boys would like to join them. Mrs. Remington is an experienced Woodcrafter with that wonderful all-year-round camp on their country place, so I knew you boys would jump at the opportunity to belong to a Tribe equipped with everything the Remingtons have."

As he heard the welcome news, Bob's expression changed from impatience to satisfaction, and he suddenly showed an unusual interest in the work his sister was doing.

"What's all that stuff for?" asked he.

"Oh, it's for our Little Lodge," replied Zan.

"Can't you tell a feller who's in it, and what they expect to do?" continued Bob.

"Why, of course, if you really wish to know. All this material was sent to Miss Miller from Mrs. Rem-

ington, whose own little ones expect to belong to our Band. She calls it 'Pangi Wigwam,' which is Indian for Little Lodge, you know," said Zan.

Bob thought an apology was in order for his recent display of vexation, so he stood by the table watching his sister, and saying, "I walked home from school with Jack Hubert and he told me that you girls were forming a Little Lodge and were going to make us wait. Jane told him, but he was so mad he didn't ask her any particulars about it, and she said she wouldn't tell him a thing, just because he acted so sulky."

"Well, that was it! Jane knew of Mrs. Remington's plan before Jack found out about our Brownies," replied Zan.

"Tell us about the Brownies, will you?" asked Bob, with brotherly condescension, seeing that he felt under obligation to Zan for telling him about the Remington Tribe.

"Considering that I am First Assistant to the Guide, who, of course, is Miss Miller, I can tell you anything you wish to know about," returned Zan.

Bob sat upon the edge of a chair to hear if there was anything in a Little Lodge to interest a boy of his age, and Zan continued talking while she sorted papers.

"In the Little Lodge, boys and girls are together, you know, as long as they are under twelve years of age. If you were only a year younger you could join my Brownies."

"Me! ME!" gasped Bob, in shocked unbelief.

Zan looked up quickly at her brother's exclamation, and laughed at his disgusted look.

"Of course, why not?" teased Zan.

"What! Join a Band of Babies when I am in next to highest grade of grammar! I shall join a regular Tribe of Boys!"

"Don't get apoplexy over it—I was only joking with you, anyway. I doubt if I'd want such big boys in our Band to set the little ones examples of mischief!" retorted Zan.

"How old are they, then?" wondered Bob.

"We have seven children in all, to start with. Paul, Hilda's brother, is ten years old. Billy Remington, who knows so much about Woodcraft that he will prove a great help, is nearly eleven. Then, there's his sister Edith, who is eight, and little Teddy, who is four. The Remington children's cousins, Betty and Tammy Fullerton, are aged six and three, while Jane Hubert's little cousin, Dot Hubert, is aged five. They are the dearest children, and will be so interesting!" said Zan, enthusiastically.

"You've got an assortment of ages, at any rate!" laughed Bob.

"That's what we wanted! The older ones, like Billy and Edith Remington, will work so hard for the honours to be won, that they will set a good example for the others. If all were young children it would be harder for us to keep them interested and ambitious," returned Zan.

"But the youngest kiddies can't try for an honour! If Teddy is four and Tammy but three, they can't do much besides sitting and watching the others do stunts!" ventured Bob.

"Don't you believe it! Why, Teddy Remington not only knows his wild flowers—one for each year of his age—but he swims like a little fish! It was the cutest thing to watch him kicking out his fat pudgy little legs when he showed us how he could take the test for swimming! He looked exactly like a baby bull-frog!" laughed Zan, at remembrance of Teddy's exploit.

"Well! I should say he was *some* boy!" admitted Bob.

"Bob, that reminds me—you will have to stop using so much slang when you join the Woodcrafters! They give a chump-mark every time a member is caught using slang," warned his sister.

"Oh, say! If you're going to preach, I'm going! I promised Jack Hubert I'd play ball this afternoon, anyway, so I'm off!"

Without waiting to hear whether Zan approved of his leaving so unceremoniously or not, Bob ran out.

Bob had not been gone very long when the bell rang. It was Thursday and the maid's day out, so Zan answered the door. To her delight, Hilda Alvord and Nita Brampton stood outside.

"Oh, Zan, we just left Miss Miller! She says you had the Little Lodge papers here, so we came over

to see them. I am appointed to be the dancing teacher— isn't it going to be fun!" cried Nita, laughingly.

"And I am supposed to show the children how to be a home cook, because Miss Miller says I am such a fine housekeeper," added Hilda.

"Yes, I am so interested already, that I am anxious for Friday afternoon to come. Bob just left and he said he didn't see how such little youngsters can do Woodcraft things, so I told him about Teddy Remington," explained Zan, leading the way to the library where she had been working.

As the three girls sat down, Hilda said, "Do you know, after I told Paul he was so excited about joining the Lodge that he couldn't sleep last night. He wanted me to sit up and tell him all the things the Brownies did, and how many honours I thought he could win the first week!"

"He must think that honour-winning is easy work," laughed Nita.

"I haven't the slightest idea what the honours are for the Little Lodge,—have you, Zan?" replied Hilda.

"Yes, they're all given here on the papers. Suppose you read them aloud to Nita. I was impressed, when I read them over, by the manner in which they begin with a simple test such as Tammy or Betty can do, and gradually grow harder and harder, until it would seem impossible to any one who wasn't a Woodcrafter, for a child to accomplish," said Zan, passing the papers to Hilda.

Nita glanced over Hilda's shoulder as she looked at

the list of honours mentioned, but the door-bell rang and interrupted the girls again.

"Wait a second, Hilda—mother is away with father and Katy has her day out, so I have to answer the door," said Zan, running from the room.

In a few moments she re-entered, followed by Jane Hubert and Elena Marsh, the two girls who completed the five members of Woodcraft Girls at Camp on Wickeecheokee Farm the previous summer.

"Oh, hello, girls! Did you know Nita and I were here?" cried Hilda, jumping up to welcome the newcomers.

Jane replied for Elena and herself. "We just met Bob Baker down the street, and he told us Zan had the papers for a Little Lodge, so we stopped in to see them," explained she.

"I was just about to read the list of honours aloud, when you rang the bell. Sit down, and listen to them," said Hilda.

When Hilda concluded the girls seemed amazed at some of the things listed for little Brownies.

"They seem rather stiff tests for a kiddie of Teddy's age, I think," said Jane.

"But, you see, Jane, they aren't all for four-year-olds! They are graded in such a way that Billy and Paul will be able to take the harder tests quite easily!" exclaimed Zan.

"And the funny part is, that the Brownie of four can do a lot more stunts than Paul who is almost eleven! This is proof conclusive, that it is experience

that enables the children to win these tests. Teddy had his mother to show him these things, and seeing his brothers and sisters do them, he naturally tried to do them, too!" added Hilda.

"Little Tammy or Betty can easily do the tests given for their age, and as the child grows older the tests get harder," said Nita, looking at the list again.

After an hour of animated planning and discussion for their future Little Lodge, the girls parted to wait impatiently for the next day when the seven Little Woodcrafters would be formally attached to the Big Lodge of girls who first started Wako Tribe.

Miss Miller, the Guide of Wickeecheokee Band, and now the Guide of Wako Tribe into which the first Band developed, was in the gymnasium of the school where she taught physical culture. It was Friday afternoon and school was just out, when Zan and Elena came in to assist the teacher with a few preliminary things to be attended to before the meeting took place.

"Here we are, Miss Miller!" called Zan, with her usual impetuosity.

"And glad I am to see you! I was wondering how I could complete these books before the Brownies arrived," replied Miss Miller.

"Oh, they won't be here for ten minutes, or more. We sent Hilda, Nita and Jane to gather them together," said Elena.

"I don't think any one of the applicants to-day will

lose on the fourth condition mentioned in the initiations," laughed Miss Miller.

"Which one is that—I can't remember it?" asked Zan.

"The one that says, 'Must be voted into the Tribe unanimously.' You all are so overjoyed with the undertaking of a Little Lodge, that you all believe the children will prove to be angels."

"Whatever they prove to be, we will never regret having annexed the Little Lodge!" declared Zan, emphatically.

But the sound of children's eager voices reached the room, and the three occupants hurried out to welcome the Brownies.

Paul Alvord and Dot Hubert were the only ones of the group of children who were already acquainted with Miss Miller, so Zan undertook to introduce the other five, beginning with Billy Remington, who was eleven.

"Miss Miller, this is Billy, almost old enough to become a Brave. He holds honours and *coups* mentioned in the Big Lodge Manual for boys that he may retain when he leaves the Little Lodge.

"Billy's older brother and sister are experienced Woodcrafters, so that accounts for the ambition of the younger members of the family. I know that Billy will prove to be of great service to us in working with our Little Lodge, won't you, Billy?" added Zan.

Billy Remington nodded seriously and Miss Miller

smiled. "Billy is very welcome to our Council," said she.

"How!" returned Billy, using the Indian term for approval or welcome.

The Woodcraft girls looked pleased at his unexpected reply, while some of the children looked at each other for an explanation, as they had never heard the Indian salutation before.

"Brownies," explained the Guide, seeing the questioning looks, "I am pleased to hear Billy use the Indian word; now, that you have heard it, suppose we use it hereafter, to express our pleasure, surprise, welcome or approval?"

The older girls immediately signified their acceptance of the suggestion by saying "How!" and the Brownies smiled their consent.

"O-oh! Teddy tan tsay 'How' too, dus' like Billy do!" cried Teddy Remington eagerly, as soon as he saw the reception accorded his brother's idea.

That made every one laugh, and Teddy found himself the centre of attraction in the school-room as he generally was at home.

"Although it is out of order, it behooves me to introduce Teddy next; if I don't, he will take the honour for himself!" said Zan, pushing Teddy in front of Miss Miller.

The children giggled and Teddy, thinking he had done or said something unusually bright, laughed hilariously. As soon as quiet was again restored, Zan introduced the hero.

"This is Theodore Roosevelt Remington! The young man who can tell his four wild flowers and swim ten yards!"

"Dlad to—to-o—O-oh, I fordet what Billy wan's me to tsay!" quoth Teddy, making a quaint little curtsy in spite of his abbreviated acknowledgment. So cute did he act that Jane was tempted to give him a hug.

Teddy, although his name might imply that he was fond of bear hugs, never tolerated them, so he wriggled quickly out of his admirer's arms and scowled at her fiercely.

Miss Miller had to laugh at the independent young man and said to Zan, in a whisper, "A strenuous Brave, just like his namesake!"

Zan smiled and beckoned to the next Brownie waiting to be introduced to the Guide.

"This is Edith Remington who can do almost as many Woodcraft things as our Big Lodge members, Miss Miller. Her age alone keeps her from being a member of a Big Lodge."

Edith smiled with pleasure at Zan's commendation and stepped before the Guide to make the old-fashioned curtsy so pretty and desirable for children to use. Then, she made a second bow to the older girls and stepped back to make place for the other Brownies.

"Here is Betty Fullerton, Miss Miller, and Tammy, her little brother who is just half-past-three!" con-

cluded Zan, holding each child by the hand as she presented them to the assemblage.

"You all know Paul Alvord and Dot Hubert, so they won't have to be introduced again. The Brownies all became well acquainted on the walk over here, Jane tells me, so now, I think, we can continue our plans," added Miss Miller, when Zan turned to be seated.

The Guide then took up the paper that was first on the desk, and glanced at it, then looked at Zan.

"Zan, I'd like a few moments' talk with you about this programme. Girls, while we are engaged, wouldn't it be nice to get acquainted with all of the little Brownies?"

Zan immediately jumped up and ran over to the desk.

"Zan, I looked over your programme for the Little Lodge just before you came in, this afternoon, and I must say that I fear your zeal in Woodcraft work has made you overlook the fact that these children imagine all of this is supposed to be fun and play. If you start in with such strenuous plans as you outlined here, they will lose interest in a very short time."

The Guide hesitated to see what Zan thought of her suggestion but the girl was thinking seriously over the wise criticism of her programme.

"You see, Zan, these children have lessons to study, and if you give them on the first day such things to do as to find out about the birds, flowers, insects, or other Nature studies, they will fancy it is study and

not play! Then, when the interested mothers ask, 'Well, dear, what did you play in Camp to-day?' and the child replies, 'Oh, we learned all about the stars, the animals, the flowers and how to sew or paint,' the parent will think we are cramming the child with knowledge instead of outdoor fun."

Zan admitted the wisdom of Miss Miller's words and said, "What would you suggest? Suppose you take this up and attend to it as you think best."

"Don't think that I am finding fault with your outline—far from it! I think it is admirable to follow later, after the Brownies are accustomed to Woodcraft. But for the very start, I would temper the plan with more play or recreation ideas."

"You are right, Miss Miller, as you generally are. Go on and begin in any way you think best."

"Well, I want them to become so devoted to Woodcraft that they will gradually become as young trees: all curves and crookedness inherited from fore-bears, straightened out so that the strength and firmness of a sound character will sustain them through all their lives."

Zan listened to the serious words and felt the earnest desire of the teacher to help these little ones, and the girl silently abetted the intentions. Then she turned to the group.

"Woodcrafters! Big Lodge and Little! Shall we start in on our meeting? Miss Miller is ready!"

The eager expectant faces attested readiness, and some of the experienced members cried "How!"

"Well, we will arrange our Council Ring in the centre of the room. Will some of you girls assist me in carrying the seats from the closet?" requested the Guide, going over to the large closet reserved for storing varied equipment in the gymnasium.

A number of low seats were taken out and carried over to the circle chalked out by Billy. The imitation log-fire was then constructed in the middle of the Ring. At one side of the Ring stood a large chair covered with a fur robe; this was supposed to be the throne of the Chief. Opposite the throne stood the totem-pole of the Tribe with their emblem and various achievements painted on it. At one side of the Chief's throne was a seat for the Tally-Keeper.

When everything was in order, Zan went over to the throne and called,

"Heetah Kolah nahoonpo omneechee-yay nee-chopi!"

A smile crept over most of the little faces watching the Chief glibly rattle off the Indian words. But the girls of the Big Lodge replied "How," and directed the Brownies to seats.

When all were placed, Zan said, "Will Hilda make the fire?"

To the delight of the Little Lodge members, Hilda then proceeded to open Council by making fire with nothing more than a handful of dry wild-wood material and the rubbing sticks. The latter were two sticks and two small bits of wood. A leather string was tied to one stick to make a sort of a bow of it,

and the other stick was used as the rubber. One bit of wood was used for the fire-pan and the other bit was notched. The rubber was stuck in the notch and the leather string twisted once about the rubber. Then Hilda sawed back and forth as if she were playing upon a violin.

As the rubbing stick kept grinding into the notch, the friction caused heat and this heat made smoke. In a short time, a minute spark of red was seen, and instantly, the girls cried "How!"

Hilda rubbed until another spark came from the tiny heap of powder in the pan, then she blew softly upon it until it was seen to smoke continuously. By holding a handful of the dried tinder to the powder, she soon had it smoking bravely. The wild-wood tinder was then placed in a little pottery bowl and set upon the floor by the log-fire that the smoke might go upwards for a symbol to the Great Spirit of all.

Hilda returned to her seat and Zan waited a moment while the spiral fragrant smoke rose silently from the fire. Then she announced, "We will all sing the Omaha Tribal Prayer."

The entire congregation stood while singing:

"Wa-kon-da dhe-dhu Wa-pa dhin a-ton-he.
Wa-kon-da dhe-dhu Wa-pa-dhin a-ton-he."

As the last sound of the song died away, Zan said, "For those Brownies who have never heard this song

before, I will translate the Indian words: 'Father, a needy one stands before thee; I that sing am he.' "

The members all reseated themselves but Paul Alvord was inclined to think the whole proceeding a huge joke, so he nudged Billy and giggled annoyingly.

Billy saw that Paul had the wrong impression of the meeting and frowned reprovingly at him while he silently shook his head to indicate to Paul that he must not consider this a time for a frolic or a joke.

Paul seemed ill at ease and looked about at the others to ascertain if they were as earnest as Billy seemed to be. He saw interested intent faces all watching Zan, so he decided to watch too.

After calling the roll and hearing the report of the Tally Chief, the Wampum Keeper reported on the expenses and present condition of the Wampum.

Then the business of taking in the Little Lodge was attended to. The names and ages of the Brownies were entered in the Roll and Zan said they were now ready to have the Brownies prove their right to membership.

At this stage of the proceedings, Billy stood up and raised his hand above his head as a token of salute, then said, "Oh, Chief!"

Billy had taken part with his sister and brother in Councils and other Woodcraft ways at home, so he was well versed in the courtesies of the Council Ring.

Zan smiled and bowed at him; so, given permis-

sion to state his business as long as it was in connection with Council matters, he spoke.

"Oh, Chief! I want to say that I have an honourable Indian name won by rights of my honours and *coups* given according to the Manual of Woodcraft Indians. May I use that name on the Birch Bark Roll?"

"Why, Billy! You have more than we can claim!" cried Zan, amazed.

"I should think so! Billy, you must be a zealous little worker to have won a name for yourself," added the Guide.

"What is it, Billy?" asked Jane, curiously, for it was no small honour in Woodcraft to be able to claim an Indian Name.

"It is Shingebis, meaning 'Diver,'" replied Billy, composedly, for he was never phased by flattery or flustered by criticism, but continued his allotted work and play in an even tenor, doing his best in everything that seemed his duty to accomplish.

"I should like to hear how Billy won that honour," suggested Hilda.

"Elena, just make a note of that suggestion in our Tally-book, will you? Some day we will call upon Billy to give us the details of how he won that name," said Miss Miller.

So Billy was entered on the Birch Bark Roll as Shingebis, and a note made as the Guide suggested.

The Big Lodge then explained to the Brownies all about taking the tests for initiation, and this under-

stood, they all repeated in unison the Laws of the Little Lodge.

"I will obey my parents or whomsoever they set over me.

"I will be kind to animals.

"I will not play with fire or matches.

"I will help whenever I can."

The Brownies had learned these Laws by heart and now the Little Lodge members repeated them as if their whole lives depended upon the emphasis given every other word. The Guide could not help smiling at the vim displayed in their tones, but Zan was about to speak so she managed to appear serious.

"Brownies, from now until we meet again, you must try to take one of these initiations: each one of you may choose the one you think you can carry out. Now, these are they:

"Keep your temper all one day.

"Keep silence for one hour among your playmates.

"Keep a straight face for half an hour.

"Take last place in all pleasant things for one day. At some future meeting, you will all bring in your reports on what has been done with these, and those that are passed should be signed by some one who has witnessed them satisfactorily, or you must bring your witness with you. Every Brownie who has such a signed paper at our next Council, or brings the witness to meeting, becomes a Wood-Brownie. That is the lowest rank and belongs to a newly-entered Brownie. You are privileged to gather the wood for

our camp-fires and to help the members of the Big Lodge in ways they may think best for you."

Zan glanced over the memorandum and read therefrom: "When you have won five honours as listed and have been a member for at least a month, with a good record in keeping the Laws of the Tribe to which you are attached, you may win the rank of Water-Brownie. It is next higher than Wood-Brownie, and you are then permitted to supply the water of the camp. But you must be seven years or more before you can claim that rank.

"The third rank is Fire-Brownie. A Fire-Brownie alone is permitted to poke at or add fuel to the fire, and then only in the presence of or by order of the Guide. You must be nine years or over before you can be a Fire-Brownie. Besides being of age, you must have won an honour for each year of your age, must have been a Water-Brownie for at least a month, must have brought in a new member, and have a good record in keeping the Laws of the Tribe."

Zan looked about the circle to see if there were any comments, and as there were none, and there being no more official business, Miss Miller suggested that Billy entertain them with one of his solo dances, in which he was an adept.

Instantly Billy stood up and gave the sign.

"Oh, Chief! I have a spear and a shield at home for which I won honours. I made them all alone and painted and carved the symbols of the story on

them. I wish I had them here to use in dancing the Lone Scout dance!"

"Isn't it possible to demonstrate the dance without your beautiful accessories?" asked Miss Miller, eagerly.

"Let's give him the window-pole and a straw seat!" suggested Jane.

Billy dearly loved to dance Folk Dances and do the Indian steps and figures, so he took the articles Jane brought him and entertained the audience greatly with his dancing.

Nita showed the Brownies what the Storm Cloud Dance was like, and then the five big girls, with Billy and Edith and the Guide tried the Scalp Dance.

The members of the Little Lodge laughed gleefully when the Big Squaws talked to them in silent Indian sign language, or pretended to go on the war-path, doing their best to catch the Brownies.

Finally, when Teddy and Tammy had been captured by some hostile Indians, a War Council was held to determine what should be done with the enemies. The Brownies became very eager to assist in scalping the two youngest members of the Tribe, but Miss Miller laughingly suggested that that part of the Council be deferred until another day.

To the amusement of every one present, Teddy signified his approval of the Guide's motion, by crying out "How!"

And Tammy, when he heard the laugh, echoed the "How!"

CHAPTER TWO

A WEEK OF WORK

THE seven children started on an equal footing as Wood Brownies, even Billy and Edith, who had had so much experience in Woodcraft through watching and assisting the older members of their family. Of course, these two Brownies aspired to win the rank of Water Brownie as soon as the month's test should have expired. The younger members of the Band took Billy and Edith as models in the pursuit of honours and soon felt the zeal and pleasure in the work, that Zan and Miss Miller had hoped for.

During the week following the formation of the Little Lodge, the Brownies met every afternoon after school at the house of one or another of the big girls. The time was spent in trying to do well one particular pursuit: Hence, one day it was dancing, another singing folk songs, still another, story-telling, and one rainy day they all met to make home-made candy.

On Wednesday, just before the Council broke up, Miss Miller came in. She had pleasant news as every

one could see from her smile, so she was instantly given the seat of honour.

Having been treated to some of the taffy just made, she made known the purpose of her call.

"I've been thinking how enjoyable it would be if we spent Saturday in the woods. It is quite warm, you know, and the season is well advanced for May, so we might have a May Party."

"Oh, goody! goody! That will be great fun!" eagerly cried Edith, for she loved the freedom of the woods.

"Can you go with us, Miss Miller?" asked Nita, who had become a devoted follower of the Guide's since her experience in Wickeecheokee Camp the last summer.

"I certainly shall. Had it been otherwise, I fear I would not have suggested the plan for this Saturday," laughed Miss Miller.

"I think it will be splendid!" said Zan, and most of the girls agreed with her.

"Please, O Chief, may I say something?" asked Edith.

"Yes, and we know in advance that it is something fine!" returned the Guide, smiling at Edith.

Edith smiled back and spoke. "Betty Fullerton has a birthday soon. Can't we give her a party for her birthday?"

Betty, who was a quiet little mouse, clasped her hands in anticipation. Then she sent Edith a look of admiration for the brilliant idea, for Betty thought

her cousins were wonderful beings who could do anything in the world.

"Oh, how fortunate we are to have Betty with a birthday just when we need one! Would you like us to celebrate it with a May Party, Betty?" asked Miss Miller.

"O—ooh! I just guess I would, thank you!" said Betty, flushing with embarrassment as so many eager eyes were turned towards her.

"And when is the day, Betty dear?" asked Zan.

"Sunday, please!"

The Brownies expressed their wishes very plainly and the Guide soon put an end to all suspense by saying, "We surely will have a birthday party in the woods if Edith and Billy will tell us how to do it!"

"Oh, Chief!" cried Edith, on her feet before Billy had time to think of something to say, "I know all about it! At Wabanaki School in Greenwich, where my cousins attend, they had a birthday party and I was invited. We all made and gave gifts that were hung on a tree. We made the gifts, too, and wrapped each one in paper and tied them with ribbons. Then a name was written on it, and after we had danced and sung, we were told to hunt for a package that had our name on it. Of course Teddy couldn't read so we had to help him."

"I think that will be just the thing for Betty's party, too. Will we have time to make any gifts between now and Friday night?" Miss Miller turned to inquire of the big girls.

"If the Brownies will speak to their mothers to-night and start something at home, we can all meet to-morrow and continue working on the presents and try to complete them Friday afternoon," replied Zan.

"We can do it, easy enough, for the trees are there to hang the gifts on!" said Billy, emphatically.

"Billy's right! With woods full of trees why shouldn't we use them? The making of the presents is a very small consideration when one stops to think of the time it took to make the trees!" said Zan, a twinkle showing in her eyes as she turned to place the Tally Book in the closet.

Billy was not quite sure whether that was said in all earnestness or whether Zan was laughing. But Hilda interrupted any thoughts along that line, by suggesting something different.

"While we are out in the woods, why can't we try to win some honours, Brownies?"

"We can! There are many things we can do. For instance, there will be birds, and flowers, and forest trees, and fern—oh, lots of things we can do!" As Zan spoke her voice was so earnest that Billy felt relieved on the score of her laughing at him.

"Zan, suppose we take our blue-print frames along and let the Brownies use them for some fern or flower blue-prints?" ventured Jane.

"What do you think of that idea, Miss Miller—will we have enough time to do it?" asked Zan.

"We'll have all day if we get started as early as I should like—and not select a spot too far away!"

"You're all so funny! Here are we saying what we will do all day and no one has thought of a place to go to!"

Nita's musical laugh rippled out as she spoke but Zan looked earnestly at the Guide and said, "I was going to mention the Crest up on Orange Mountains. It is wild and beautiful and quite easy to reach. If Jane can get her automobile for the trip I will try to borrow ours too, so that we ought to be able to get there in half an hour from here. What time can we start?"

"That depends on the cars and the guests!" laughed Miss Miller.

"You can have our machine any time, I guess," offered Jane.

"And Dad never uses ours until his office hours are over—that will be ten o'clock. It can be back home before then," explained Zan.

"Suppose, we say that we will leave here at eight-thirty Saturday morning? Will you children see if there is any reason why you could not meet us here at that time?" As she spoke Miss Miller looked at the expectant faces of the Brownies who were quite sure then and there that they could be at the house at dawn, if the Guide would say so.

Having decided to leave the city early Saturday morning for the May Party to be given in honour of Betty's birthday, each child was reminded to be sure and make a gift to hang upon the tree in the woods.

The novel plan to have a gift-tree was so enchanting to the Brownies that Wednesday evening proved to be a very busy one for the mothers who had these Brownies to besiege them for "something" to make into presents for the gift-tree on Saturday. Hence, the gifts were varied as to material and ideas, most of them tracing their origin to the fact that certain odds and ends happened to be handy.

The moment the children met at Elena's home on Thursday afternoon, they began talking eagerly of what they were going to make. Jane, however, warned them that it would be more fun if their gifts were kept a secret from the others. This appealed to them, so each one sought a corner or separate room where he or she could work without being seen by the other Brownies.

Dot had decided to make a picture for her receiver to frame and hang up in the room. So she began to draw her favourite animal, the bunny. Elena watched her start the sketch and wondered what it would look like when finished.

Finally, Elena thought she would correct her. "You're only making a round circle, dearie."

"That's my bunny's head—next I make his body," replied Dot, bending over the paper and pushing hard upon the blunt pencil.

Elena watched her arduous task and saw Dot draw another circle, larger than the first one, for the body. This done, she held it at arm's length and sighed contentedly as she admired her work.

"Isn't it grand?" said she, turning to Elena.

"Is it completed?" sparred Elena, not wishing to commit herself.

"Oh, no! I've got to make lots more rings before it's all ready!"

Elena had no idea of the system Dot had in working out the different stages before she produced a fat, lively-looking bunny, but she was willing to be shown.

Dot resumed her interesting work and Elena went to inspect some other work. When she came back to Dot half an hour later, she found the picture all ready and waiting to be coloured with crayons.

"Oh, that really is clever, Dot!" cried Elena.

"'Course it is! I can make cats and dogs and birds and anything just like this!"

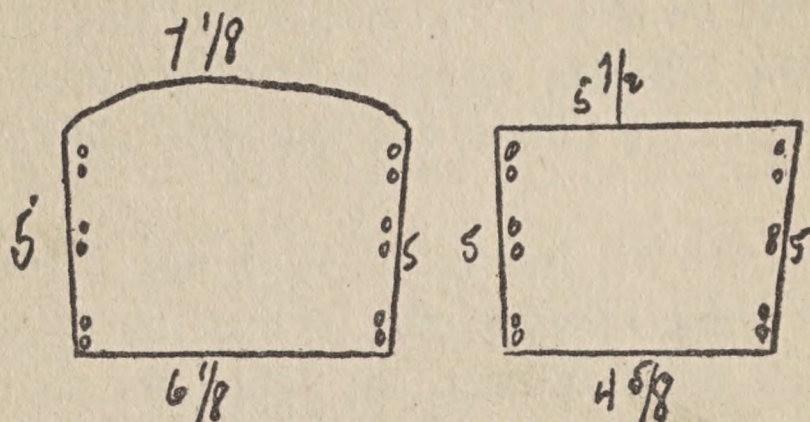
Edith had foraged for herself in the cupboard at home which was reserved for Woodcraft materials. Here she found some small pieces of leather that had been left over after cutting out Elizabeth's ceremonial costume. These pieces, with a few strips of thong and a handful of coloured beads, gave the inventive child an idea for a gift.

When she explained her purpose she obtained permission to use the findings. "It's just what I need to make a fine Indian present. I'll paint something Indiany on the front and trim it with beads," said she.

So, that Thursday afternoon, Edith concentrated

her mind upon the work, planning carefully how to make it before cutting into the leather.

First, she cut out a paper pattern, and then she cut out pieces of paste-board like the picture shown here.



Whisk Broom Patterns

Then, she punched holes in the edges where she wanted to tie the pieces together with the strips of leather thong.

This finished, she pasted the back of the leather pieces, which had been cut out to fit the card-board pieces, with thin glue. She then carefully fitted the leather to the paste-board pieces and pressed them firmly and smoothly together.

When they were dry she punched holes in the leather just where the corresponding holes in the card-board were.

Her next plan had been to paint a picture on the front of the leather. So, she had coaxed her sister to cut out a stencil for her. Elizabeth, accordingly, had cut out the form of a bear which was supposed to be painted in black.

Edith placed this stencil on the larger section of leather and looked through her Woodcraft work-bag for the tiny box of colours she had brought with her. A small cake of black was well moistened and then she filled a camel's-hair brush with the colour.

The brush was dabbed upon the leather but it seemed not to leave any result, such as the artist looked for.

Again she filled the brush and tried to paint a good black bear, but the water rolled up in a tiny globule and refused to stay put where the painter had intended it to be.

Edith sat and frowned at the problem when along came Zan.

"What's the trouble, Edith?"

"Why, this old paint won't paint!" cried Edith.

Zan laughed, but stopped to see what was the cause of the perplexity. She was surprised to see the neat work already done by the Brownie, without other help than that experience gleaned from watching her mother and sister do similar work at home.

"Have you tried oil paints, Edith?" asked Zan.

"No, I haven't any—not yet! But I must paint this bear or it won't be Woodcraft, at all! A whisk broom holder isn't likely to be used by the Indians, anyway, but the leather and beads, and most of all the bear symbol, will make it look like something a Wako Tribe member *could* use!" explained Edith, disparaging the use of anything that was not Indian.

Zan laughed understandingly. "I have a box of

oil paints and a stiff brush that you can use. I'll run upstairs and look for them."

"Oh, if you would!" sighed Edith, leaning back in her chair with a great sense of relief at having the problem solved.

Zan soon returned with a black japanned box that she placed upon the table. Opening the lid, she found a metal tube of blue black paint in the row of little tubes that were labelled and arranged according to the colours mostly used. Edith looked at the box covetously and sighed again.

"Now what?" laughed Zan, while unscrewing the little top of the tube.

"Oh, you've got just the kind of a box I want mother to buy for me. If this bear turns out good can't you tell her how much I need some paints," ventured Edith, looking at Zan anxiously.

"Tell the bear you need the paints? Why, I never see any bears!" teased Zan.

"Oh, you know what I mean!" But Edith forgot to explain more fully for Zan squeezed the tube and a queer little curl of black paint squirmed out of the opening.

"Ho! just like tooth-paste, isn't it?" said Edith.

"But hardly the same colour and ingredients!" added Zan.

"No, I guess not! Wouldn't your teeth look funny if you used that tube by mistake, some night in the dark bath-room?" said Edith, looking speculatively at Zan's even white teeth.

"I'm afraid the flavour would be funnier than the looks!" declared Zan.

Edith laughed at the idea and Zan mixed the paint on a palette, then told the Brownie it was ready to use.

Paint-box and teeth were forgotten then, and the little girl applied herself to decorating the leather.

"You know this oil paint won't dry as rapidly as the water-colours, don't you, Edith?" remarked Zan, as she watched the Brownie dab on a brush-full of paint.

"Yes, I know, and I won't use much of it—only enough to cover the leather place with black," replied Edith, holding down the stencil firmly with one hand.

"That's right. I see you have made the most of what you have seen others do. Now, when you have completed the bear, I will take the piece and hang it up back of the kitchen range where the heat will dry it quickly," offered Zan, before leaving the busy artist.

The black bear did not dry in time for Edith to finish the brush-holder that day, but it was quite ready to be trimmed when she examined the piece of leather on Friday afternoon. She tied the two pieces—front and back—together with leather strips, using large gay-coloured beads at each hole for stoppers. Last of all, she tied a hanger of leather at the top of the back-piece, with a large bead at each side and at the top. Then the gift was done.

The Brownie carried it eagerly about to show the

big girls and they duly admired the handicraft of the little girl.

"I think it really is wonderful, don't you?" asked Nita.

"Yes, and it is simple enough to have any of the little ones try it, some day," added Elena.

"Suppose, I just make a pattern of the case for use some other time—the youngest Brownies need not have the black bear, you know, for they will smudge everything with the oil paints," suggested Zan.

"Better let me make a sketch then, omitting the bear. If they once lay eyes on that bear you won't get them to make a holder without it!" laughed Elena.

So the artist of the Tribe hastily sketched a holder such as Edith had made, but eliminated the bear. While she was doing this, Zan wrote out the directions as Edith dictated them. These were given to Elena to paste in the Tally Book for future reference.

Betty had attempted several gifts but each one had proved to be too difficult for a little girl to make, and she was growing discouraged when Edith passed by her after leaving the broom holder with Miss Miller to be wrapped up for the tree.

"What's the matter, Betty?" questioned Edith.

"I can't make anything! I've tried and tried *and* tried! But nothin' turns out right!" wailed Betty, disconsolately.

"Maybe I can think of something," suggested Edith, kneeling upon the floor by Betty's side.

Suddenly, she looked up and smiled at Betty, whispering "I know just the thing! I've got some pieces left from my gift!"



The Completed Holder

Betty cheered up instantly while Edith ran over to sort out the pieces of card-board left over from her own work.

"Here, now, Betty; I'll draw the lines and you cut out this paste-board just on the lines. It's going to be a catch-all for some one. You can tie the

places where the holes will be punched with some little strings of my leather pieces, and a bead at each hole will look real nice!" explained Edith, generously.

"Oh, that will be bee-a-utiful! Can I do it, do you think, Edie?" questioned Betty, eagerly.

"Sure! If you need help just ask Elena or Zan to show you. I'm going out, now!" And Edith left the little girl working enthusiastically over the catch-all.

Miss Miller had been quietly watching the two Brownies, and after Edith left Betty, the Guide turned to Zan and said, "I wonder if Edith knows she was fulfilling one of the Laws when she helped Betty?"

Betty needed advice now and then but she finally had the catch-all completed and was greatly pleased with it.

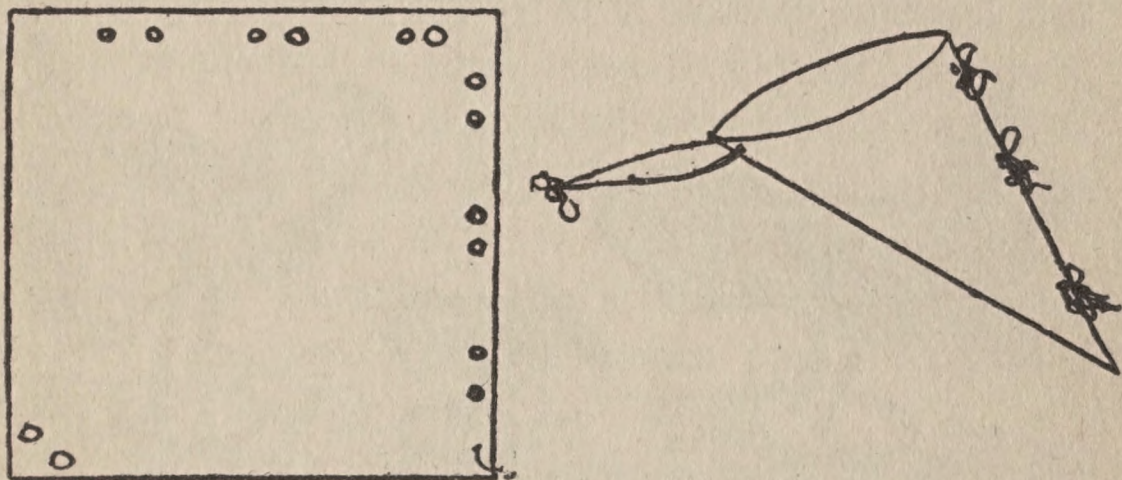
"Elena, I think Betty's gift is suitable for a lesson for the other Brownies to do some day; so, if you will sketch the horn as it is made here, Zan can write a set of directions to be pasted in the Little Lodge Tally Book," suggested Miss Miller.

"I'll make the square as Betty first had, holes and all just where they are supposed to be, then I'll make the catch-all finished"; and Elena hurriedly made the two sketches shown here.

Jane Hubert had undertaken to assist Paul on the Thursday afternoon, but Paul lacked ambition when thought or work was needed to do anything, and he chose a gift that could be eaten by the recipient after it had been sufficiently admired.

Hilda had shown him how to make peanut toys one evening at home, so he decided to make some of these toys for his gift. From the moment he began work, Jane could not but remark how awkward he was with pencil and scissors, in comparison to Billy and Edith, who were about Paul's age, but had had the advantage of Woodcraft teaching at home.

Jane helped her charge in selecting a tiny peanut



Patterns of Betty's Catch-All

for the little chick, a long peanut for the rooster and a fat nut for the hen—for Paul said he intended making some chickens.

A few feathers were plucked from a feather duster, and Paul took the ones he thought best fitted for the tails and wings.

After he had pasted the wings and tails where they belonged, he took some tooth-picks and cut them into short lengths for legs, using the points to thrust into the peanuts. He also made a short bill for each chicken of the sharp ends of the pick. Next, he cut

out some thick paste-board disks about as large as a nickel, and glued the wooden legs into the small holes he had made in the disks.

When they were dry the three chickens looked very cute and Jane thought Miss Miller ought to see them. Accordingly, the Guide was brought over to Paul's table to judge the work.

"I think Paul has succeeded very well, indeed! If



The Peanut Chickens

he can make other things, as he says he can, suppose we copy this idea and keep it in the Tally Book with the other original ideas!" suggested Miss Miller, after having examined the manner in which Paul had done the work.

Elena was called to make a sketch of the chickens and Jane offered to write out the directions as she had seen Paul do the toys. These, when ready, were pasted in the Little Lodge Tally.

When Billy appeared at the house where the Brownies were to work that Thursday afternoon, he

told Miss Miller that he preferred keeping his gift a secret until it was completed. So, he was allowed to lock himself in a room on the top floor where no one disturbed him.

Miss Miller accompanied him to his self-chosen exile from the others, and he said, in a condescending tone, "If you want to see what I am making you may come up once in a time to watch me."

"I feel so certain that it is something unusual that I will be pleased to avail myself of your invitation, Billy. If, however, you think I had better not disturb you, I can wait until Saturday, as well as the others will have to do."

"No—o, I guess you won't bother me—not after to-morrow! Don't come in to-day, please," rejoined Billy, thoughtfully.

So, the Guide left him, with a smile on her face, for she was pleased at the way all of the Brownies were interesting themselves in the May Party.

Friday, after every one was working on the various gifts, Miss Miller started for the top floor intending to visit Billy and see his work.

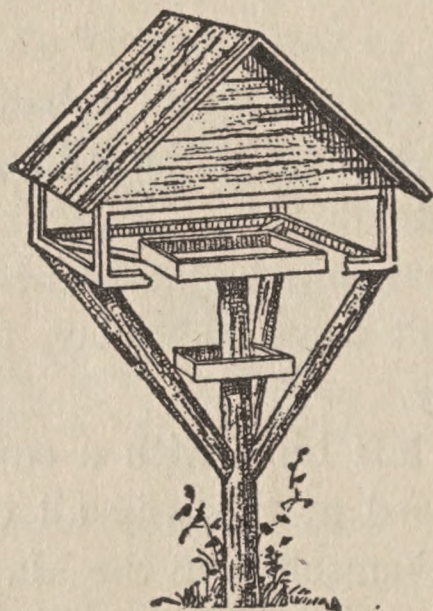
He had completed enough of it to show the Guide what it was. He still needed some nails and glue, to fasten on the feeding trough and bath—for it was to be a very complete bird-house.

"Oh, I think that is splendid, Billy! It will surely win an honour, for no bird can resist keeping house here. The cute little piazza makes very good roosts and the troughs are so practical. I am amazed that

you could have made it!" commended Miss Miller.

"I've made some at home, but never tried such a fancy one as this. My brother made one, and I watched him, so I knew just how to do it," said Billy, sheepishly, for he cared nothing for flattery and just praise always embarrassed him.

Miss Miller realised at once that he was made uncomfortable by her words, so she quickly changed



The Bird-House

the subject and soon after left him to complete the house.

As she went out of the room door she turned and said, "If you can, Billy, I wish you would make us a little drawing of the bird-house when completed; we are making a number of sketches to paste in the Tally Book of the Little Lodge, for future reference. This model is so good, I would like the other Brownies to try and make some later on."

"All right, I will, as soon as I'm through," replied Billy, cheerfully.

Before going down-stairs with his gift, Billy made a very good drawing of the bird-house, showing the doors, piazza, bath and feeding trough.

Teddy and Tammy had wandered about Thursday afternoon dissatisfied with the gifts their mothers had chosen for them to make. Teddy disliked sawing, and his mother had given him a piece of leather to trim with beads for a pen-wiper.

Tammy's mother thought he was too young to make any thing very much, so she gave him a piece of blotting paper and a fancy-illuminated card so he could tie one to the other for desk use. But Tammy scoffed at such a gift when every one was making elaborate presents.

Miss Miller found the two little boys pouting over their work, so she asked each one, "What can you make?"

"Teddy likes to mek boats, an' pikshers, an' lots of big fings—not dis!" replied the scornful little man.

"Oh, but I would be glad to get a pen-wiper made all by you!" exclaimed the Guide, hoping to reinstate the despised pen-wiper.

Teddy glanced pitifully at the teacher but said nothing.

"What can Tammy make?" asked Miss Miller, turning to the youngest Woodcrafter in the Tribe.

"Tammy tan't mek nuffin! Teddy allus shows Tammy how to mek fings!" hastily interrupted Teddy,

fearing Tammy might win some undeserved fame.

"Tammy tan mek pikshers, too!" retorted Tammy, an angry gleam darting from his generally mild eyes.

"Oh, Miss Miller, suppose I show the Brownies how to make some pictures!" exclaimed Zan, coming over at this moment.

"Ess, Teddy likes to mek pikshers all black like Edif is doin'!" cried Teddy, excitedly.

This caused a general laugh, for the big girls knew how tempting black paint and a brush must be for little Brownies.

"I know just the kind of black paint pictures for you both to make. Shall we?" said Zan, trying to keep a serious face.

"Ess! Wif weel paint dat Edif's usin'!" shouted Teddy, running over to the corner where his sister had hitherto been working unmolested.

"Stop pulling at my arm, Teddy! This is oil-paint and you can't have it!" cried Edith, looking anxiously at Zan for a rescue.

"Oh, Teddy! You and Tammy must come upstairs with me if we are to make those black pictures!" advised Zan, taking hold of Tammy's hand, wisely judging that Teddy would rush after her, rather than be left behind.

Nita ran after Zan and asked to be included in the party, so all four of the Woodcrafters went to Zan's little den. The Brownies were lifted up to sit on chairs while Zan went for a sewing-table. This was

placed between them, and then some paper and ink was brought from the desk.

"Now, I'll tell you how to make the pictures. When you finish one, we will sit and write some poetry to tell all about it, shall we?"

So saying, Zan took a sheet of paper and folded it in half, showing Nita how to do likewise for Tammy.

"This folded, I open the sheet again and drop a big fat glob of ink on one side—like this!"

Zan demonstrated her description and Nita followed her example.

"I'll now fold back the other half of the paper and press down carefully upon it. You must be careful not to move your hand while pressing down, or the picture will smudge. Now, when I open the paper again, see what I have made!" said Zan.

The paper had a fantastic shape printed upon it, and both little boys sat studying them intently.

"What do you think they look like?" asked Nita.

"Noffin much!" said Teddy, bluntly, making both girls laugh heartily.

"Oh, I think it looks just like a little black bear with two feet on the ground while he is holding something in his other fore-paw. See, there is his head, and there's his tail!" explained Zan, pointing at the features of the picture.

Teddy stared hard at the ink picture while Tammy stared at Teddy, for it all depended upon Teddy, whether the picture should be approved or not. What-

ever Teddy said or did was right in Tammy's eyes, for Teddy was his hero.

"Lemme try to mek one!" said Teddy, with finality, helping himself to paper and ink.

"Oh, you mustn't use so much ink! Shake off some of that you dipped up. Just one big drop is enough," advised Zan, while Nita hurriedly took the pen to remove some of the ink.

To his intense delight, Teddy dropped some ink on the sheet and, with Zan's assistance, made a black picture that he said was an Indian with his feather head-dress. Nita agreed with him but Zan would not commit herself.

"Now tell the story!" demanded Teddy, not forgetting the promise to make poetry about his pictures.

"Tammy wan's to mek one, too!" wailed Tammy, fearful lest he be defrauded of the fun.

"Yes, yes, Teddy! We will help Tammy make a picture before we tell the story," hastily agreed Zan.

The two little boys were deeply interested thereafter, in trying to produce a picture that could be recognised for an object that would inspire the storytellers to write something.

Finally, Teddy shouted wildly and waved his latest attempt about his head.

"Dis is a weel live Injun! D'odder one iss onny make-b'lieve!"

Nita and Zan looked at the ink blot and both of

the girls admitted that it resembled a figure. So Nita wrote the jingle to go with the Indian.

"This Inkawink said, 'Tis a shame
To make such an ambitious claim,
And to say that I'm real
When really I feel
That I'm nothing at all but a name."



The Inkawink Indians

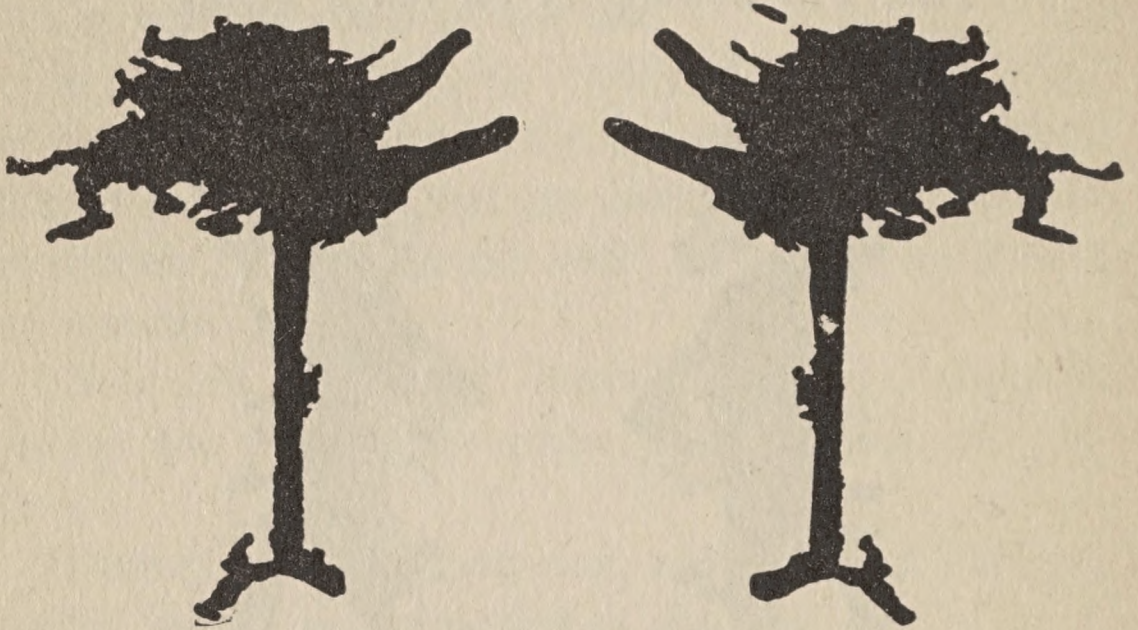
"That's good, Nita!" exclaimed Zan, laughing at the appropriate verse.

"Ess," approved Teddy while Tammy nodded his head as soon as he found his idol and accepted the jingle. So the verse was pasted under the ink picture for Teddy to give away.

Tammy felt that he could not claim a jingle for

any of the blots he had smudged on the paper, but he persisted in making more hoping to find one that could be called a resemblance to something easily recognised.

Teddy was in his element, so he kept on making ink blots until Tammy suddenly shouted: "Tee dis one!"



The Inkawink Trees

It was found to look more like two trees than anything else, but Tammy insisted that they were "Injuns." After much persuasion, however, he was convinced that possibly they were trees.

Then Zan made the jingle to go with the Inkawink.

"And now, children dear, what are these?
Why, they are the Inkawink trees;
Turning black in the Fall
They become nothing at all,
But they will come back, if you please."

Teddy and Tammy listened astutely while the jingle was read to them, then Teddy cried, "Le's wun down tairs an' show ev'wybuddy!"

"Oh, wait a moment, Teddy! We haven't pasted the jingle on to Tammy's picture!" remonstrated Zan, catching hold of the boy as he slid out of his chair.

"Huwwy up, den! Teddy wan's ev'wybuddy to tse dee Inkerwink Injun!" objected the young Woodcrafter, trying to tear away from Zan's firm hold.

Nita pasted the picture above the verse, and Zan turned to take Tammy's hand while they descended the stairs.

Teddy was in such haste, however, that he dropped his picture over the hand-rail and screamed hysterically when he saw it flutter down to the lower hallway.

CHAPTER THREE

THE MAYDAY PARTY FOR BETTY

THE Brownies were up with the birds on Saturday morning and parents were anxiously urged to hurry and prepare breakfast lest the party leave the doctor's house without them.

Paul was so worried about being late that he decided to go without breakfast, but Hilda hid his hat and shoes so that he found he had better sit down in peace and eat his cereal.

"Oh, dear me, where's my lunch-box?" cried Dot, as she started off at seven o'clock.

"Just where I told you I placed it—on the hall chair!" laughed her mother, enjoying the excitement Dot manifested in the outdoor party.

"Good-bye again, mother! I'll bring home a piece of cake for you," cried Dot, having found the box and started off again.

Billy and Edith seemed concerned lest Teddy would not be down on time. He had to wait until Anna finished her breakfast before his little jumpers were put on. Billy went to the foot of the stairway and called many, many times for Anna to hurry before Teddy was hurried down.

"It will be a full hour too soon if you go to the doctor's house now!" remonstrated Anna, looking at the high clock standing in the front hall.

"No, it won't neither!" retorted Edith, looking at her brother for defence.

"It takes a long time to ride over there, Anna," objected Billy, pulling Teddy out to the verandah to see where the automobile could be.

"Dear me, where's that Alfred?" cried Edith, impatiently, seeing no sign of the car.

"Your mother left orders for him to be here at quarter to eight. It only takes fifteen minutes to go over to the Baker house," explained Anna, who was Mother's Helper for the children.

"I'm going to walk! It will be better than being late!" declared Edith.

And perhaps all three would have attempted to walk from their home in the suburbs to the doctor's house in the city, if Alfred had not been seen walking down the path that led to the garage.

"Hurry up as fast as you can, Alfred! We're awful late!" shouted Billy, as he saw the tall figure disappear in the doorway of the garage.

Some time before the hour mentioned, the Brownies were assembled at the doctor's house, each wondering where the Big Lodge girls could be. Finally, however, all were accounted for, and Mrs. Baker came in to say that the two large touring cars were waiting.

"Zan, did you see that the boxes and baskets were

packed under the seats?" asked the Guide, anxiously.

"Yes, and the other packages, too!" said Zan.

The Brownies glanced curiously at the mysterious paper packages the Guide and Big Lodge girls carried, for it was quite evident from the ribbons that they must be gifts for the tree.

When the last child left the house and climbed into an automobile, the doctor slammed the door and called to the chauffeur of the first car, "All ready!"

"Oh, oh, dear doctor, wait! *Please* wait!" howled Dot, jumping up excitedly, and waving both arms.

"What's the matter?" cried a dozen voices anxiously.

"Oh, I left my present in the house! Does any one know where I put it?" cried Dot, nervously.

"I saw you putting a paper package under the hall-seat—maybe that was it," suggested Elena.

"Yes, that was it! Let me get it!"

"You sit still and I'll run and get it for you," offered Fiji Baker, laughing at the excitement.

As soon as Fiji returned with the precious paper parcel, Dot hugged it to her breast and sat back with a sigh.

The two automobiles started off on time, for every one had arrived at the house before the stated time for departure.

When they reached the second ridge of the Orange Mountains, the members of Wako Tribe were told that they had to get out and walk the rest of the ascent, for the road was poor and the climb very steep.

Boxes and baskets were taken out and every one stood waiting to wave hands at the automobiles as they went back down the mountain-side.

"Well, Woodcrafters! We have a long day before us. It is not yet nine o'clock and we have until five before the cars return for us," announced Miss Miller.

"Are we going to carry all of this stuff up the side of the mountain?" asked Nita, looking dubiously at the amount of lunch and other packages.

"Just as you all say. If we can find a good spot near here, we can camp there," replied Miss Miller.

"Suppose we scout for a place. Every one start off in a different direction for about a hundred yards or so and hunt, and then come back and report," suggested Zan.

"Good! I will remain and take care of the youngest ones and the packages," offered the Guide.

One after the other returned with no apparent result from their search, then Zan came back saying that she had it.

"A great flat rock projecting over the side of the mountain, where we can see far off over the valley!"

"What about possibilities of accident?" ventured the Guide.

"Um, well! it is a bit dangerous for tots," admitted Zan, reluctantly.

Then Edith trailed back.

"I've found a spot where moss is thick on the

ground and some trees will make a fine place to hang the gifts!"

Before any reply could be given, however, Billy came back to the Tribe with a good report.

"I scouted and found a fresh spring of water coming out of the mountain-side. Some one has camped there before, for a stone fire-place is left as it was used, and some logs have been rolled over to a nice grassy place where we can eat. The logs will make good seats if we want to hold a Council."

"Any trees for the presents?" asked Zan.

"All kinds, but best of all, there are two or three dandy pine trees nearest the clearing which we can play are our Christmas Trees," said Billy, eagerly.

"I think Billy ought to have an honour for finding such an admirable place," said Miss Miller, as she picked up a basket.

Camp was soon finished under the trees by the spring, and the food was carefully covered with papers or napkins.

"Now, shall we start for a hike over the mountain and hunt for honours by the way?" queried the Guide.

"I'm awful hungry!" complained Paul, before any reply could be made to Miss Miller's proposition.

"Oh, impossible, Paul! You ate just as much breakfast after I hid your shoes as ever you do!" declared Hilda.

Every one laughed at Hilda's disgusted expression and Paul's plaintive look.

"I don't care, now! I am hungry, and I don't be-

lieve I can take a walk unless I have something to eat before I go," whined Paul, glancing at Zan to see if she was impressed.

"Paul, I know just the thing! Do you want to pass an initiation test right now?" cried Zan, eagerly.

Paul, innocent of guile, assented instantly.

"Then listen to me carefully. You must take last place in all pleasant things for this day!" Zan spoke slowly to permit Paul to understand exactly what she meant, but she found it difficult to keep a serious face when the boy suddenly realised her meaning.

"Now's your chance, Paul, come and win an honour!" encouraged Hilda.

"But I'm hungry," came from Paul, plaintively.

"You're not, and I know you're not. You just want to eat a slice of Mrs. Baker's chocolate cake! If you are so starved I'll get you a cold potato to eat. That will stay your stomach until we get back from our walk," retorted Hilda, angrily.

The others laughed at Paul's expression when Hilda mentioned a cold potato, but he scuffled his feet across the grass to Billy's side. Billy had listened quietly to the discussion and was weighing the evidence.

"Say, ain't you hungry, too?" asked Paul, hoping to win an ally to the cause of his dispute, for Paul had seen the attention the Woodcraft girls paid to Billy, and he believed it was because of some influence which might work now for a slice of cake.

"I am not—not a little bit! But I was thinking of

what you said. Maybe you are awfully hungry," ventured Billy.

"Yes, I am; can't you make them believe me?" eagerly replied Paul.

"And I was trying to think of the medical name the doctors give to that disease when one always eats and is forever hungry and starved-looking. Maybe that's what ails you, and no one ever found it out until just now. I think Paul ought to have a doctor operate to find what is the matter." Billy spoke in all earnestness while every one laughed heartily.

Paul was so mortified at the result of his asking for help from Billy, that he walked away and no one heard again of his starved condition.

As they started for the hike, Miss Miller made a suggestion. "Everybody watch for something interesting and when we get back to camp, we can tell about it. To-night, at home, if the adventure is written up it will start us along the right line for honours."

They had not gone more than a dozen steps before Teddy balked. "Teddy fought dere was doein' to be a Trismas tree!" He stood looking longingly at the boxes containing the gifts.

"So there is, dearie. But we all want to go for a nice walk to see the birdies keep house. Wouldn't you like to see the mamma birds wash the babies' faces? And watch the flowers drink dew and eat sunshine?" was Zan's tempting offer.

"Oo! Does dee birdies do dat?" shouted Teddy, eagerly.

"That's just what we are going to find out. There are plenty of birds in these woods and the first little Brownie to see a baby bird's face being washed will have a fat strawberry when we get back to camp!" declared Zan.

"Oh, hurry up, everybody, we want to hunt for the birds," called Dot, leading off through the woods.

Although heads were upturned to see what was hidden in the green branches of the trees, the Brownies soon forgot the birds in listening to the Guide talk about the wild flowers.

So interesting were the stories told about the leaves and flowers that some of the children eagerly gathered the flowers they found and tried to identify them according to the descriptions told by Miss Miller.

Teddy and Tammy followed the example of the others and plucked different blossoms, trying hard to remember the names of the four they had learned for the tests.

"Dat's a daisy!" declared Teddy proudly, to Tammy who stood beside him.

"Ess, Tammy knows daisies, too!" returned the little fellow, defensively.

"An, dat's a buddertup, tause it meks budder on yur chin when yuh hol' it close to yor chin!" explained Teddy.

"Ess, Edie showed Tammy dat," admitted the baby.

"See dis flower?" added Teddy, chagrined that Edith had supplanted him.

"Dat's onny grass!" sniffed Tammy, superiority expressed in his tone and face.

By this time, Zan had drawn the attention of Elena and the Guide to the discussion over botany, but neither of the little boys were aware of their audience.

"Wha's dis f'ower, Teddy?" asked Tammy, pointing at a dandelion.

"Dat! Why, dat's—dat's—lemme fink! Teddy knows, now dat's—— Oh! Tammy, look at dat big tree way ober dere!" cried Teddy, horrified to find out he had forgotten the name of the flower and, intending to divert Tammy's attention from his shortcomings.

But, a stifled laugh from behind made him turn quickly to find several of the big girls near enough to have heard him. So, he turned bravely to Tammy again, and said quite distinctly, "Tammy, dat's anudder tind of a buddertup—see, it's all yellor!"

Tammy's great blue eyes expressed pained surprise as he gazed at his erstwhile saint and said, "Dat ain't no buddertup, neider!"

Like a flash, Teddy suddenly remembered what his mother had taught him when she had him learn about the four wild-flowers. So relieved was he at the remembrance that he jumped up and down, shouting joyously, "It's a dandy-lion! A *Dandee*-lion!"

When Tammy found that everybody agreed with Teddy—that the flower was a dandelion—he thought he would smile benignly once more upon his idol.



“LEM’ME FINK—TEDDY KNOWS DAT FLOWER”

The members of Wako Tribe trudged along over the soft green carpet of grass and moss, the songs of birds and the dew-laden fragrance of the many wild-flowers enchanting the children, so that no one thought of fatigue or hunger until Miss Miller spoke to them.

"Who wants to sit down and hear a story?"

As no normal child ever refuses to listen to a story, they all stopped in their pursuits and hurried over to the Guide.

"I just love stories!" exclaimed Edith.

"Tell a tory all about some faywies!" begged Teddy.

"Do you like fairy-stories best of any?" queried Zan, as she pinched his plump little cheek.

Teddy was too eager to take notice of the pinch, as he bragged, "O-oh, ess! Mamma tells Teddy a nice Faywie tory mos' ev'wy day!"

"Well, suppose we find a nice place to sit where we can hear Zan tell us a fairy story," suggested Miss Miller.

"Me, Miss Miller!" exclaimed Zan, in surprise. "Goodness gracious! I haven't told a fairy tale in ages!"

"Almost time you refreshed your memory, then!" laughed the Guide.

"Here's a fine spot to sit—here's a mossy seat for the Big Chief!" shouted Billy just then—he had been a few yards in advance of the others as they followed the path, for he was intent upon finding a pleasant place for all to rest.

"Billy proves he is a good scout. Not only has he

chosen a spot with soft green carpet for our feet but he also has seen to it that a huge tree-trunk provides a seat for many, while a large rock offers a Council Chair," commended Miss Miller.

Billy felt very much elated at the Guide's words and turned to kick broken twigs and stones out of the circle of moss.

Every one selected a place to sit where it would be dry and comfortable, while Zan racked her brains to invent a suitable story for the Brownies. Miss Miller diverted the attention of the others from the Chief by saying, "Oh, we never found that bird's house where we hoped to find the babies having a bath!"

"I guess we all forgot to look!" commented Paul.

"I didn't forget, but the leaves were too thick to see through and the trees are very high," added Billy.

Miss Miller nodded approval at him, and Edith said, "I believe it was because the little birds do not twitter as much at this time of the day as they do earlier, when they are hungry. Then, too, the parents are away 'tending to their day's work; had they all been home we would soon have heard them and found a nest."

"I think both of you are right in your surmises, but I will add that your replies show how observant you both are. I hope the other Brownies will soon follow your example, for it is a habit a good Woodcrafter forms—to be observant of everything he finds," the Guide explained, smiling at both children.

"Maybe Teddy or Tammy can tell us why no one

saw a bird's nest?" asked Nita, eager to hear the little ones speak.

"Teddy tan! We has a litty bird yup in a tree an' he tums down to det trumbs fom Teddy's han's!" cried Teddy, triumphantly.

"Oh, he means the tame robin he feeds twice a day! Cock Robin sits on the low branches of a tree and sings loudly if Teddy is late with the crumbs," explained Edith, with a big-sister air.

"Oh, I wish I could see him with the robin! It must be perfectly dear! Haven't you ever taken a picture of them?" asked Zan, giving Teddy an unexpected hug as he sat beside her.

"Don'! Teddy's a big boy an' boys don' like durls tissin' an' huggin' em!" cried Teddy, wriggling and watching his brother Billy who might laugh at him.

Some of the others laughed, however, and Miss Miller reminded Zan by saying, "Aren't you ready with that story?"

"I've been thinking of one and I believe I will name the little girl Betty, not because our Betty is one bit like her but just because it is Betty's birthday party, you know," replied Zan, smiling at the shy little girl who was immensely pleased.

"Well, this little Betty is a make-believe girl who had been quite naughty, so that her mamma told her she must leave the room where she had been playing with Baby Brother.

"Betty pouted and went out to sit upon the doorstep wondering why it was that she wanted to tease the

baby and take his toys away until he cried himself into a temper.

"Sitting there, looking across the road as she thought of these things, Betty soon noticed the daisies and butter-cups bobbing up and down in the tall field grass on the other side of the fence.

"Betty liked to pick flowers and play with them. She hadn't heard of blue-prints or pressing flowers like you Brownies do, but she made daisy-chains and trimmed her hat or made a crown of the flowers, then, tiring of them she would throw them down in the hot dusty road to die, or pull them apart, leaf by leaf, until they were all torn to bits.

"So Betty looked at the little flowers waving back and forth in the cheering breeze, and said to herself, 'I guess I'll go and pick some to make a chain.'

"In a few moments she was over the old rail fence picking daisies by the handful—not carefully like our Brownies do, but ruthlessly pulling up roots and all, then tearing off the wide-open daisies and wasting the buds.

"The daisies were carried to a shady place under a gnarled old apple-tree and she began to weave a chain of the bright-eyed little blossoms. The birds sang sweetly in the lovely morning sunshine and the butterflies fluttered about the little girl's shining yellow hair, wondering if the sunny head were a new kind of a flower!

"As Betty wove the chain, the humming of bees and the whispering of leaves made her drowsy and several

times she felt her eye-lids droop so that she had to jerk up her head and force open her eyes.

"Suddenly, a tiny creature flew right out of the old tree over Betty's head, and touched the little girl with a wand she carried in her tiny hand. Betty looked up in surprise and the fairy smiled.

" 'Come and play with us, Betty—we live up in the top of the old tree. We can give you whatever you most want to have,' whispered the fairy near Betty's ear.

" 'Why, how can I get up on top of the tree? I am much heavier than you and I have no wings!' cried Betty.

" 'I can give you wings and make you light as air! Will you come?' eagerly asked the fairy.

" 'What will you give me if I play with you?'

" 'Anything in the world—as long as it is a good gift!' explained the fairy.

"That morning before she was sent out of the nursery, her mother had said, 'Betty, it grieves me that you show so little love for others. I fear you have not enough love in your heart for any one unless you think they can give you something!'

"The fairy waited quietly while Betty was thinking and when the little girl looked up and asked 'Can you give me all the love I need for others?' the tiny creature smiled.

" 'Of course we can! That is one of the best gifts we can give, for there is so much love everywhere, that we can use all we need and still find all we want!'

"Betty looked doubtful as she looked about her and found nothing that might be love growing for the world to use.

" 'I don't see any love anywhere!' said she.

" 'Ah! Because your eyes have not been opened by love. Let me touch them with my fingers!' So the fairy lightly touched Betty's eye-lids and the little girl felt that she must rub them to remove the tickling of dust on the eyes.

"Then she looked about in amazement and delight. 'Why, Love planted these daisies and buttercups to give us beauty!' cried Betty, touching the little blossoms with a tenderness quite new to her.

"The fairy smiled and waited eagerly.

" 'And the little blades of grass—and the leaves on the trees; oh! and the birds and bees are all singing of the Love that gives them joy! And that brilliant butterfly just said his wings were painted by Love—the same Love that made the perfect sky and the whole universe!' cried the little girl, fairly overjoyed at the wonderful discovery.

" 'But that is not all, Betty!' added the little fairy. 'Everytime you do a kind deed, or think a helpful thought, or wish to show more love for all the good you have given to you, then you use Love, too! Everything pure and good is from Love, so, when you see the world full of good and lovely things, you are seeing the expressions of Love, and in this way you will always have all the Love you need,' explained the fairy.

" 'But,' remonstrated Betty, 's'pose I don't want to

run errands or play with the baby when I want to play something else, what would you say that was?’

“‘Ah, Betty dear, that would be the opposite of Love, which is the opposite of all that is good and lovely! Everytime you let this opposite influence you to do unkind acts or say a sharp word you are destroying some of the lovely or good things God made for us all to enjoy. But, I hope you will never let anything bad or ugly enter your heart again, for you have seen the glories of a world full of Love!’

“With the last word, Betty felt a kiss light as thistle down touch her forehead, and the fairy had vanished.

“‘Come back! Oh, Fairy, come back to me! I have much more to ask you, and I *will* be full of love if you will show me how!’ cried Betty, anxiously looking about and up in the trees.

“But it seemed to Betty that a whispering breeze said, ‘We will always be about to help you in keeping that promise, even though you may not see us yet—the time is coming when you shall see all lovely objects as they are, then you will see us!’

“Then, a voice was heard calling, ‘Betty! Betty! Baby wants you to take him out in the go-cart!’

“And Betty said to herself, ‘Now is my chance to see if the fairy was right!’

“So she ran home and handed all of the beautiful bouquet of flowers to her mother and kissed her, saying, ‘Mother, I saw how happy the little flowers and birds and bees were, because they had so much love for

others, that I am going to try and be filled with that love, too, and make every one happy!" "

Zan concluded the moral fairy-tale but the Brownies were not satisfied to end the story so abruptly. They asked so many questions about all that Betty did after she ran home, that Miss Miller laughed and took pity on Zan.

"I believe I hear some birds up in that pine-tree! Can any Brownie see the nest?" exclaimed the Guide.

Every one ran to an open place where the top-most branch of the tree could be seen, and sure enough! In a crotch of the two top limbs they could see a nest with some birds flying about it.

"I won the strawberry! I saw the nest first!" cried Edith.

"Pooh! Miss Miller told us where there was one, so I don't think that is finding it!" objected Paul.

"I wish birds would build their nests nearer the ground where we could watch them keep house," ventured Dot.

"Did any of you children ever build a bird-house?" asked Miss Miller, smiling at Billy who had his wrapped up for a gift.

"I never made one all alone, but Bill and I have helped the folks at home make some," replied Edith.

No other answer came, and the Guide continued: "I think it will be very interesting for us to make some nice little houses where the birds can live, and in that way you can win honours and find a new kind of amusement."

"Tan Tammy and Teddy mek 'um?" cried Teddy, excitedly, visions of hammer and nails and paint before his eyes.

"Yes, if you will do just as you are told. But the house must be so good that the little birds will come and live in it," replied Zan.

"Cock Robin lives in my house on a twee!" declared Teddy proudly, with the manner of a landlord whose house is always in demand.

"It will be fine to begin the houses next week, I think!" suggested the Guide, rising to walk back to the camp.

On the way, more flowers and the leaves of some of the trees were gathered, and the Brownies were shown the bark and type of trees that were passed.

Now, as they had all walked over a mile, Hilda and Nita proposed taking the older Brownies on a further walk, which, with the walk back again, would make up a three-mile walk to win an honour.

This was commended, so they started while the Guide and Jane took charge of the picnic lunch, and Zan and Elena, with Teddy and Tammy, hung the wrapped gifts on the lowest branches of the three pine trees that stood near the grassy spot chosen for the day's camp.

All was ready for the hikers' return, when Jane placed the round straw mats about the cloth for the Woodcrafters to sit upon. Then, hearing voices, the Guide clapped her hands to attract the attention of the others.

When all were assembled, the Guide started to sing the Omaha Prayer, the girls of the Big Lodge, with Edith and Billy, joining in singing on the second word. But the other Brownies were not familiar with the song, although Teddy knew the air and hummed it, while his eyes were fascinated by the huge bowl of strawberries that sat in front of the Guide's seat.

The song ended, Miss Miller bowed her head and said, "We thank Thee, Great Spirit, for all the good we enjoy."

The girls then sat cross-legged on the mats, the Brownies following the example set them by the others. Tammy was a chubby little fellow with legs so short that they refused to double under, so he struggled and strove to sit exactly as his admired Cousin Billy, but finally he had to give it up.

"Perhaps Tammy would not have quieted so suddenly, had not Teddy reached out for that candy!" laughed Miss Miller, quietly moving the layer cake a few inches nearer her own plate.

Every one laughed, but Teddy cried "Is you doein' to eat dat big tandy on top ov dat cake?"

Tammy had quite forgotten to bother about sitting Indian style when such a momentous matter was before them!

"No, Teddy, I am only expecting my share of the cake, but I always believe in 'safety first,'" replied Miss Miller, while the Woodcrafters laughed merrily at the two.

"Oh, I think the trees look bee-utiful!" cried Dot,

who had not seen the gifts hanging on the trees until that moment.

The large bonbon placed in the centre of the layer-cake lost all interest for Teddy and Tammy the moment they heard the gift-trees mentioned. They were all alertness to hear if the gifts were to be distributed before luncheon.

"It makes me think of Christmas time—the white paper packages and red ribbons!" declared Elena.

"Oh, it wouldn't make me think it was Christmas—no snow for Santa to sleigh on, and no chimney in the woods where stockings can be hung!" objected Edith.

"Miss Miller, I know a dandy poem about a Christmas Tree!" offered Billy, in a tone that there was no mistaking.

"Really? Then do recite it! Now is just the time to hear verse, I think," replied the Guide, looking about the circle to see if they approved.

Billy stood up and cleared his throat, but Paul wailed, "Ain't we going to eat? I don't want to hear po'try, now!"

"S-sh! Leave the table if you can't behave, Paul!" cried his embarrassed sister.

"Paul, remember one of the Brownie Laws—to help wherever you can! This is an opportunity," reminded Miss Miller.

Paul sulked but kept quiet while Billy said of the poem,

"It's called 'The Best Tree of All,' and a friend of my mother's made it up for the children."

THE BEST TREE OF ALL

There are very many kinds of trees, and every one is nice.

There are orange trees, and lemon trees, and cocoanut, and spice.

There are hazel-nuts, and butter-nuts, banana trees, and date.

There are apple trees, and cherry trees, and peaches delicate.

Most every kind of thing that's good grows on some kind of tree—

And every kind of tree is good for something, certainly.

For 'neath the shady willows by the brookside children play—

And from the gnarled white oak tree tops 'tis fine to view the day.

From maples come the gauzy keys that like swift airships fly—

With slender seeds as passengers, along the wind-swept sky,

From poplars slippery catkins drop, that look like angle worms,

To fish with in the gully, where the stream makes deep clear turns.

The stately elm trees tempting are to sit beneath, and read—

The sycamores with dancing balls are interesting indeed.

But there's one tree—and on this point I'm sure we'll all agree

That of all trees the very best—it is the Christmas tree!

The Christmas Tree! how wonderful it stands on Christmas morn,

When o'er the snow the bells ring in the day that Christ was born.

What other tree bears fruit like this, so pleasant to the child?

Its branches ne'er had showered such gifts within the forest wild.

It is the gracious tree of Love—and that is why, you see,

That of all trees the very best—it is the Christmas Tree.

Billy concluded with a bow and every one applauded heartily.

"I wish Billy would write that down for us, for it makes a very pretty woodland piece, I think," remarked Miss Miller, so Billy promised to write it when he went home.

"*Now*, are we going to eat?" cried Paul.

"Yes, now we will have our feast," laughed Zan.

The Big Lodge girls helped the Brownies to sandwiches and milk before sitting down to enjoy their own lunch, and the Guide smiled approvingly.

When the cake was being cut every Brownie watched anxiously to see who got the bonbon, but it rolled off during the cutting, and could not be found. After much seeking and confusion, it was found that Teddy had placed his square-toed little shoe directly upon it in getting to his feet—thus ended another wonderful dream!

CHAPTER FOUR

THE LITTLE LODGE WINS HONOURS

IMMEDIATELY after lunch, the Brownies jumped up and looked longingly at the gift-trees.

"It seems to me, that our dishes will best wait until the trees are relieved of their unusual fruit!" suggested Zan.

"I should say so! If not, I'm sure Tammy will be cross-eyed! He's been twisting his eyes every way since the bonbon and trees were first seen!" laughed Jane.

So, at a given signal every one began hunting for a paper package bearing his or her name upon it. Teddy, Tammy and Betty had the older girls help them read the names.

The children ran back and forth from one tree to another, trying to find their own gift, and much fun was derived in telling each other where their gift was seen. Finally, every one had a gift, and they all sat in a circle to open them, one by one. This was enjoyed as every one could see what had been received by the others.

The Guide and Big Lodge girls had given each Brownie something useful in Woodcraft; thus, Billy

had a box of tools, Edith a bead-loom, others received work-boxes, paint-boxes and Paul was given a small kodak.

The Little Lodge members watched eagerly while the big girls opened the gifts that had been made during the week, and each girl showed great surprise and delight at receiving the Inkawink and Bunny pictures, or other presents. Miss Miller was given the bird-house, and was sincerely pleased with it.

Tammy and Teddy had found a gift on the tree that Edith, in passing by, said had Teddy's name written on it. As neither little fellow could read what was written, Tammy pulled the package from the branch. Teddy claimed it by right of age and Edith's statement, so a grand tussle began between the two Brownies.

"It's mine!" cried Teddy, pulling at the parcel until he had it out of Tammy's hands.

"Div me dat pwesent!" screamed Tammy.

"Won't neider! Tain't yor's!" retorted Teddy, just as Tammy caught it again and pulled hard at the string.

"Ough, wough! 's mine!" yelled Tammy.

The girls standing nearby ran over to interfere, but the two belligerents were pulling so madly at the string that it broke and both of the boys rolled back upon the grass.

Tammy howled for his lost package and Teddy screamed for he thought Tammy had it, whereas it was on the ground between them. Before either could roll

over to get at it, the Guide hurriedly picked it up.

"Why, how dreadful for two little Brownies to act so! I wonder how many rules have been broken, and which one must wear the Chump Mark on his shoulder!" exclaimed Miss Miller.

That threat silenced Teddy, for he knew from his elders at home that a Chump Mark was the height of disgrace for a Woodcrafter!

"Besides, Teddy, here is another package exactly like the first one, and it says, 'For the Baby Brownie,' so who is that?"

"Dat's Tammy—he's a baby!" scorned Teddy, jumping up from the grass and running to Miss Miller for his own parcel.

Tammy was too eager to open his present to care much just then, whether Teddy called him a baby or not, and when both packages were found to contain a Kindergarten set, comprising a pair of round-end scissors, a ruler, a box of colours, and other small items, the little friends were at peace once more.

"I think some one ought to tell a story with a moral to it for Brownies who are selfish—sometimes!" hinted Edith, with a big-sister manner.

"Maybe you know of one to tell us!" suggested Zan.

"Oh, no; and if I did, Billy wouldn't listen to me!" responded Edith, from experience.

"I'll tell a story to fit the case," offered Jane.

"All right; come and sit down, children, while we hear a story," called Hilda, before the Brownies could object.

"Some little sisters were playing in the nursery and one had a box of candy. The other had two apples, one in each hand, and the third was clutching hold of a large doll with both hands.

"Then, mother came in with a gift for each little girl, but neither one could take it, for their hands were already so full, and neither would let go of what they clutched.

"But, children, if you hold on with full hands to all you have already, how can you hope to take hold of more—even should it be much better and easier to hold than what you now keep so tight?

"Finally, the mother showed them how little any one could take if they held fast to what they had. She told them that every one must use what they needed and pass along all that could not be used by them, then and there. In that way, everything was kept in circulation and no one ever needed something that some one else was hoarding away or clutching fast with both hands.

"If every one passed along what could not be immediately made use of, they would receive from others just what they could use and need. That was why a Wise God governed the universe—to see that everybody had what they needed and that no one kept back what was not used immediately!"

Jane finished her story and the girls wondered how the little boys would like it.

Teddy looked at the box of Kindergarten tools he

had received and finally jumped up. He ran over to Billy and held out the box, saying,

"Dere now! Div me dose big fings for dese litty ones."

The effect of Jane's story made every one, but Miss Miller, laugh merrily. The Guide looked serious, however.

"Let's sing a song, Brownies! Shall it be about a Bunny who is fast asleep in his burrow?" And instantly, the Guide started singing the popular juvenile song called, "Bunny's in his burrow, fast asleep."

The children joined in with a vim and when they had concluded the song, Zan said, "Here's an extra verse for Teddy and Tammy: they must be sure to join in the chorus!

Tammy-Boy and Teddy,
Brownies two,
See they walk so fast and long
Hear them sing our Brownie Song,
Tammy jump!
Teddy jump!
Brownies jump!"

As Zan sang the last three lines, the children hopped and shouted with great glee, for it was the favourite line. Then Nita did the "Veil Dance," which is a very graceful dance.

Before any more suggestions could be given, a

shout from below, on the mountain-side, made the Guide look hastily at her watch.

"Goodness me! Did you know it was so late! That must be the call for us to go home!"

And at that exclamation every one hurriedly packed up mats, baskets, and gifts, to carry them down to the waiting automobiles.

On the homeward ride, Jane said, "Miss Miller, you didn't tell me just what should have been said in that story instead of giving the children the idea that they must give to make sure they would get more or better than what was given!"

"I can't explain in detail, Jane, but you might have said, that the Golden Rule was one that never failed: 'Do unto others as you would that they should do to you.' Then, you might have added that one never lost a thing by doing good to others, for the Great Spirit rewarded a kind heart and unselfish giver—and leave it to Him to point out to each child the individual lesson needed."

"It doesn't seem to me that Jane's story will have any ill effects on Teddy or Tammy, for they were too tired to remember it much longer than the moment they heard the tale. Here's evidence of their drowsy state!" whispered Zan, looking down at Tammy's head which was cuddled against her side, his eye-lids closed in sleep, while Teddy was curled up in the Guide's lap, his head over her arm, absolutely unconscious of all that was passed on the homeward trip.

Beginning with the first of the following week,

handicraft began in earnest. It was a rainy week, so no one thought of taking trips to the park or the country, but all of the Tribe hoped the more eagerly for a clear Saturday. The Guide had made plans for a week-end camp near Alpine, on the Palisades, where a friend of hers owned a large estate. This lady was interested in the Woodcraft League, and her two boys had taken trips with their Tribe; so she had tents and camping equipment which Miss Miller was told could be used for the girls that week-end.

The Monday afternoon, therefore, all of the Brownies were at Jane's house waiting for Miss Miller. The moment she came in, Zan said, "Now we will open Council!"

"Le'ss mek pickshers—wid ink and paper!"

Every one laughed at Teddy's method of opening Council, but they had heard how the child had constantly reminded his family of his unusual gift in inventing Inkawinks, and his present demand on the Woodcrafters showed how he appreciated his art.

"As soon as Council is over we ought to start something worth while!" declared Zan, the energetic one.

"I am quite eager to see you started on making some bird-houses. The season is rapidly advancing and most of the birds will have found permanent quarters so your cottages will not be rented this summer unless they are soon ready to let!" remarked Miss Miller, smiling at the Brownies.

"Oh, I'd love to make a bird-house!" cried Edith.

Billy expressed derision at his sister's words, for

he always laughed at the boxes she had made and called bird-houses. However, he was generous in his present offer to her.

"Edith makes the kind of a house that a bird keeps away from! *I* make the real kind and always have birds nest in 'em. "I'll show her how to do it, if she likes!"

"No, you won't neither! I've coaxed and coaxed you to at home, and you never would. So, you needn't try to show off in front of Miss Miller, and make her believe you are always so nice!" scorned Edith, tears of mortification in her eyes.

Billy looked as if he had been paid back with compound interest, so the Guide hurriedly spoke, in a conciliatory way.

"I am not expert in carpentry work on bird-houses and I was about to suggest that Billy teach us all how to make some! He was so very successful with the one he presented me last week!"

"Humph! He wouldn't have been hadn't mother given him the pattern and model drawings!" scoffed Edith.

"Oh, has your mother some sketches?" asked the Guide.

"Yes, indeed! Mother has lots of plans—some very easy ones to make, too!" eagerly said Billy, hoping to change the subject of his own short-comings.

"Perhaps she will loan them to us?" suggested Zan.

"She will, I know she will!" declared Billy.

Every one seemed pleased with the idea, and Teddy clapped his chubby hands excitedly.

Tammy looked at Teddy contemplatively for a moment but it seems that bird-houses were dreams of the future for Tammy while there was something more imminent. So, he turned to Zan.

"Le'ss doe an' do pickshers!"

Zan bent over and whispered, "Pretty soon, Tammy."

"No, Tammy wan's to mek 'em *now*!"

"S-sh!" warned Zan, placing a quieting hand on his head as Miss Miller spoke.

"If we go on this week-end camp we want to start taking photographs. How many of you have a kodak?"

Several of the girls had cameras or kodaks and Billy had a Brownie No. 2, but no one else had ever owned a camera.

"I think it will be possible for each one of you to procure a Brownie No. O, which is the cheapest size made. If we buy six or more at a time, we ought to get a discount from the man," said Miss Miller, in a business-like way.

Tammy not only felt impatient at this sort of talk but he grew irritated as well, as he cried, "*When* iss ou tomin' to mek dem pickshers!"

"I see some of our members are most impatient at my prolonged speech so I will have to stop with this suggestion: We must have plenty of singing and dancing in our camp. So let some of the older girls

find songs or plan some dances for all to enjoy," concluded Miss Miller.

"O-oh dea' me! Tan't anybuddy tum wid Teddy and Tammy to mek pickshers?" sighed Teddy, getting up from the floor and yawning wearily.

"Zan, you'd best start those two Brownies at once on their Inkawinks or our Tribe will lose two of its most valued members," laughed the Guide.

The Brownies were all eager to try some of the funny little ink pictures, so half an hour was agreeably spent in trying to produce blots that would look like real objects. While the little ones made the pictures, the big girls tried to write jingles to fit the blots.

After a few trials, Billy caught the knack and made a blot that resembled a cow, and Hilda wrote this jingle:

"I beg you look carefully now,
At this beautiful new kind of cow;
She is softer than silk,
Gives very black milk,
And the cud that she chews is chow-chow."

"What's a cud?" Dot asked.

"A cow's chewing gum!" said Billy seriously.

The reply was so unexpected that the older girls had to laugh but Miss Miller explained. "A cow chews her cud to aid in digesting her food. An animal of this kind is known as a ruminating beast. It is from



The Inkawink Cows

this habit of the cow that boys who chew gum are said to be 'chewing a cud.' "

Edith had paid little attention to the talk on cuds but immediately after it was finished, she showed Jane her ink blot. Jane declared it looked like two fighting hens, so she was told to make a jingle to go with it.

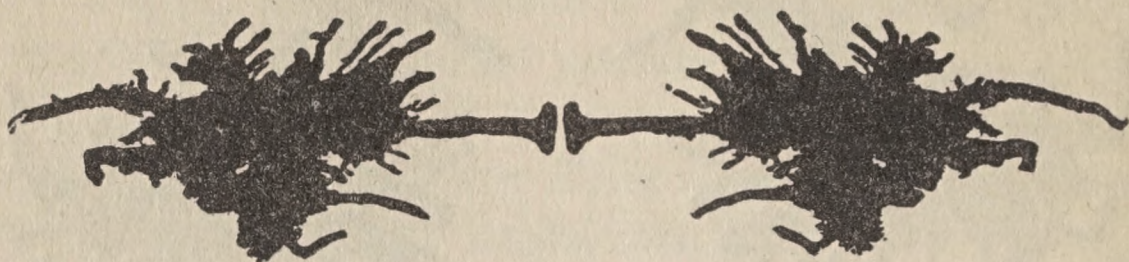
"Goodness, there isn't much inspiration about a hen—and an ink hen, at that!" retorted Jane, causing a chuckle to sound from those Big Lodge members who had discharged their duties with honour.

"I should say that poultry in any colour or shape ought to inspire a genuine child of Nature," teased Zan.

So, after chewing off the end of a pencil, Jane was able to write this verse for the hens.

"These Inkawink hens in a rage
Thought they would in a quarrel engage;

Each had just laid an egg,
But tell me, I beg,
Why they should get mad at that stage."



The Inkawink Hens

Jane's attempt was not awarded as merry a laugh as the others, but it was accepted and placed in the Tally Book, then Paul handed his blot to the Guide for interpretation.

"I would not like to have a naturalist overhear me when I say that this looks more like a mule than a mooly-cow!" laughed Miss Miller after puzzling over the picture.

"It must be an arctic creature, for there is a snow-storm blowing, you see," added Zan, pointing to the dots of black.

"And he is holding a tooth-pick in his mouth!" ventured Hilda.

"No, no! This Inkawink is too well-bred to use a tooth-pick! That is a horn," explained Nita, while the Brownies were enjoying the discussion immensely.

"How can any one say that animal is anything but a stag. He has horns and stands gracefully waiting for the charge of his antagonist," declared Elena.

"Oh, Elena! Art is surely turning your head! No

one can honestly say that this is a stag!" laughed Zan.

"Well, then, you give a better name for it," retorted Elena.

"Call it a lion—it will be easier to make up a verse to rhyme with lion—there's buyin' and shyin' and all kinds of words," said Billy, finally.

Amidst laughter from the big girls, the jingle was made to go with a lion.



The Inkawink Lions

"This wild wink-a-lion so bold,
One night strayed out in the cold;
The snow, wet and black,
Sadly blotted his track;
He never came home, I am told."

"Oh, I guess that's the funniest pome of all!" laughed Dot, clapping her hands.

"Why—where's the joke?" asked Billy.

"Can't you see that snow is *white*! How could it be black?" retorted Dot.

Billy said nothing but his expression showed his opinion of Dot's sense of humour.

"Stop making a fuss, Dot—I've got a picture for some one to write about," Paul shouted.

"Why, you just handed in your Inkawink! You can't have two turns to our one!" cried Dot, surprised.

"Yes we can, if we make a good one!" argued Paul.

"I think the other Brownies should have their turn at presenting the Inkawinks before we start a second round," remonstrated Zan.

"Then it's my turn! I've got a good one!" called Dot, offering her blot picture.

"Hum! I wonder what this is?" murmured Hilda.

"Let me see it, Hilda; I haven't had a chance to make up anything—you girls just catch every Inkawink that comes from the Brownie Printing Press!" laughed Nita, quickly snatching the paper.

The moment Nita looked at the picture in her hand, she called out, "Oh, this just suits me! Just wait a minute until I think it out!"

The children waited expectantly while Nita smiled in silent appreciation of her jingle in the process of being made.

"Come now, Nita, you're taking too long for your

verse," reminded Jane, after a few moments of silence.

"It's ready! How do you all like it?" giggled Nita.

"This Inkywink lady one day,
Thought that she would try a ballet;
Glancing over her shoulder,
She beheld a beholder,
And lost her black heart right away."



The Inkawink Dancers

"No wonder Nita wanted to write that verse—it just fits her to a dot!" cried Zan, while the others laughed.

"It suits her love for dancing but do you think Nita would tell us if she lost her heart to a beholder?" asked Jane, teasingly.

"I'd want to lose it instantly, if it was black! Who wants to keep a black heart?" retorted Nita.

"Well, I think that picture and jingle is the best of any, so far," commended the Guide.

"So, of course, it goes in the Tally Book!" added Elena.

"Nobody's done my picture, yet," Betty now reminded the girls.

"Is it ready, dear?" asked the Guide.

"Maybe you won't think it is good enough," returned Betty, anxiously, as she handed the paper to Miss Miller.

"It really is a hard one to guess, isn't it?" said Zan, looking over the Guide's shoulder at the Inkawink.

"I should name it the Nothing Man!" declared Miss Miller, handing the picture to Zan.

"But it is your turn to rhyme for this one!" laughed Zan, thrusting the paper back in the Guide's hands.

The others watched laughingly, for they expected great things from their teacher. Miss Miller saw their expectations and scribbled off:

"These queer-looking Inkawink men,
Who can't be described by a pen,
Went out one wild night
And got a great fright—
They were frightened at NOTHING—but then!"

"Oh, Miss Miller! How disappointing you are in your jingle! You ought to give us the funniest one of all!" cried Zan, as the Guide concluded reading her verse.

"I don't think I feel inspired to-day. Perhaps, had this ink blot been presented to me when I am in one of my Shakespearean moods, I might have written a classic," replied Miss Miller, laughing as she pasted the Inkawink and verse in the Tally Book to settle the matter.



The Inkawink Men

As the book was closed Dr. Baker entered the room and stood smiling at the group of merry-makers.

"It seems a shame to interrupt such a lively meeting, but I couldn't resist the temptation to enjoy the fun at much closer range. I was passing the house when I heard an awful commotion. I feared something unusual was happening in Mrs. Hubert's gen-

erally quiet home; then, I remembered that the Wako Tribe of Indians met here this afternoon. That explained everything."

"Won't you sit down, Doctor, and hear us sing," invited Jane, pushing forth a chair.

"Hardly time, I think. I thought some of you might want to ride home in my automobile, as it is so late," rejoined Dr. Baker.

"Oh, it isn't time to break up, yet!" hastily said Zan.

"Well, it ought to be. It is almost six o'clock." And the doctor looked at his watch to make sur .

CHAPTER FIVE

BUSY DAYS OF FUN!

THE following day the Tribe met at Nita's home. When all were assembled in the library, the roll was called and, as there was no business to discuss, the Guide suggested that Billy give them a dance with action.

Billy was silent for a few minutes thinking over some of the songs he knew, then he looked up and said, "I guess I'll do a song a little play-mate wrote for me last Christmas."

"I think that will be just the thing. An original song composed by a friend!" commended the Guide.

Billy then went to the centre of the room and began in a sweet low voice to sing the Blue Bird song, demonstrating the action in the words with graceful motions of his hands and body.

"That was very cute, Billy, and I believe every Brownie here will enjoy learning how to do it some time," approved the Guide, heartily.

"Yes, and we can copy the song in our Tally Book if Billy will permit us to," added Elena.

"What are our plans for to-day's work?" asked Hilda.

"I wished to have the Brownies start to make some bird-houses."

"And I brought some plans that mother had at home. We may borrow them to help us model our houses," offered Billy, taking the papers from his pocket.

"That is going to be a great help to us—I see these drawings are all measured and easily explained so we ought to be able to work them out very well, indeed!" reported the Guide, looking over the models carefully.

"But there is only one set of plans—how are so many children going to copy them?" wondered Nita.

"We'll tack them up in a central place where any one can see and use them, of course," returned Zan.

"I brought some armsful of wood and my tools with me," ventured Billy.

"So'd I! Dear, my arms ached so with all those pieces of board, I thought they'd break off before Billy and I got here!" exclaimed Edith rubbing her joints as if they still ached.

"Oh, my! Are we going to saw and cut and hammer?" cried Nita, glancing about the room at the overcrowded ornamentation displayed everywhere.

"We would like to begin sometime before the Millennium!" retorted Zan.

"I'm afraid my mother won't like us to be very active in the house. I promised her we'd sit still and not touch anything while we met here. She's at one of her club meetings now, so I can't ask her about making things," sighed Nita, plaintively.

"I understand, Nita," rejoined Miss Miller, looking at the fragile tables loaded with bric-a-brac, the numerous expensive rugs of all sizes and colours and weave; at the odd pieces of gilt or inlaid furniture, and she felt just how nervous Nita must feel to have a Band of lively Brownies to entertain.

"It's too bad we didn't go to Zan's home—or Elena's!" remarked Miss Miller, after a pause.

"But I love to have them here, Miss Miller, and I only wish I had a big room of my very own where I could fix things up as I'd like to! My bedroom is just as fussy as all the rest of the house!" cried Nita, rebelliously.

"I'll tell you what, Nita! Let's do our work out on the big back piazza," suggested Zan, suddenly.

"That will be just the place!" declared Nita, smiling again with relief.

So the tools were carried out to the rear verandah that ran across the whole side of the house and was only used now or again. A few steps led down to a small flower garden, and here Teddy established his workshop.

Every one felt a sense of relief the moment they were in a place where one could turn about without knocking down a vase, or a tabourette.

For the remaining afternoon, the children enjoyed the pleasure of creating something, and many sounds besides hammering and sawing informed all who would listen that the Woodcrafters were mightily busy.

The next day, Miss Miller brought a clipping found

in a pamphlet issued by the Audubon Society. This, she read aloud to the members of Wako Tribe.

“ ‘Each school should build two or more bird-houses near their school-building.

“ ‘Each child should bring daily a small amount of grain or crumbs to the teacher to be used for feeding the birds during the winter. Feeding should begin at once, before cold weather drives the birds away.

“ ‘A clear space near the school-house should be selected for a feeding ground and birds should be fed there daily (bread crumbs and grain—in winter a piece of suet).

“ ‘In the winter a piece of suet should be nailed to a branch of a nearby tree. Birds love suet in cold weather and it helps keep their blood warm.

“ ‘A pan, or other vessel, of water should be kept near the feeding ground, as a bird thirsts in winter when waterways are covered with ice. Also, in summer when there is lack of rain.

“ ‘Thousands of song-birds go South in the winter, not because our climate is too cold but simply because they can find no food or drink in the North when it is frozen over. Also, thousands of pheasants and partridges died from starvation last year, and this can be avoided by feeding the other birds, leaving what is found in the woods and fields for the birds which are too timid to come and eat at the public restaurant. Every child will find great pleasure and interest in helping feed the birds.’ ”

Miss Miller concluded reading and instantly the



HERE TEDDY ESTABLISHED HIS WORKSHOP

Brownies declared they would start a feeding ground at the school the next day.

"That will be very nice, children, but I must gain permission from the Principal and perhaps he will have to ask the board of Education to give their consent to having the place set aside for the birds. You see, nothing can be done in or with a public building or ground without asking the authorities," explained Miss Miller, to the amazement of the children.

"Why, I thought our very own school was ours!" cried Paul.

"But it isn't ours! It is loaned us to use for lessons. Whatever you learn there, is your very own and no one can ever take your education away from you. But the teachers and ground and building are paid for by the city and state and nation by taxing the people. So, you see, it belongs to the people who go to make up the nation. If there were not some safeguard to keep out gifts or things folks wanted in the school, or other public buildings, to have and use, so much useless stuff would accumulate that one could never get into the school-rooms. That is why the Board of Education decides upon everything proposed."

That afternoon saw the simple little houses completed and Nita offered to keep them in the store-room until they heard from the Principal of the school.

"My mother said to us this morning, why didn't we make some troughs and bird-baths too, while we

were at it?" announced Billy, as he placed his house in a corner of the room.

"You forget, Billy. She said, 'I can send Miss Miller the crude little sketch I made at our country-home last summer. It shows a bath, a trough and some houses all made and being used by the birds,' " added Edith.

"Then I wish you would bring it in the morning. If we find any good idea to work upon we may as well meet here again and finish our bird work," replied the Guide.

"But we've used up all the wood Billy and Edith brought. Hadn't each child better bring some smooth pieces of board, instead of making the Remington children carry all of it over here?" asked Jane.

"Oh, yes! That is understood! Each Brownie must bring some pieces of board for the bath and troughs to-morrow," declared Miss Miller, as they left the piazza to go indoors.

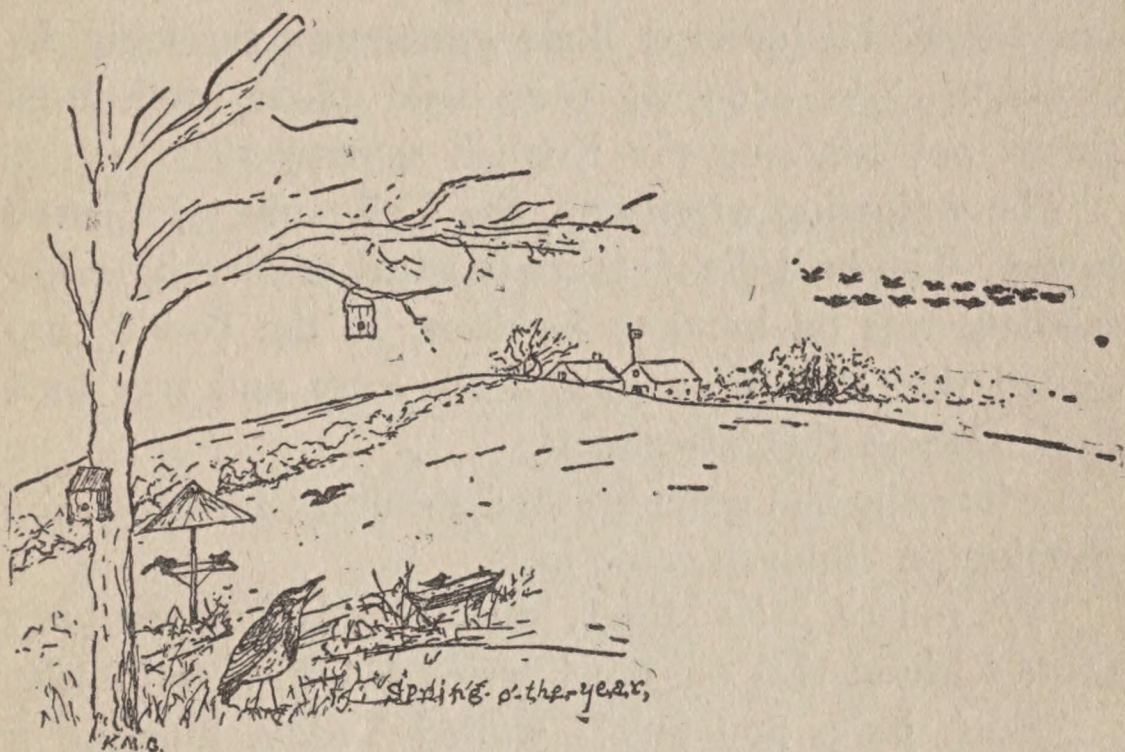
The third day of work on the bird-houses, Billy handed Miss Miller the pencil drawing of the bird outfit in the country.

"And mother told me to say that you could write to National Headquarters of the Audubon Society in New York City and ask for anything in the line of bird stuff we might want. They keep all sorts of models and helps for schools and children to use."

"I will follow your mother's advice to-day. It is very kind of her to help us so much," returned Miss Miller.

She looked at the little sketch given her by Billy and remarked, "I think we can make some troughs and baths by just looking at this picture. We can use our own judgment as to size."

The picture was passed around the circle and Teddy was the last one to see it. He sat and held the paper



The 'Mer'can Eagle

for some time without saying a word, while the girls smiled in anticipation. Then he turned to Tammy.

"Tsee dere! Dat's a 'mer'can eagle my mudder made. He's tsingin' to call all dee birdies in dee worl' to tum an' eat!"

Tammy stared very hard at the picture while every one laughed at the two children with the original ideas.

There seemed to be more enthusiasm over making

the baths and troughs than had been displayed over the houses, and finally Miss Miller remarked: "I suppose you all know you are winning honours with these articles?"

"Why, that's so! I never remembered it!" cried Edith.

The other Brownies were delighted to hear the news, but the Guide quieted their exuberant rejoicing by adding: "As soon as four wild birds have used them; not counting the English sparrows!"

The following afternoon, the Tribe met at Elena's home. The bird dishes were finished and nothing immediate was on hand to be done, so the Guide suggested that they hear some Folk Lore and try some Folk Dances that afternoon.

Before she had quite finished speaking, however, the Remington children came in.

"We're late, Miss Miller, 'cause Teddy just wouldn't come without that old box!" cried Edith, breathlessly.

"Edif, iss a noo box!" wailed Teddy, hugging a square box closely to his heart.

Edith scorned to reply but took a seat near Dot to explain the worries of having a small brother.

"What did Teddy bring to the Council?" asked Miss Miller, innocently.

Instantly, Teddy howled and ran out of the room, while most of the Tribe wondered. Billy and Edith laughed uproariously.

"Goodness! What's the matter?" asked Zan.

"He's afraid we want his old camera! Mother

bought a Brownie No. 2 for him, and he wouldn't come without it!" said Billy.

"And you must have made him believe you were going to use it for the Council meeting. When we wanted to look at it last night, he acted just the same way," laughed Edith.

At that moment Teddy's yellow head was seen peering in between the portières, and the Guide assured him that no one wanted to touch his camera unless he asked them to.

"Iss Teddy's tamera!" declared he, proudly.

"Can Tammy hold it for a little while?" teased Edith.

"No, no! Iss all mine!" howled the child again, but Miss Miller soon quieted him while Zan told Edith she must not tease one younger than herself.

Edith felt rather embarrassed at the rebuke so she said laughingly, "Teddy dreamed about the kodak last night, and Anna had to get up and talk to him!"

Then Billy added: "Mother gave it to him last night at supper-time and he was so wild about it that he wouldn't eat any supper. He wouldn't even let mother take it to show him how to turn the key or push the button, but we had to explain and show it to him while he held it tight between both hands. We warned him what would happen if he pushes the button just for fun—he'll lose a lovely picture and waste a good film!"

"Oh, Miss Miller! Let me tell what he dreamed

about!" cried Edith, eagerly. So she hurriedly began the story lest Teddy or Billy try to tell it.

"He cried so loud in the night that Anna had to go to his crib and wake him up. He was hugging the camera that he had carried to bed with him.

" 'O-oh! Teddy made six nuffins!' he howled.

" 'Six what?' asked Anna, 'cause she didn't know about the advice mother gave him.

" 'Nuffins!'

" 'Show Anna what hurts her darling!' said Anna.

"Teddy held out the kodak box and told her he had made six 'nuffins' in his sleep and he wanted back the six films.

"Anna looked at the box and found number one there as it was at first. She laughed and explained to Teddy that he only dreamed he had made the 'nuffins.' She had to show him the box and tell him what 'number one' meant, before he would go to sleep again."

Edith concluded and Miss Miller commended her on the way she told the story.

Teddy had been listening and when the others laughed he laughed too. Then he turned to Zan to show her where the button was on the precious kodak, and in that moment Tammy thrust out two fat little hands and grasped the box.

Teddy was taken by surprise, and his hold weakened. Instantly, a tremendous battle ensued, and had not Edith saved the kodak when it fell under the two solid little bodies of the wrestlers, there might have

been a sadder ending to the fray. As it was, Edith caught up the camera to a place of safety and Miss Miller intervened to "make peace with honour" between the combatants. Teddy, seeing his kodak safe in Edith's possession, smiled and looked upon Tammy again with friendly eyes.

"Tammy wan's a tamera!" pleaded the baby Brownie.

"Mamma went to buy you a kodak to-day, Tammy!" said Betty, soothingly.

"Tammy wan's to hol' one now—dus' a litty minoot!" cried the child, pitifully. Even Teddy's adamant heart was touched.

"Tammy tan hol' my tamera but don' drop it!" said Teddy, anxiously.

Tammy smiled and Teddy caused him to sit upon the floor to lessen any danger of accident. Then he placed the little black box in Tammy's lap and stood guard over him for the space of half a minute. So Tammy was made supremely happy.

"I think we ought to give a little time to discussing the plans for our week-end camp, and not permit Teddy to usurp the whole afternoon," laughed the Guide, after a time.

So the girls were told of the lady's telephone message to Miss Miller that morning.

"She said it would be wiser for us to camp in the woods near her place, as this was to be our first night-camp. We won't have to take any cots or bedding or pans, as her boys will see that the tents are fitted

up. All we will need to carry will be extra blankets, food-stuffs, or whatever we fancy we may need."

"I think I will take a little book of Folk Songs that was given mother by her grandmother," said Hilda.

"Nita, being such a genius at dancing, ought to be able to pick out some of those songs to teach the Brownies," suggested the Guide.

"How! How!" came from the other girls, and Nita smiling gladly accepted the suggestion.

"Now, Woodcrafters, let us conclude the afternoon with a Folk Story," said the Guide.

"What do you call a Folk Lore story?" asked Dot.

"I call any good old-time tale—one that describes the customs, people and land of a certain folk, a folk-lore story. For instance, the poem of Hiawatha is a splendid folk story," explained Miss Miller. "Shall I tell it?"

The members of the Tribe settled into comfortable positions and quiet reigned as Miss Miller began.

"Can you picture a narrow winding trail through a dense forest?" As she spoke, the Guide demonstrated her words by seeming to hunt for the trail through the long room, ever and anon stopping to look for faint tracks made in the woods by four-footed animals, or the sign of an enemy.

"Can you see the rabbit scurry away in fright?" The part of a startled hare running to its burrow was acted.

"Can you see an anxious bird fly through the thick green of the trees to the clear blue sky above?" Miss

Miller gracefully waved her arms up and down to represent a bird on the wing.

"Across the path made by the wild creatures there may stretch such a growth of tangled underbrush as no white man could pass. Now, let your imagination picture the scene: you fancy you hear a footfall light as the tiny rabbit's and as firm as the great buffalo's!

"Look up! Can you see the man who cut his way through many worse jungles and tangles than one of underbrush and wilderness?

"He is tall and straight." The Guide lifted her head as high as she could and her slender body straightened.

"His features are those of an Indian but his eyes are the eyes of a prophet. He wears a string of white pebbles about his neck and his face is kindly. He seems to be listening as he travels, for his head is slightly raised and he seems to lean forward."

Miss Miller inspired her hearers with the soul and spirit of the beautiful tale, as she demonstrated the graceful motions of Hiawatha and expressed his sentiments. Her face was uplifted and her eyes seemed to be gazing into a future of peace and goodwill on earth, while she heard the spiritual voices of heaven.

"He is different from his brother Indians, because he hears the voice of Gitche Manito as clearly as Elijah heard the voice of his God.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty, the Master of Life, has commanded this noble Indian to bear the message of peace to the nations." The Guide spoke in a reverent

tone and seemed to bow in spirit before a great white throne. Not a sound was heard in the room when she paused for a moment.

“Hear what our beloved Longfellow tells us of the Great Spirit’s message:

“ ‘I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

“ ‘I will send a prophet to you,
A deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper:
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish.’

“Longfellow may not have written the exact truth about this Indian Warrior, but it is a fact nevertheless that about the year 1570 an Indian such as Hiawatha is described to be, did exist and did carry his wonderful message of peace to a people who scarcely knew the meaning of peace.

"And what is greater, he effected the union of the Five Nations, and thereafter these tribes refused to fight among themselves. So these Indians prospered, for peace always gives prosperity and plenty to its children.

"Hiawatha's work was not a failure, even though he had struggles to overcome, and temptations assailed him, just as they do to other mortals. We know this was so, for we hear what the vanquished enemy cried:

" 'And,' he cried, 'O Hiawatha,
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!'

"Then from the land whence Hiawatha journeyed, floated these beautiful words:

" 'But my guests I leave behind me.
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning.' "

Silence followed the Guide's concluding lines. Finally, she said in a low voice, "That is the way I love to hear Folk Lore."

"Miss Miller, you certainly are a wonderful storyteller," sighed Zan.

"Any one can accomplish what is right if the desire is strong enough. It all depends upon *yourself*, not upon your privileges or surroundings," returned the Guide.

Then, after some songs were sung, the Tribe started home, but they had agreed to meet early the next afternoon, as school was over at two on Fridays instead of three as on other days.

CHAPTER SIX

STORY TELLING AND DANCING

FRIDAY afternoon immediately after school a bevy of eager children jumped about the main entrance where the big girls generally came out. The moment Hilda appeared in the doorway, Edith called out, "Where do we meet to-day?"

"At Zan's house, I guess. We expect to start from there in the morning," replied Hilda.

Not one of the Brownies wanted to settle down to work for they felt there was too much to be talked over and planned for the camp. Finally, having tried different suggestions for occupation during the time the Tribe remained at Zan's home, the Guide laughed. "I suppose you will consent to dance?"

"Yes, yes—what shall it be?" cried most of the Brownies.

"Well, I will leave the choice to Nita and Billy. They may offer to dance together for our entertainment," replied Miss Miller.

"I have a new dance but I want to keep it for camp. Can't some one tell a story instead of having a dance?" asked Nita.

"I brought something that is very entertaining, I

think," offered Jane, taking some papers from her pocket.

"Before I show the Brownies these papers I ought to tell them what Jack explained to me last night. He said, 'When you look up at the sky at night you see the stars twinkle, and they seem to be star-shaped, something like a star-fish which is named after them. But really, they do not twinkle nor are they stellate—which means star-shaped.

" 'The twinkling is due to the vapour or gases that come between us and the stars, and the second error can quickly be proven if you try out your eye-sight in this way :

" 'Take a piece of tinfoil and prick a small round hole in it with a needle.' Jack did it for me last night and then we went into a dark room. He lit a candle and placed it on the table and held the tinfoil so that the light could shine through the hole. He then told me to stand about ten inches back of the tinfoil so that my eyes would be on a line with the hole.

"I did, and the round hole seemed to be irregular in shape. He brought it nearer to my eyes and it seemed to change from an irregular hole to a star-shape. Now, I knew it was not star-shaped for I saw the hole made with the needle, but my eyes deceived me in the same way they do other things daily.

"I was so surprised at the delusion that Jack laughed, 'Don't you know that no two people see the same thing alike?'

"I looked intently at Jack for a moment, for I knew

he had never known that before, then I said, 'You didn't know it either. You must have learned it in school to-day.'

"Then he laughed and admitted the truth: how he found out that the five physical senses told us the most awful fibs! Music and perfume, and all good qualities of character are lasting *things* and yet not one of these things were objectified—they were mental. For instance, perfume and music and gratitude cannot be *seen*—it is the flower and instrument and heart that are material, but these cannot produce a sense.

"You can fancy how amazed I was, so I finally said, 'You've got to show me why you claim my eyes do not tell the truth when they see something!'

"And Jack replied, 'The easiest thing in the world. Here, hold this paper up to your eyes—to the level of the one eye, and then close the other eye. Do the pins *seem* to stick right up in the paper instead of being flat down on the paper as they are in the drawing?'

"I did as he said, and sure enough, the pins were standing upright in the paper!

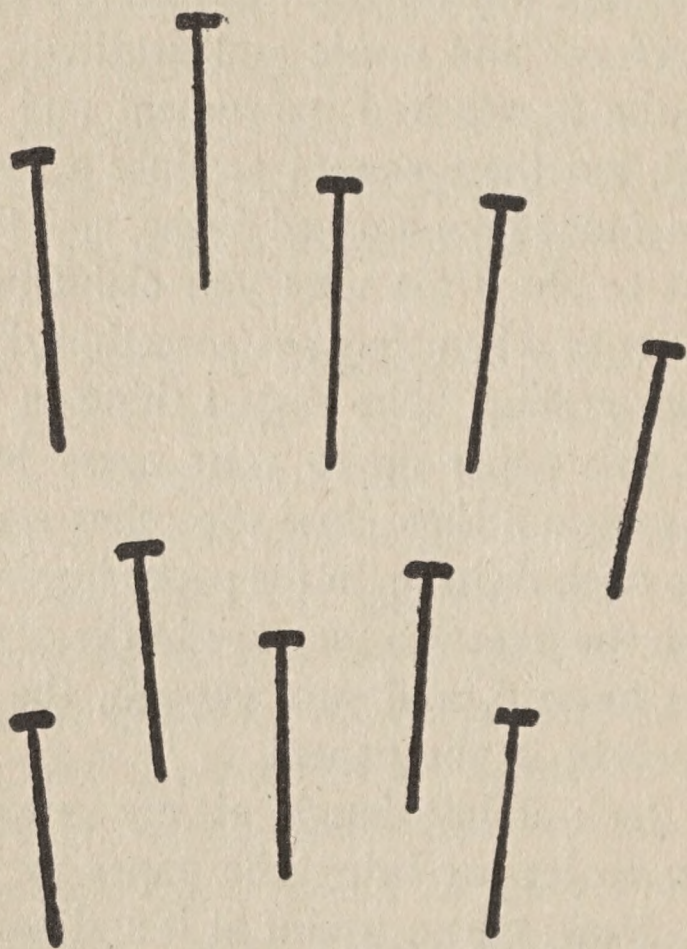
"Maybe Jack didn't laugh at my surprise, so I begged him to let me bring the paper to show you. Here it is. Now, take a squint at it and see what you think about the pins."

The Brownies did as Jane directed them and many were the exclamations of surprise at the way their eyes tricked them.

Even the big girls were amazed at the delusion and Miss Miller smiled with satisfaction for she always

liked these novel ways of educating the children in preference to dry theories and empty words or phrases.

"I have an idea, girls!" said the Guide, when the paper had been scanned and returned to Jane. "Let every one try out various ways in which their eyes prove untruthful to them. Whenever you think you have caught the sense of physical sight tricking you,

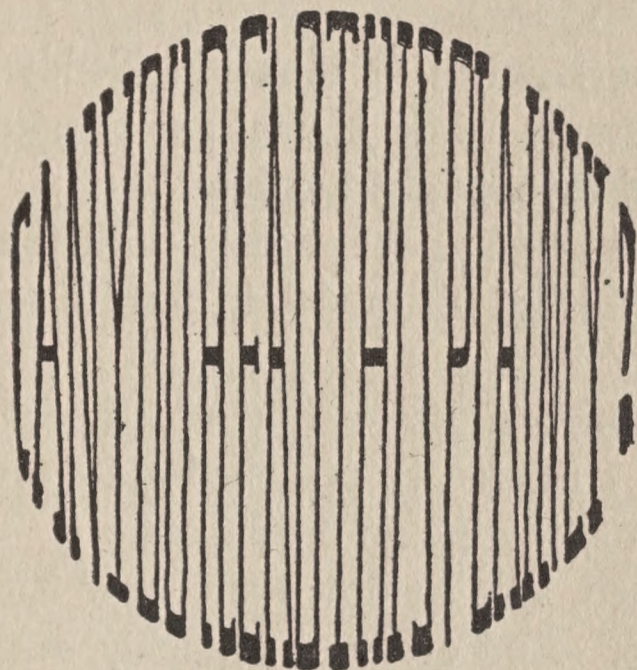


The Pins

follow it up until you find out just what the trouble is. If you write down the impressions and the facts, it will prove most interesting reading to the members, some day."

"We will. Maybe you can offer an honour for the best idea?" hinted Zan.

"See here, Zan Baker! Don't you go and steal a march on us! You—with a doctor in the family to describe and tell all about the nerves and optical illusions of the sense of sight!" cried Nita, while the others laughed at Zan.



"Can You Read This?"

"I guess Jane had better show us the next picture!" Miss Miller suggested with a smile at the older girls.

"I think I will! But let us hope Zan won't try to get an honour for my telling you how to do this," retorted Jane.

"This picture looks more like a jumble of lines than anything else. While it is down flat on the table it might seem to represent a spider's web, but lift it up like you did with the pins and you can plainly read

what is written there. This shows how simple a thing it is to delude one into believing one thing is another thing."

The younger Brownies could not read the writing, but Dot and Betty pretended they could, so of course, when Teddy took the paper to look at it as the others had done, he cried, "O—o! Dat's awfuh pitty picksher!"

Every one laughed at him, but Teddy handed the paper to Tammy while his face expressed disgust at folks who always laughed at him.

"Tammy looked at the picture with the writing on end, and mimicked his model, in admitting, "Ess, dat's awfoo pitty!"

"Got anything more to show us, Jane?" asked Zan.

"No, but I think I've preached quite long enough," returned Jane, folding up the papers.

"Well, then, let's sit down and hear Elena's story," advised Zan. And every one quickly settled to await the tale.

"Texas, in early days, being so near Mexico and other Indian territory, was over-run with half-breeds and greasers who robbed and did all sorts of dreadful things to the white pioneers who tried to settle in the country.

"In this story, the lady my mother met was the little girl who was stolen, and she was only a tiny tot at the time."

"Big as Tammy?" eagerly cried Teddy.

"I guess she was younger than Tammy—maybe she

was two years old, and her brother about a year old, for he couldn't talk, you know.

"Her mother was a New England woman who had a very sweet voice. Before she was married she sang in a church choir in her home town, and after she married and went to Texas to live she used to sing for her own pleasure. Then, when the children came she would sing them to sleep, or when they were cross.

"A favourite song with all of them was a sweet little song she had composed herself. So, the last song every night, was this little lullaby with its simple melody.

"One day, the mother told the little girl to play outside the door with baby brother, while she did the baking. A party of bad, awful Indians had been hiding about the little settlement to steal the pioneers' valuables and get money on them. Suddenly, one of the rascals whispered that they would get heaps of money back if they carried off the children. That pleased the wicked men and soon they had a number of young children, among them the two babies who had been playing in the clearing.

"The ranchers did not know what was happening until one of the older children ran home screaming to her mother that her brother had been stolen by the bad Indians. Then other parents found their little ones were missing, too.

"The wailing crowd of settlers ran from one house to another to see who was missing, and when they

arrived at the log cabin where the mother was busy working, she heard the fearful news.

"She rushed madly out to look about but could find no sign nor sound of her babies. She was half-crazed at the shock, and she never sang another note for years.

"Everything that could be thought of was done to find a clue to the children but the Indians were afraid to come back as the Government offered big rewards for their capture dead or alive.

"Years passed away and then, one day, a scout from the army post miles away galloped in to the village and brought news. Some of the soldiers had captured a band of marauding Indians who had been trailed for miles for horse-stealing and setting fire to places. They were surrounded and forced to surrender, and it was found that a number of white children were in the Tribe. When this fact was ascertained the officers at the Post recalled the kidnapping of years before. So the scout was sent post-haste to call the parents who had lost children to come and see if they could identify their own.

"The people took toys and clothing or photographs to try to help the children remember their parents. Among the others, the rancher and his wife who had lost the girl and boy eagerly travelled to the post, praying and hoping that they might find their two dear babies, taken away eleven years before.

"First one mother recognised a child, then another one found a mark or a clue that helped her to know

her own child, until, one after another, all had been claimed but a lovely girl and a healthy brown-skinned boy about a year younger than his sister.

“The settlers felt sure these must be the children lost by the poor mother. She showed toys, little articles of clothing, and in many ways tried to identify the two, but they only shook their heads sadly, for they were too young to remember those things at the time they were stolen.

“The father was heart-broken, for he had been sure he would find his children with the others, so he went to get his team, while the poor woman dropped upon the grass and held her head in her arms, rocking back and forth in her misery.

“Suddenly, the mother remembered how she used to rock her babies and sing to them. She sat up and started to sing their favourite lullaby.

“As she sang, the girl caught hold of the boy’s hand and both children gazed eagerly at the singer. Then, before the end of the first verse, the girl began humming the air with the woman, and when the mother anxiously began the second verse both children sang the melody in unison with the mother, although they did not remember the English words. At the end of the song, such happiness and rejoicing was there that not a dry eye was to be seen.

“A scout was sent racing for the father, and when he heard how the lullaby the mother always sang to the children was the means of again restoring his two dear ones, he cried with happiness and gratitude.

"The interpreter who stood by heard the story of the excited girl and told the parents that the little sister had often tried to calm her crying baby brother by singing the lullaby to him. So the song brought the four beloved members of the family together again."

When Elena concluded her story, several of the children had tearful eyes, but Teddy exclaimed, "Dey am bad Injuns! Not like good Woodcraf' Injuns!"

"Miss Miller, you promised we could dance this afternoon, and soon it will be time to leave here and there will not have been any dancing!" cried Billy, aggrievedly.

"If we choose a short song there is no reason why we shouldn't sing and dance too," amended Miss Miller.

"What shall we sing?" cried Edith, jumping up on her feet.

"'Hark, Hark, the Dogs do Bark!'" rejoined Betty.

Every one knew it so the Brownies stood in a ring all ready to act the song as pleased them best.

The children sang and thoroughly enjoyed the barking and the acting of beggars appealing to each other for alms. This over, Nita caught the long piano scarf of white silk and began dancing the Storm Cloud Dance.

Another loud round of applause made Nita return a sweeping bow as famous stars on the stage generally do. Then the Guide had a suggestion to make.

"Nita, I wonder how the dances would look if they were danced in camp uniform? Sometimes, the costume has a lot to do with making the dance graceful looking, but most of our Brownies have no leather dresses as yet, and will have to perform in bloomers."

"I'll loan Nita my camp uniform and she can dance again for us," suggested Zan.

While Zan and Nita were upstairs Billy did the Lone Scout dance for the company and before he had quite finished the two girls returned, Nita dressed in Camp bloomers and blouse.

This time the Storm Cloud and Scalp Dance went off with a vigour because Zan had found Bob's drum upstairs and brought it to beat time in imitation of a Tom-tom.

Edith hastily sketched Nita in the uniform, and felt decidedly pleased with her work. So much so, that she felt as if the others should commend her art.

The moment Elena saw the drawings she recognised an unusual freedom of style and reality that could be readily trained.

The sketches were passed about and every one praised them, to Edith's delight. Zan even went so far as to say that the likeness to Nita was remarkable—especially the hands and feet!

In spite of the laughter which this remark occasioned, Miss Miller patted Edith on the shoulder and said, "I am so glad to find a budding genius in our

Brownie Band. Now, you shall take care of the Brownie Tally Book."

This pleased Edith more than anything else, for her sister was Tally Keeper of her Tribe and Edith had secretly yearned for the time to come when she could also show an honourable office.

"Edith, I want to paste these pictures in the Brownie Tally Book—will you see to it?" asked Miss Miller, as the sheet of paper was placed between the leaves of the book.

"I'd like to colour them first, Miss Miller. I have some crayons at home that will colour them in the right way, and then the sketches will look more like real pictures," said Edith.

"Just as you prefer, but they are too good to throw away, or to lose track of, so colour them if you like and see that they are properly fastened in the book," returned the Guide.

"It must be time to adjourn," now suggested Jane.

"Yes, and we must all be sure to be here on time in the morning for the chauffeurs will not wait for any tardy ones," advised Hilda.

"Oh, we'll be on time, all right!" exclaimed Paul.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A WEEK END CAMP ON THE PALISADES

SATURDAY morning every one who expected to go to the Palisade Camp was up and bustling about. The members who lived at some distance were to be called for before the others, then one after another would be picked up until the automobiles were filled with children and baggage.

The three cars started from Miss Miller's home—the last house on the route—about seven-thirty, and great was the excitement along the way as the chauffeurs sped the machines swiftly through the city and over the meadows toward the Hudson River.

In about an hour's time the Tribe reached the woods that fringe the heavier timber growth crowning the heights of the Palisades of the Hudson.

The cars followed the road—the old Revolutionary Turnpike—but just before they reached the sleepy old town of Fort Lee they turned off to a private road that ran to the crests.

The fine house situated upon a knoll of the Palisades was soon reached and Mrs. Farland, Miss Miller's friend, came out to greet the Woodcrafters.

“Good-morning, everybody! Up with the birds, I

see!" she called, gaily waving a scarf, as she hurried down the steps of the verandah, "I am going to direct you how to find the camp-ground. My boys were there yesterday and put up the tents and cots, besides arranging the summer-house just back of the camp-site so you can use it for a Council meeting if you like."

Mrs. Farland was introduced to each member of Wako Tribe, and the greeting most pleasing to the Big Lodge was this: "I have heard all about you girls through your book called 'The Woodcraft Girls at Camp.' I so enjoyed your experiences on the farm last summer, that I introduced myself to Miss Miller last Fall on purpose to hear more of you."

As the automobiles came nearer the spot chosen for camp, the children saw a gardener pulling up stubbly bushes and wildweed growth so as to clear a wide circle about the tents. The three great white canvas tents looked mighty fascinating to the Brownies for this would be their first taste of sleeping out of doors.

The summer-house was a very artistic structure built with cobble stone pillars and heavily thatched roof. The view from this spot was truly magnificent—the majestic Hudson as it rolled along between high banks being visible for miles up and down its course.

"I'll explain why we selected a site so near the house. This is the first outdoor camp you children have made and it is in the woods far enough to give a feeling of freedom, while it is near enough to the house in case of need to easily summon me with a horn."

The girls thanked their considerate hostess, and she

turned to leave, repeating that they must be sure to run over for anything they might need.

The moment Mrs. Farland left, calling the gardener to accompany her, the Tribe ran about inspecting everything.

Inside the tents, not only were cots and blankets ready for the night, but pots and dishes were also piled up in a corner where Miss Miller would see them. In one tent were several fur rugs with a note pinned on the corner of the leopard skin.

"‘These will look pretty at Council when you hold it in the summer-house,’" read the Guide.

"Goodness, it's a first-class summer resort all ready-made without cost to us!" laughed Zan, hunching her shoulders in delight, being a way she had when pleased.

"Now that we are done inspecting, what is the next thing on the programme?" asked Miss Miller.

"Something to eat!" promptly replied Paul.

"Oh, Paul! Will you ever learn to be polite?" groaned Hilda.

"Well, I'm hungry too, and I don't want to be impolite?" declared Edith.

"Why! You said at breakfast that you couldn't eat a morsel—you had no appetite!" remonstrated Billy.

"That was different! I couldn't eat a crumb at the breakfast table 'cause there was a big lump in my throat so I just couldn't swallow a mouthful!" defended Edith.

Miss Miller laughed for she understood the nervous

excitement the children felt that morning. Consequently, she said, "I think we can all enjoy a bit of refreshment. I will see if we have anything that can be readily prepared."

"I brought several Thermos bottles of milk and some boxes of crackers, Miss Miller," offered Zan, running to a basket that was sitting with the boxes and bundles in the tent.

"Oh, what a blessing! It is just the thing!" sighed the Guide, assisting Zan in unpacking the bottles and boxes.

While they sat leisurely about eating crackers and sipping the milk, the Big Lodge made plans for the time in camp.

"We will take turns cooking, making beds and helping the Brownies. We can hold Council in the summer-house where seats are already fixed around the octagon floor; wood is to be had for the picking up, and this space about the tents is so well cleared that there is no danger of our camp-fire spreading. Too, it is so even that our games and dancing can be thoroughly enjoyed without stumbling over rough places," remarked the Guide.

"It surely is an exceptional camp! I never dreamed we would find everything so perfectly lovely!" said Elena, to whom the view, the old-fashioned flower-garden just on the other side of the stone wall, and the site of the summer-house, appealed in all their beauty.

"We ought to express our appreciation and grati-



"OH SHIEF"

tude to the One Spirit who led us to this delightful spot. Shall we sing the Omaha Prayer?" ventured Miss Miller.

With one accord, the children jumped up and stood ready to sing. Their clear young voices rang out with the soul of their joy sounding in every tone.

When the song was ended, Billy held up a hand in salute and said, "O Chief!"

"Yes?"

"I brought some folk-song books from home—shall we try some of them now?" asked he.

"We will be very glad to sing them later. I think the children would prefer a scamper through the woods now. But we will remember your thoughtfulness in bringing the books by trying a few songs as soon as we return to camp," replied the Guide.

Teddy and Tammy showed a preference for the steps of the summer-house where the skins had been spread. During the singing of the Omaha, they sat on the lower step, and when Billy made his suggestion they listened anxiously for nothing must pass unheard by them!

As Billy sat down, Tammy jumped up and held aloft a dimpled hand, saying, "O Shief!"

The children laughed approvingly but Teddy frowned at his aide's unusual bravado, and pulled him quickly down to the seat on the rug. Finding Tammy did not protest, Teddy held up his own hand and cried loudly, "O Chief!"

This brought forth a heartier laugh from the circle

of Woodcrafters, for it was well understood that Tammy must take second place wherever Teddy was.

"Well, boys?" asked Zan, smiling encouragement.

Tammy suddenly hid his face back of Teddy's shoulder but Teddy replied, "Nuffin! We is dus doin' like Billy do!"

"Billet Doux! That's great!" laughed Zan, clapping her hands.

The conclusion of this first Council was never heard, for the wild barking of some dogs on the other side of the stone wall caused the Woodcrafters to jump on the seats and railing of the summer-house to see what was the cause of the excitement at the kennels.

Suddenly, a chipmunk scampered upon the wall and thence jumped clear to the roof of the summer-house and soon was hidden in a tiny house built on the peak of the thatched roof.

"Oh, how cute! He lives up there!" cried Billy.

But all the coaxing of the combined forces of Wako Tribe could not tempt the chipmunk to come forth while they stood about anxiously waiting.

"I can climb up this pillar and soon bring him down if you want to see him," bragged Paul.

But the loud denunciations of such a thing soon made Paul understand that Woodcraft meant more than he dreamed of.

The Guide whispered to Zan, "Let us start the hike and take the children away from here. The chipmunk will soon feel safe with us around his home, but

just now the Brownies are too excited to listen to advice from us."

In a few moments, therefore, every one was ready to start.

"Miss Miller, while we are tramping through the fringe of the woods here, suppose we march in line, one behind the other while singing that inspiring March song written by Arthur Farwell," suggested Zan, suddenly, while Teddy and Tammy were running to take Billy's hands.

"Great! I'll tell you what! We will all march about the summer-house, once, to fall in step, singing as we march, then keep on marching until we conclude the song!" cried the Guide, enthusiastically, for the Big Lodge knew that marching song was one of the teacher's favourites; she was trying to have it introduced in every public school and kindergarten as a universal school-marching song.

"Miss Miller must lead off—the Big Lodge, each with a Brownie, follow, and I will march last with Teddy and Tammy," planned Zan.

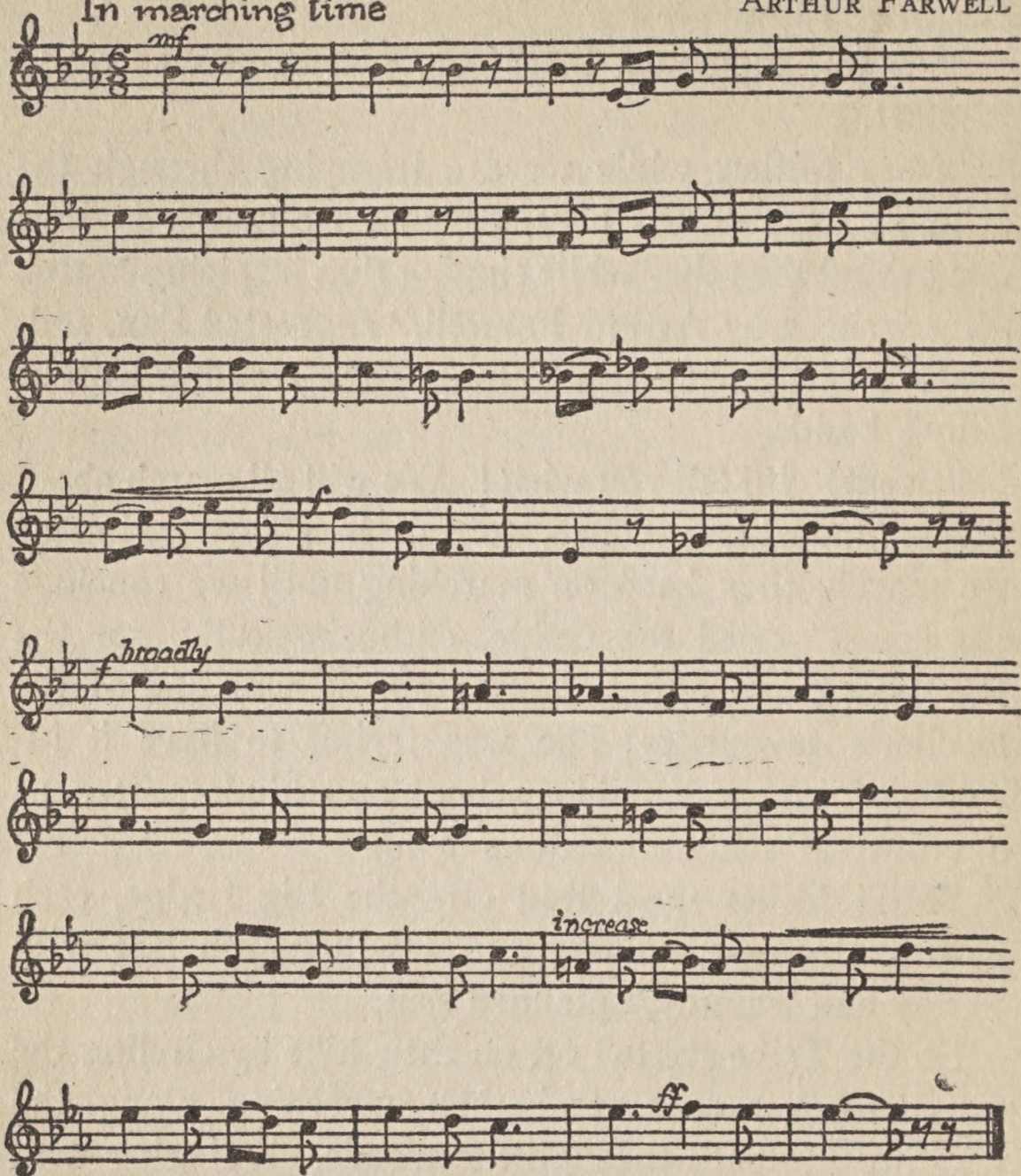
So the Tribe started off on their hike by circling the summer-house once, and then marching along the winding footpath through the woods, all singing with a genuine sense of the words and harmony given in Arthur Farwell's inspiring song.

The march-song was finished just before they reached the wild woods, and every one was in the right frame of mind to listen to Miss Miller. "We are going to trail through this great primitive forest

MARCH! MARCH!

In marching time

ARTHUR FARWELL



March, march, march, march!
 March, comrades, march along,
 March, march, march, march,
 March, a hundred million strong!
 On through dark and battle's roar,
 On where none has dared before,
 On to pay the ages' score;
 March, march, march!

Forward, comrades,
March, march forever,
Up with the break of day,
Out on the trackless way!
Ours the will that must and can,
Ours to crown creation's plan,
Ours to win the world for man:
March, comrades, march!

March, march, march, march!
March, comrades, march along,
March, march, march, march,
March, a hundred million strong!
Prince of Peace, uphold our trust
Though we face the battle thrust:
Fight we shall while fight we must:
March, march, march!
Forward, comrades,
March, march forever,
Up with the break of day,
Out on the trackless way!
Love to hate shall never yield
While the sword of God we wield:
On to Armageddon's field:
March, comrades, march!

March, march, march, march!
March, comrades, march along,
March, march, march, march,
March, a hundred million strong!
One in vision, one in will,
We shall carry Zion's hill,
God is in His Heaven still:
March, march, march!
Forward, comrades,
March, march forever,
Up with the break of day,
Out on the trackless way!
Ours the heart to dare and do,
Ours the Promised Land to view,
Ours to build the world anew:
March, march, march!

where no white man has ever trod—only the children of the Great Spirit, the True and Brave Indian can find the pathway through this wilderness! Not only

the Red Man who first was found by Columbus to be living on this land, but every True and Brave child of the Great Spirit who is winning honours with the 'Chief,' for every good quality needed to find the end of the trail—meekness, courage, humility, gratitude, dauntless in truth, forward in the right, greatest in divine love—these are the characteristics of the True and Brave Indian!

"As we journey, like Hiawatha, we shall talk with wild creatures of the silent places; we may read heaven's messages from the leaves of the trees or a lowly vine; we will soar upward on wings of light to join the chorus of birds praising the Giver; and we may revel joyously amidst the sweet perfume of each flower that freely scatters its fragrance abroad!

"Now! who will follow this Trail and obey the First Law—'Be Obedient to One in Authority'?" declared Miss Miller, emphatically.

As one voice, the members of the Tribe shouted, "We will!"

Miss Miller smiled with pleasure at the unanimous cry, and walked on in silence for a few minutes. Then, she said, "I wonder how many of you Woodcrafters realise that you are on the highway to winning various honours? The bird-house, making the bird-bath, then making a lunch-counter. When the birds have used these, you may claim honours for them. You already have taken the honour for walking three miles and relating the account of it; and you have won honours for handicraft, and other work.

"Since we arrived in camp, I have thought of many ways our Brownies can win honours during this week-end."

"Tell us how, Miss Miller!" exclaimed Dot, eagerly.

"I can take most of the Brownie honours, Miss Miller," added Edith, looking at Dot in compassion.

"I should hope you would, Edith, with all the experience and opportunities at your home," replied the Guide, in a tone meant to bring Edith back to earth.

"Pooh! I can take those honours just as easy!" said Billy, not to be handicapped by his younger sister.

"Yes, and you will have to prove your superior knowledge in Woodcraft by helping me teach the Brownies. Both Edith and you are classed with Wood Brownies, I know, but you must show us what you know, or we can not award honours," said the Guide, anxious to hold up the ambition of these two Woodcrafters but not permit them to feel the present association with new beginners was to be considered as a condescension on their part.

The Woodcrafters had not gone far before Teddy ran to a small clearing in the woods where dandelions blossomed in profusion. He pulled up a flower and rushed back to Zan with it.

"Teddy knows him! Him a dannylion!" cried he.

"Hurrah for Teddy! He knew the wildflower that caught him napping last week!" laughed Zan.

"Tammy know him too," pouted Tammy.

"Then run and pick a great big one, dearie, and take it to Miss Miller," urged Zan.

Tammy sought anxiously for the largest flower he could find, passing by small dandelions in his quest. Soon, he came running, with both hands filled with wide-open blossoms to present to the Guide.

"Pooh! They're nothing but dandelions! Any one knows that much," said Paul, scornfully.

"Can you tell a wild flower for each year of your age as Tammy and Teddy have done?" asked Miss Miller, who felt that Paul needed stern training after the years of spoiling by a doting mother and an easy-going sister. He showed traits of selfishness, laziness, envy, and a fondness of over-eating that Woodcraft training would eliminate.

"Of course I can—that's easy!" bragged Paul.

"Very well! Brownies and Big Lodge! Paul is going to gather and tell us all about ten wild flowers, not counting the dandelion which is too common to mention," said the Guide.

Soon after this Paul spied a buttercup and then he found a daisy. Of course he could tell about them, but he still had nine flowers to find and describe.

A wood-violet was discovered by Billy, but seek everywhere Paul could not find one for himself. However, he found an anemone but he could not give the correct name for it, so Miss Miller said it wouldn't count.

"Oh, ho! See what I've found!" cried Edith, falling upon her knees in the grass.

The Brownies rushed over to the spot and saw a group of sweet little hepaticæ, but Paul could not give the name for these little flowers, either.

For ten minutes, the Brownies sought diligently but no new flower was found until a shout from Paul drew them over to his side. He had almost stepped upon a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and he was very proud to find it for he instantly called it by name.

A wonderful spot of crimson glowed under some dark-green leaves, and Paul, in shoving aside the rank grass with his foot, saw it. He made a swift dash for it and found a trailing plant with berries growing near the stem. It was very damp in that particular place and the ground seemed rich and black. He plucked it up quickly and ran back to show the others his find.

"Do you know it?" asked Miss Miller.

"No, I never saw one before, but isn't it pretty!" said Paul, admiring the graceful vine.

"It is the winter-green, or checker-berry—some call it tea-berry, and it is good to eat. It grows in wet spots anywhere from Maine to Minnesota, and southward. You will find it from May to September, in all of its glory and profusion of growth."

Further explanation was interrupted by Betty who had found a beautiful wild Columbine. She ran over to the Guide with her prize and the children were asked if they knew the legend in connection with Columbine. They did not, so Miss Miller told them to look it up and have it ready to tell some time at Council.

Paul found a wild-strawberry blossom growing in a sunny spot of the woods, but he wasn't sure whether it was a wild black-berry or something else, so that did not count for him.

Miss Miller smiled as she thought of his brag, and he began to feel anxious for he discovered it was not so easy to name a wild flower for each year of his age and he wished he had not scorned the younger children for their flower-telling.

The deeper woods were entered and rocks and fern grew luxuriantly, but Paul saw no other wild-flowers beside the ones already found.

"I wish some Brownies would tell us about the trees or ferns in passing by. No one has said a word of these old friends, yet I'm sure they have all been waiting anxiously for recognition," remarked Miss Miller.

"Dear me, there is so much to see! Maybe we'd better leave the trees until we come back!" cried Edith.

The Guide laughed. "I am glad to hear you so interested but I know folks who would stroll through the woods and say, 'Oh, it was the dullest walk! Why, there wasn't a thing to see or talk about!'"

The Tribe laughed merrily at the Guide's imitation of blasé people who took no interest in the beauty about them.

"Let us begin on the trees now. There is plenty of time and I can see plenty of trees to practice upon," suggested Zan.

"Miss Miller, won't it be a good idea to make little

sketches of the leaves and blossoms of the trees in the woods? It will help the Brownies to remember each one and some time they can draw pictures of them in their Tally Books to refer to if they are not quite sure of the name or habits of a certain tree," asked Elena, the artist of the group.

"Yes, Elena, I think that will be very good—did you bring your pencil or paper?" returned the Guide.

"No. But I'll gather the branches and do the drawing as soon as we get back to camp."

"Why not do the same thing with flowers and fern, Elena?" asked Hilda.

"I'd rather have the Brownies do their own work with the blue-prints or press-photography," hurriedly added the Guide.

On that walk through the woods the Brownies learned the names and how to know the oak, chestnut, pine, hazel-nut, hickory, and the beech-nut trees. Then, upon returning to camp, Miss Miller found an old white elm tree just back of the summer-house, so there was plenty of work to do in forestry study.

Jane helped Elena to gather some good specimen of the branches and leaves of the trees mentioned, and Miss Miller said she had a small pocket-edition of forest-trees that would come in very well in describing the habits and forms of each tree.

"I think the Brownies ought to study about these trees while they are on the spot and feel a deeper interest in it than will be possible when they are



Hazel Leaf and Blossom



Hazel Bud and Catkin



Beech Blossom



Beech Nuts



American Chestnut



White Elm

back in town with other things to interest them," advised Zan.

"I approve of that idea so we will take it up as soon as we return to camp," added Miss Miller.

With this plan in view the walk was shortened and all were back in camp eager to hear the Guide talk about the trees, while Elena produced hasty sketches to illustrate the leaves and flowers of each tree, as it was taken up for study.

"Some of these pictures you will find to have flowers or fruit, but I did that so you can remember it when you find a flower or nut. These are copied from Miss Miller's booklet, but many of them do not flower or bear fruit until later in the season," explained Elena.

Dinner at camp that day was most interesting for the Brownies had to find the wood, and many a shriek sounded as a little Brownie turned over an old decayed log to find long wriggly things steal away into a hole in the ground, or burrow into the rotted wood.

Then, too, the bees and bugs insisted upon stealing their share of the jam and cake, so that Teddy and Tammy were self-appointed to shoo them away.

The meal was nearly finished when Miss Miller suggested that they hear Billy render a Folk Song or demonstrate some new Indian dance. Later, the other Brownies could take part, also.

Billy was always glad to sing or dance so he thought for a few minutes before deciding to sing and dem-

onstrate the old, old French Folk Song, called "La Bergère."

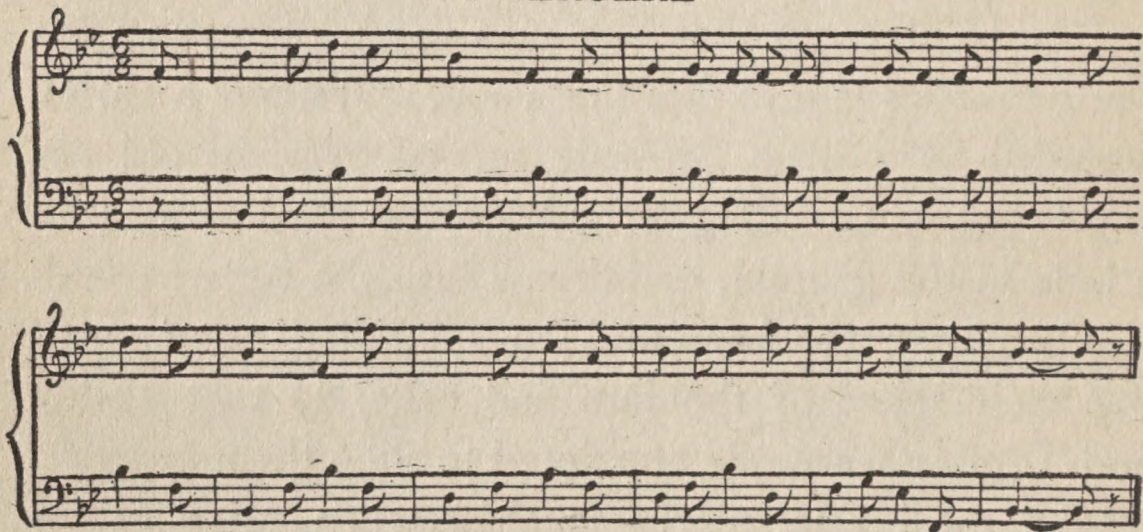
"Let us be seated in the summer-house so Billy can dance on the hard-wood floor," suggested Miss Miller.

In a few moments every one was in the summer-house and Billy introduced his song.

“Mother says this traditional Folk Song is about as old as any known to-day. It is sung by French and Belgian folk but it is really one of the old French songs. I brought the verses in case Miss Miller wanted to teach you kids the words.”

A smile went around the circle of expectant faces at Billy's unusual use of slang, but he failed to notice it and cleared his throat to sing and act.

LA BERGÈRE



I

Il était un bergère,
Et ron, ron, petit patapon;
Il était un bergère,
Qui gardait ses moutons,
Ron, ron,
Qui gardait ses moutons.

2

Elle fit un fromage,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon;
Elle fit un fromage
Du lait de ses moutons,
Ron, ron,
Du lait de ses moutons.

3

Le chat qui la regarde,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon;
Le chat qui la regarde,
D'un petit air fripon,
Ron, ron,
D'un petit air fripon.

4

Si tu y mets la patte
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon;
Si tu y mets la patte
Tu auras du bâton.
Ron, ron,
Tu auras du bâton.

5

Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon;
Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Il y mit le menton,
Ron, ron,
Il y mit le menton.

The Brownies were highly amused when Billy acted the part of the little cat, and went through with the various exciting incidents that happened in that cottage.

The moment the singer bowed, a loud applause encored him but Miss Miller said Billy had made a fine contribution, and it was time others did their share.

"Why can't we try to learn Billy's song now?" asked Dot.

"Any one else want to learn it?" questioned Zan.

It seemed that all of the Brownies liked it so well they had Billy sing the music again and again till they could memorise the air. Full an hour was passed in this entertainment, and then Miss Miller said it would be fine to walk down the steep path to the river-bank and look for a possible place where they might bathe.

"The rest of you go while I stay in camp and do some sketching. Some one ought to remain here and take care of the things too, I think," said Elena.

Miss Miller thought over the suggestion for a moment, then said, "I think we are too near the house and garden to be annoyed by any one, although Elena may remain if she will choose a companion to stay with her."

"Oh, I'm not afraid to be alone," laughed Elena.

"I'm sure you're not afraid, but I will be more at ease if you have some one with you," replied the Guide.

"I'll stay and help copy the song. I don't care to slide down that cliff and crawl up again," laughed Nita.

"All right, you two girls remain, but should any one come along or stop to watch you, or the camp, just blow this horn. I think they will run at that sound!" declared the Guide.

CHAPTER EIGHT

FOLK LORE AND LEGENDS

THE evening meal was prepared early enough to allow ample time for the Brownies to sit about and talk before bedtime. As it had been a full day of pleasure, the Guide thought they ought to be in bed before twilight, although the children thought that would be an insult to the evening.

"If we have to go to bed so dreadful early we won't see any stars!" hinted Edith.

"Oh, I think you will! It will not be so light," returned Zan.

"Meantime, I know Zan has an Indian tale to tell us," suggested Miss Miller, trying to divert attention from Edith's remark.

"How! How!" shouted the Brownies, eagerly

"Had I known there would have been such an ovation given the Guide's very suggestion, I would have provided a story, but now, I must say, I am told out!" laughed Zan.

"Make one up!" exclaimed Dot.

"Tell us one of those you mentioned as being in the books from the Smithsonian Library at Washington," advised Jane.

"Let me see—I guess I'll tell them about Redfeather," replied Zan, after a few moments of thought.

"Redfeather was a young man who was the best hunter in the Indian village. He owned more bear-skin and sealskin blankets than any three men in the tribe. Everybody was jealous of his skill and of his wealth. They turned their backs when he walked near them.

"His uncle, the chief of the village, hated him. He feared that some time Redfeather might want to be chief, so he would lie awake at night thinking of some way to get rid of him.

"He tried one plan after another, but Redfeather was too clever to be caught. So one day he boiled some pitch and while it was still hot and sticky he spread it on the seat of his canoe and covered it over with the down of eagles. Then he sent for Redfeather.

"'My son,' said the chief, 'take my canoe and go hunting. I will send one of my braves to help you. See how many seals you can bring back.'

"Suspecting nothing, Redfeather got into the canoe with the brave and paddled out to sea. Suddenly, he saw a seal floating on a piece of ice, but when he tried to get up to throw his harpoon he could not move. He was stuck fast in the pitch.

"The uncle's servant had been waiting for this to happen; so, seizing the helpless youth by the waist, he threw him—board and all—into the water. He

then returned to the village and told the chief that Redfeather would hunt no more!

"But the board was very light and it drifted with the wind and waves all that day and into the next day. On the second day, however, the wind blew stronger and after a time Redfeather was washed ashore.

"He crawled out upon the beach and sat with his back to the sun. As the pitch softened in the warm sun-rays, he squirmed and twisted until at last he was free. Standing up, he raised his hand toward the heavens and swore a mighty oath never to love another until he had punished the man who had sent him out to die.

"Then he turned and walked along the beach wondering which way to go. He had gone a short distance when he saw two beautiful girls coming toward him. He ran to them, told them what had happened to him and asked what country he was in.

" 'Do not fear,' said one of the girls. 'My father is the chief of this country and he will take care of you. Come with me; the village is near by.'

"She led the way and Redfeather followed. When they came within sight of the village he stopped, looked, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Three men covered with eagle feathers were sitting on a pole before a wigwam. As he watched, one of them arose, flapped his wings and flew away.

" 'They are evil spirits!' cried Redfeather, turning to run away.

" 'Do not be frightened,' said the chief's daugh-

ter, holding him by the hand. 'They are not spirits—they are men. All my people have eagle skins and when they put them on they can fly about like birds. Come, I will show you.'

"So, Redfeather was led to the village where the men were sitting on the pole.

"'My father,' said the girl, 'this is a stranger who has been cast ashore in our country. I found him and told him you would take care of him.'

"One of the men jumped down from the pole and took off his eagle-skin, then Redfeather saw that he was an old man, very tall and with a kind face. He was the chief. When he heard Redfeather's story he gave him welcome to the tribe and bade him make his home there.

"So, Redfeather lived with the chief and learned how to dress himself in an eagle-skin and fly away out to sea to hunt for food with the other men of the tribe. Every morning they gathered on the long pole before the chief's wigwam and decided where to hunt that day. Then they separated and every evening each one returned with his catch—salmon or red cod or porpoises. Sometimes one would catch a whale, and the whole village had a feast.

"Redfeather became very skilful in the use of his eagle-skin, so that it was generally he who caught a whale, by swooping down from high in the air and seizing it in his strong talons. And each day's catch he laid at the feet of Dawn, the beautiful daughter of the chief.

"She thanked him, smiling, her soft brown eyes filled with admiration. But Redfeather dared not tell her that he loved her, for he remembered his oath.

"One day he felt very strong, so he beat his wings together and flew out to sea. In the distance he saw two whales diving and blowing foam and water high in the air. Like an arrow he darted down, seized a whale in each talon and carried them home. Then he knew he was ready!

"Up along the coast he flew, swiftly, strongly, until he looked down upon his uncle's village. The people saw him and shot at him with their arrows, but he made himself very small inside the eagle skin so that they could not hit him. Each time they shot at him he flew lower.

"Soon a big crowd gathered, and in their midst he saw his uncle, their chief. Redfeather flashed down, seized him by the top of his head and dragged him off the ground.

"A great shout went up and some one grasped the chief by the feet to pull him back, but he, too, was carried up. Another took hold of the would-be rescuer's feet, and another caught hold of the third man's feet, and still another grasped *his* feet, until the entire village was being swept upward and held dangling high in the air.

"Redfeather flew far out to sea and dropped them all into the water, where they turned to islands and may be seen to this day scattered all around that part of the ocean.

"Then Redfeather felt he had fulfilled his oath and was free again. He flew back to his village and took Dawn to be his wife, and at the death of the old man, her father, Redfeather became chief of all the Tribe of Eagles."

Zan ended her tale and the Brownies sighed—then asked questions.

"Why didn't he just let the bad Indians alone?" asked Dot.

"Maybe he thought they would come some day and kill him," replied Zan.

"How could they know he was alive! I don't like him to drown so many people," remonstrated Betty.

"But if he had not dropped the bad people into the sea, we never would have had any islands, you see!" replied Jane, laughing.

"Teddy's mudder's dot an ilan' way yup in Maine!" declared the little fellow, proudly.

"Maybe it was the big chief dropped by Redfeather!" suggested Nita.

The Brownie thought this over for a time, but Miss Miller spoke.

"I like the quaintness and wild imagination given in Indian Folk Lore, but I do not care for the suggestion of vengeance and cruelty they generally give. I would advise you girls to always preface your stories with an emphatic assurance that these tales '*are not true*,' but Indian fairy-tales, told some times to naughty Indian papooses to make them behave."

"I'll impress that at once," added Zan. "Brownies, you see, Redfeather's story was made up to teach the little Indians that greed and hate never won in the end. But bravery, courage and generosity were rewarded. Redfeather was treated badly, although he never harmed one of his people, and when he was thrown into the sea to die, the Great Spirit heard his silent cry for help, for the youth had always been honest. So, he was saved."

"Tell us another Indian story!" begged Edith.

"Let Elena tell it—she read one of the legends," responded Zan.

"Oh, I can't tell it nearly as good as Zan does!" returned Elena.

"All the more reason for you to practise—come on!" persisted Zan.

Elena glanced around, but found every one waiting for her to do her part, so she got up and told the story of the "First People."

"My children, if you will sit here before the fire and not ask too many foolish questions, I will tell you of a time that was many, many moons ago—so long ago that the Sun was young and little, like a fire-fly, and the Evening Star was still unborn. Even the Indian had not yet come to earth.

"There were no men in the world—there was only a great place filled with the First People. These people were all spirits like gods, and they were more than the sands on the shore or the leaves on the

trees. So many they were that even I cannot count so far.

"Each spirit had a name. One was called the Fox, another the Raven, another the Eel. They were not animals, however. Their names were the names of animals, that is all. They lived happily together and there was no fighting and no harsh words or hatred.

"Thus the First People lived for a long, long time. And in this time many strange things came to pass, but of them I cannot speak now—already the camp-fire is burning low.

"Then came a time when the minds of the First People filled with bad thoughts. Some grew cunning, some cruel, some lazy, some greedy, and some boastful; some became too swift and others too strong, while some were slow or others too weak.

"The Great Spirit had been very patient all this time of the First People's turning from Him, but He became very angry when they would not hear, and He cried out against them until a dreadful thing came to pass.

"They all changed into animals and birds and creatures that crawl or fly or swim. And some became trees and some flowers and some hail or rain, and others thunder and lightning—each one according to his wicked habits.

"But all did not change at the same time. Only when they disobeyed the Great Spirit did they change. Or when one was not willing to follow the Right—did he change.

"Thus, the Fox, because of his cunning, took the form of an animal called the fox to this day. Grizzly, strong in combat, became a bear. Mouse, the timid, became even as we know a mouse. And this is true of everything that was, and is now in this time: Trees, flowers, animals, thunder and lightning!

"Some of the First People, however, did not grow evil, but they feared that was to happen. They decided to go away—out in the West, where the golden sun sets, they went until they came to the place where the earth and sky meet. There, they passed through a hole in the sky that may be found there, and they still live happily with the Great Spirit to govern them wisely.

"But those that stayed behind became worse. Then, the Great Spirit made the Indian—which is another tale, my children. And He brought them to the country of the First People. At the first sign of the coming of the brave and true Indian all those First People who were changed spirits found their doom.

"Scoff not, O Children! For yonder on that mountain-side is proof of what I say. There you may see two rocks glistening in the sun. One stands upright like a person with head turned back in fear of the pursuers. The other leans forward like a runner speeding away. They were two who had fled before the Indians.

"Thus the Great Spirit created all things good and for the joy of His People, but the changelings brought

evil and doom, until the Indians were sent to punish the wicked First People and keep the Land of Plenty forever afterward."

This story failed to appeal to the Brownies as much as the first one had, but the Big Lodge girls liked it better, for it was allegorical and meant a great deal to them. What might have followed the relation of the tale is not known, for Paul yawned and said, "Oh, but I'm tired!"

"Maybe Edith will show us the Spring Song and dance!" suggested the Guide.

And Edith, always willing to entertain, jumped up.

The Tribe were then treated to the Spring Dance of the Hopi Indians, and as Edith finished the last demonstration with a low bow, the Woodcrafters clapped their hands with satisfaction. At the same moment, the last rays of the setting sun crept through an opening between the forest trees and touched the dancer's fair hair, just as a calcium light flashes upon a performer in a theatre.

"That shaft of sun-light was the last touch of beauty that the dance needed, Edith," complimented Miss Miller.

"It was better than seeing a real star!" laughed Zan.

"I know somefin about a star, Miss Miller," said Betty.

"But it is my piece, Betty!" quickly remonstrated Dot.



EDITH SHOWED THEM THE DANCE

Betty suddenly retired, while Dot stood up and said: "It's a pome my mamma taught me and Zan changed a word to make it just fit for Woodcrafters!" explained Dot.

"What's the matter, Dot—are you nervous?" asked Jane, noticing something strange in her cousin's voice.

Dot flushed uncomfortably and tried to take something from her mouth.

"Dot Hubert! Are you chewing gum?" cried Jane. Dot shook her head, but did not reply.

"Dot, have you any gum in your hand?" asked Miss Miller.

"Yes'm!" replied Dot, meekly.

Before another word was said, Hilda called to Paul.

"Paul, what is that that you are trying to slip out of your mouth? I just caught you turning your head away."

Paul kept his face turned away and Hilda repeated:

"See here, young man! I know you are chewing gum, too! Maybe you gave Dot her gum. Did he, Dot?"

Dot was loyal and refused to tell tales.

"Paul, come out here to the fire-light!" ordered Hilda.

"I don't want to!" whined Paul.

"But *we* want you to!" retorted Hilda.

"You ain't the Guide—not even the Chief!" snapped Paul.

"I am the Guide, and now I ask you to obey any

one in authority over you. Come over here and obey your sister!" said the Guide, sternly.

Paul looked surprised and then hung his head.

"The idea—a boy of your age acting so babyish! Can't you be manly!" exclaimed Hilda.

"Paul, tell us if you have any gum?" asked Zan, impatiently.

"No, I haven't!" blurted forth Paul, opening wide his mouth to prove the statement.

Dot gasped, for she knew he had had some.

"Well, then, *did* you have any gum before you threw it away?" amended Miss Miller.

Paul refused to answer, so the Guide called to Zan: "The Chump Mark for Paul to wear until we are back home where all may see it!"

At that, although Paul was not quite sure what a Chump Mark was, he jumped up and ran out to the centre of the circle.

"Yes, yes, yes! I had some gum and I gave Dot hers. I found it in the pocket of my sweater!"

"Of course, you know, Paul, you will have to begin all over again to win the honour mentioned in article 22 of the Manual. And the hardest part is to think that you have been the cause of making another stumble and fall! Dot, too, must start anew!" said the Guide, sadly.

Dot was very penitent, for she had been tempted and the punishment was severe; Paul's confession saved him from wearing the Chump Mark, so he sidled

back to his seat, while casting a defiant glance at his sister.

Dot, with tears in her eyes, said tremulously, "Betty, you'd better speak that piece—I must be excused!" and she rushed away to bury her face in the blanket of a cot-bed.

Betty stood up and waited for Miss Miller to invite her to speak.

"We will be very glad to hear the poem, Betty," said the Guide.

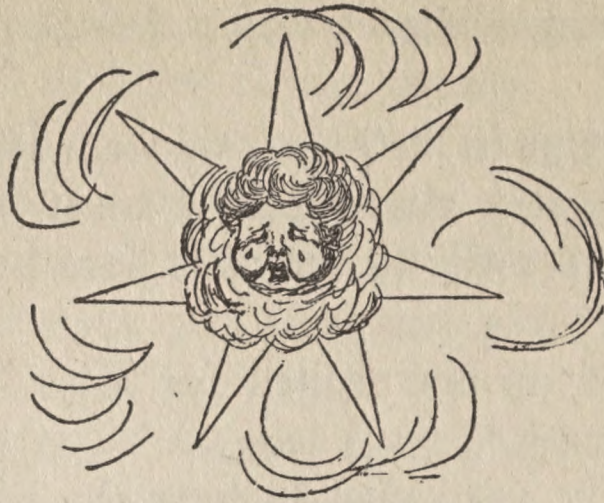
So, gentle little Betty walked over to the fire and saluted the Guide, the Chief, and her companions before speaking.

THE BROWNIES' STAR

"A puff of fresh Hunt-ing Moon wind
Blew straight out of the sky;



And as it travelled towards the earth
A star began to cry:



'O, friendly wind, please take me too!
The wind picked up the star



And dropped it in a Brownie's Band
Where happy children are."

As Betty slowly repeated her lines, Zan placed the little star sketches Elena had made to go with the lines in the Guide's hands.

"I think that is the cutest thing!" laughed Miss Miller, when Betty bowed and the pen and ink sketches had been examined. "Why not use that for a cap-

tion on the Brownies' Tally Book, page 15, devoted to the Stars and Planets?"

"We can. I think it is good enough for the Big Lodge girls to use for a caption, too!" declared Elena.

The sky was still too light to show any stars, and the Brownies were growing restive from waiting so quietly, so Miss Miller said: "A lively march about the summer-house while every one sings will refresh us."

So, in another minute, the children were marching round and round the summer-house singing, "March, march, march, march, comrades, march along!"

There were so many in the Tribe that the parade had no beginning and no ending, but Miss Miller led them up the steps again, when they had circled the summer-house three times. Then she told stories and legends of the stars and the winds, and the clouds, until the Brownies were not sure whether they were modern mortals or ancient immortals.

Finally Teddy interrupted the entertainment by shouting wildly, "Dere's a 'tar!"

The entire group jumped up and ran out of the summer-house to look up in the direction Teddy pointed out, and sure enough! A faint twinkling in the pale Venetian blue dome overhead told them that Teddy had found the star lighting its beacon for earth-dwellers' guidance.

After that first star, the eyes of the Brownies became accustomed to the evening sky and many stars were found shining, and as each was called by name,

some little description was given of it, to familiarise it in the future.

When Miss Miller announced that it was time for bed, not one Brownie demurred, for this going to bed out-of-doors was a great novelty and lots of fun!

Even the first night sleeping out in the woods, could not keep tired little eye-lids open, however, and soon, the seven Brownies were fast asleep while the Guide and her big girls sat about the dying camp-fire planning for the future. Then the Guide scattered the ashes of the fire and they all went to bed.

The drumming on the tom-tom woke up every one in the morning and a great scramble ensued, for no Brownie felt willing to lose a bit of the fun which might be going on.

Zan and Nita assisted the children to dress, while Hilda and the Guide started breakfast; Elena and Jane went for water from the spring, nearby.

"Where shall we wash?" cried Dot, eagerly looking about.

"Oh, we have a ready-made standing basin in our immense bath-room!" retorted Zan, leading the way out of the tent and over to the spring.

In a short time much splashing and shouting told the cooks that Nature's bath-room provided great sport for the Brownies.

"I wish we had this bath-room at home. I wouldn't have to stop to hang up my towels, or feel all around in the water for the soap that's always slippin' out of my wet hands!" laughed Edith.

Billy was spattering the bushes and grasses generously as he washed a short distance from Edith. He looked up with water dripping from hair and eyelashes and said, "Yes, but let me tell you, Zan, Edith *doesn't* hang up the towels. Anna always has to call her back."

"How about you! You never scour the rim of the basin when you finish! Poor Anna has to take cleanser and a brush," came from Edith, scathingly.

The others laughed at the expression on Billy's face, so he just stooped down and threw handfuls of water at Edith, who ducked quickly enough to escape, but Teddy got the full benefit of the shower to his great delight.

While all this had been taking place, Zan stood apart from the group with bowed head and absorbed expression.

Nita suddenly saw her. "What's the matter, don't you feel well this morning? You are unusually quiet and ladylike."

Zan laughed at the insinuation, but replied, "I am composing! And such a work needs quiet. How does this sound to you—all of you! We can make up a bath-room song for the words, maybe, and sing it every time some one fails to follow the rules.

"The child who would Woodcrafters please
Will learn to sing these rules with ease.
Don't leave wet towels upon the floor,
But spread them neat when bath is o'er.

Don't let the soap swim like a fish,
But place it safely in a dish.
When you have finished with the tub,
Give it a rinsing and a rub.
When bathing o'er to bed you go,
See that the lights are turned off—so!
Then, to the one whose bath comes next,
You'll furnish no sad warning text.' ”

Zan finished the rhyme amid the shouts of approval from seven Brownies and several of the big members—for Miss Miller and Elena had walked over and stood back of Zan, listening to the rules.

“That is good enough to be printed on cards and given to every member in the Woodcraft League!” declared Miss Miller.

Suddenly, upon the sweet morning breeze, sounded the tom-tom calling all to breakfast. At that, the Brownies made a rush for their clothes and then found a place about the flat rock where breakfast was waiting.

During the meal Miss Miller said, “Being Sunday, I think our daily programme will be somewhat modified. When we have finished, we will give thanks to the Great Spirit, and then go to the summer-house for a Council meeting.”

The Council was opened by singing the Omaha Prayer, and the Guide then said that all who wished to could join her in saying the 23rd Psalm, then the

91st Psalm. When these were concluded, Teddy spoke up:

"Iss church mos' done?"

"All through—have you any comments to offer?"

Zan replied solemnly, while the others laughed.

Teddy was not quite sure whether Zan was poking fun at him or not, but he was bound to take advantage of the implied offer of assistance.

"Ess! Brownies wan'ta mek pickshers!"

"Oh, no, Teddy! I'm sure Brownies won't want to make any pictures this morning—they would rather take some with the kodaks," offered Miss Miller.

"Ess! Ess!" shrilled Teddy, jumping up to run to his tent.

He was gone before any one could intercept him, so they waited for his return. He carried his precious little kodak box in his arms and squatted down in front of Miss Miller, but he was careful to set the box directly before him.

The Guide spoke reprovingly about Brownies who jumped up and left the Council circle without permission or excuse, and Teddy glowered at Tammy who sat smiling benignly upon him.

Miss Miller paused for a few moments, during which Dot begged for a story.

"We have so many nicer things to do that I'm sure you'll be sorry to use the time for a story. I have a song here that was written and sent to me by a friend in England, and I thought you might learn it, and then we will take some photographs. Then, I

will tell you what I have in mind for you to do to-day," explained the Guide.

"Oh, Miss Miller, we are sorry to have spoken out of order, when you were about to propose something nice!" said the Chief, looking at Dot.

But Dot paid no heed to the implied rebuke, for she was anxious to sing the song promised them.

"There, I think that will do for to-day. Now, as the sun is high enough to take some good pictures, the Brownies can try and see how they can succeed with their kodaks."

No sooner had the Guide spoken than Teddy was upon his feet and talking excitedly about the pictures he wanted to take.

"Teddy, come out here in the sunshine and make a nice picture of sister!" cried Edith, coaxingly, as she posed herself in the bright sunlight.

"Shall I help you, Teddy?" asked Elena.

"No, no, no! Teddy *tan* mek it!" cried he, fearing Elena meant to take the kodak.

"But, Teddy, you don't know how to turn the key and then one 'picksher' will be all 'nuffin,' " remonstrated Zan.

"Teddy *tan* turn him!" shouted he, stamping his foot to emphasise the fact.

"Let him try, girls. It won't make much difference if he does lose one or two. He will learn by experience," suggested Miss Miller.

They all stood back of the amateur photographer as he focussed the little kodak. They watched every

movement of the chubby little hands and were amazed to see him handle the box just like an experienced snap-shooter.

Edith posed and remained perfectly quiet while Teddy looked anxiously in the small reflector to see when the picture was straight, then he slowly pushed the trigger over until it clicked.

"Ha, ha! Teddy dot dat one!" yelled he, jumping up and down in his excitement and tripping over a bramble. Billy sprang forward to catch him, but Teddy held aloft the treasured box, preferring to be scratched in falling rather than risk that picture!

However, he was up on his feet again in a moment and never thought of his scratched little legs—so eager was he to take out the picture and look at it. It took some explanations to impress upon his mind that the film had to be developed.

"Now, can Teddy turn the key so that another film will be made ready for a second picture?" asked the Guide.

"Uh, huh!" grunted Teddy, striving as he spoke, with the key which was rather stiff with newness.

"Better let Billy turn it," said his brother.

"Nah!" cried the Brownie, pressing his lips firmly together and grunting hard as he turned at the key. Finally, he managed to twist it until he saw No. 2 appear on the dial, then a number of girls called for him to stop.

"Teddy am!" he assured them, disdainfully.

The Brownies spent a gay half hour in posing and

practising with their kodaks, then the Guide and Big Lodge girls proposed a short walk in the woods to gather flowers and take pictures.

"School will soon be over for the summer and some of you will want to give little remembrances to friends and teachers at parting. Why not make some blue-prints of flowers on cards and write a dear little verse upon the back? See, like this one I made for a sample," said Miss Miller, showing the children a blue-print of a Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

Underneath the picture the Brownies read:

" 'My sermon to you is be good,
Do all of the things that you should.'
So says John of the Church in the Wood."

The children liked this idea immensely and they soon were scattering here and there in the woods and clearings to find flowers for their cards.

Teddy found a Jack-in-the-Pulpit and Tammy brought a dandelion. Billy was proud of the hepaticæ he discovered, which would make a graceful print. Fern fronds, buttercups, and some wild apple blossoms offered their help to the Brownies, so that Miss Miller turned to go back to camp and start the pictures.

Miss Miller and Zan had brought their printing frames, so she and Zan arranged the flowers and the paper in the shade of the tents. Paul put them out in the sunshine and watched eagerly as they turned blue and then metallic green in the dark spots.

Billy and Paul opened them when ready and the younger Brownies were permitted to rinse the prints in a pail of fresh water. Elena then dried the blue-prints upon a clean towel, while saying, "I wish we had some window-panes or a mirror to dry these on. However, we will have to press them over-night, Miss Miller, to make them perfectly flat."

When the paper was all laid away to press the Brownies sat down to compose verses to go with their flowers. Zan found Teddy had printed a dandelion, so she helped him write a verse.

"The dandelion loves the day
Its face is gold with sun.
Mother, you are the sun to me
And I, too, am your son!"

Edith said she wanted to give her card to a school-mate named Lucy, so she chose the violet print and wrote the lines to Lucy by Wordsworth—"A violet by a mossy stone."

"We will wrap the cards in yellow tissue paper and tie them with blue ribbon, with a yellow bead at each end. You know, yellow stands for sunshine and blue for the blue sky!" said Elena.

Suddenly, Jane remembered that her father had a quantity of cardboard that was useless to him, and this she would ask for, to cut up for mounts.

At that idea, Nita said she had a lot of blue ribbon at home discarded by her mother after having used it for decorating the table for a tea.

Zan began laughing when she heard Nita's offer, and said, "Well, that reminds me! Mother must have a stock of yellow tissue paper left from the day she had her suffrage division at our house to hear a prominent speaker. The whole place was draped in suffrage colours, and now it will come in handy for wrapping the gifts."

"All we need now are the beads!" exclaimed Hilda.

"We all have beads at home, so that is settled," cried Edith. And the Guide repeated, "Yes, that much is all settled!"

CHAPTER NINE

OFF FOR WICKEECHEOKEE CAMP

WEDNESDAY following the week-end camp on the Palisades, was Decoration Day, and, as there was no school, Miss Miller called a special Council to plan for the Brownies during June, when the big girls would be engrossed with their school examinations.

As the Brownies heard the news, they felt forlorn, but Billy stood up to ask permission to speak. This was granted.

"O Chief! Edith and I can show the other Brownies lots of things to do and make in this short time. If we happen to come up against a snag, we'll ask mother to explain things!"

"Oh, yes, and—O Chief!" hastily corrected Edith, before exclaiming what had flashed into her mind. "I'm sure mother will be glad to have the Brownies meet at our house once or twice a week until school closes. Then, she can help us a whole lot!"

"That is splendid! Both ideas will prove a great relief to us, for we *must* study for exams., you know!" said Zan.

"And Mrs. Remington knows *so* much about Wood-

craft that this will prove a veritable blessing to the Brownies. I only wish she would help *us* once a week!" sighed Miss Miller, in relief.

"That's a good idea! We'll get her to coach us now and then, after school is out," declared Jane.

"Well, let us authorise Billy and Edith to ask their mother and find out if she will do this," suggested Zan.

So, the matter was referred to the two Remington children. That day, after other plans were settled, the Brownies learned to make some of the knots mentioned in the Manual: the square, slip-knot, double-knot, timber-hitch and hard-loop, were mastered by all except the younger ones.

After this perplexing lesson, they enjoyed trying to imitate the birds and quadrupeds in actions and sounds, so that others could recognise what it was the Brownies were demonstrating. This exercise caused much fun and merry laughter for the grotesque faces and poses suggested all sorts of awful creatures.

"What is this noise meant for?" cried Paul, after Billy had successfully imitated a Whip-poor-Will.

A guttural sound of "Jugger-Rhum! Juggur-Rhum!" seemed to come from Paul's shoes as he got down upon the floor and jumped across the rug.

"A hop-toad!" shouted some of the Brownies.

"I say it is a frog," added Jane.

"Yes, Jane's right. I saw an awful funny picksher in Dot's song-book, so I tried to copy him," said Paul.

"I thought Paul was imitating a kangaroo—from the way he jumped," laughed Nita.

Paul was asked to jump again. "This time you must crouch down on your hind-legs and hold your head up in front!" said Zan.

"He only has two legs—which are his fore-legs if he uses the two he is squatting on for hind-legs!" laughed Jane.

The others joined in the merriment at Zan's expense, for they seldom caught their wide-awake Chief napping, so they made much of an opportunity.

"Lem'me show you the frogs I copied my jump from, then you will see whether I was right," argued Paul, when Dot handed the book to Zan.

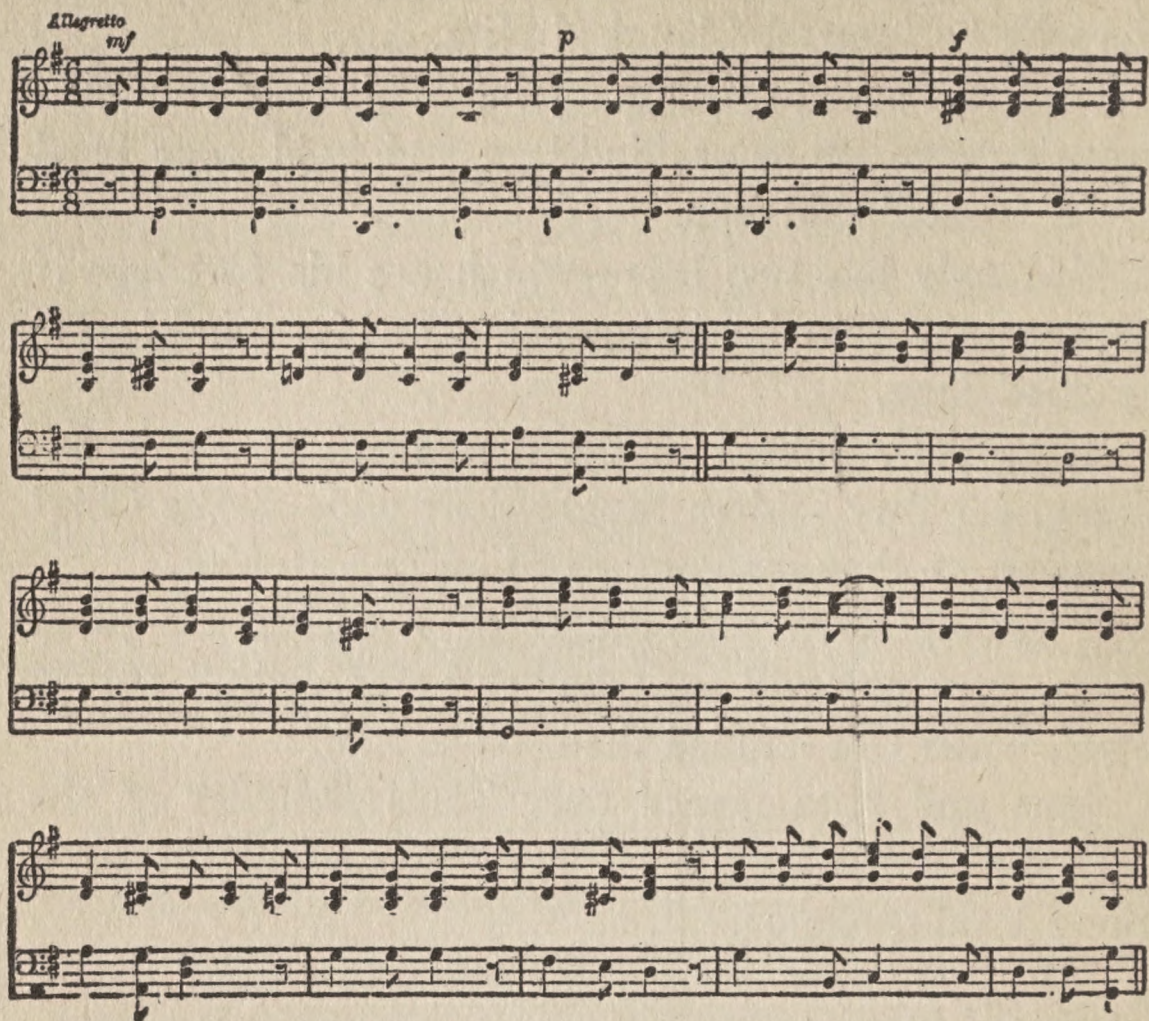
Jane and Nita leaned over Zan's shoulder as she turned the pages of the song-book to find the Frog Song Paul spoke of.

"Do you know, girls, these are cute songs! Some of them will make fine acting plays for the Brownies. Here is the one Paul is trying to show us, for instance. Wouldn't it make a funny little play-song for a group?" exclaimed Zan, eagerly.

"Yes, indeed! Let them practise some of them in the next two weeks. Billy can coach them properly," replied Jane and Nita.

"It would be awfully funny if one of the boys dressed in a high white paper 'choker' as mentioned here, and another played a card-board fiddle. The girls can have rush-leaf dresses and the bride one of green paper!" eagerly said Nita.

THE FROG'S PARTY



I

The frog who would a wooing go
Gave a party you must know;
And his bride all dressed in green
Looked as fine as any queen.
Their receptions number'd some,
Of the best in Froggie-dom.
Four gay froggies played the fiddle,
Hands across and down the middle,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! Away we go!
Hopping and jumping away we go!

2

Some stern old croakers there did come,
With white chokers in the room;

Froggie belles with rush-leaf fans,
Froggie beaux in green brogans,
Flirted in the bowers there
Hidden from the ball-room's glare;
Three old froggies tried a reel—
Twist 'em, turn 'em toe and heel: with
Oh! Oh! &c.

3

One little Miss was asked to sing,
But she had a cold that spring;
Little frogs were sound asleep,
Late hours—bad for them to keep.
Each one wish'd the couple joy;
No bad boys came to annoy;
This next fall—the news is spreading—
They will have a silver wedding;
Oh! Oh! &c.

“Here, let Jane read it aloud so every one can hear what Nita means. Then, Dot can sing the music for us so we can get the swing of it,” ordered Zan.

When the Brownies heard the song they were delighted with the prospect of playing froggies, and instantly voted for the dress-rehearsal—but this was postponed for another time.

“I have been thinking that it might be very entertaining for us to give our friends a ‘Play-song Evening’ after school is over, when we will act and sing all of the songs the Brownies have learned to do. The cards of invitation can be written saying, ‘Come to the Frog’s Party!’ ”

The idea caused a laugh, for it was original and would create merriment when received by the invited guests.

After many words of advice and reminders to work

hard with Billy so the Big Lodge would be proud of their "Lone Scout" work during the next few weeks, the Brownies and the big girls parted until after school closed.

True to their promise, Billy and Edith told Mrs. Remington of the Brownies orphaned state and she immediately telephoned Zan for an appointment that evening.



The Frog's Party

"I have an idea to offer for the children's advancement during the next few weeks, but I want you to approve it!" said Mrs. Remington, just before she hung up the receiver.

That evening both enthusiastic Woodcrafters talked and planned for two hours; as Mrs. Remington concluded her plans, Zan sighed with gratitude for her timely assistance.

Shortly after this evening call, each Brownie of Wako Tribe received a little letter through the mail,

addressed on odd birch-bark paper envelopes and upon opening it, the Brownie found an invitation written on birch-bark paper, to meet at a Council held at Stony Crest that Saturday afternoon.

Of course, every Brownie was there, and a fine time they had, too! The older girls of Mrs. Remington's Tribe met and showed the Brownies some of their dances, songs, games, and hand-craft. The bead-work, burnt-wood work, blankets and mats, made by the girls, impressed the children. On the other hand, Mrs. Remington noticed that the Brownies appealed strongly to her big girls.

Thus, Mrs. Remington had planned with Zan to interest her girls in forming a Little Lodge, and at the same time help Wako Tribe over the weeks of school work.

When, at last, the members of Wako Tribe met again at Zan's home for a Council, the big girls were amazed at the progress their papooses had made during the time they were under Mrs. Remington's tutelage.

"They've had the best coach for Pangi Wigwam in all the Woodcraft League! The Big Medicine Man is the only one of his kind in this movement, but Mrs. Remington certainly is the only one for Brownies to take lessons from!" declared Zan.

After the surprise and admiration caused by the Brownies had subsided, Billy stood up and gave the sign, "O Chief!"

"I want to report that our Little Lodge presented the bird-houses and baths and lunch-counters to Mr.

Hazelton, after we heard we might have the bird-ground at school. He is delighted with them, and I was sent to show the janitor just where we wanted the houses put up.

"One is on top of the high clothes pole in Mason's back yard; another is near the telegraph pole—on that old tree; one is nailed to a post in the corner of the play-ground—it's safe from cats, too! and the others we put up in trees nearby. I showed the janitor how to fasten up a tin protector just under the bird-houses so the cats couldn't climb up the trees and rob the nests.

"Mr. Hazelton set aside a square of about ten feet and the janitor fenced it in with wire netting. Our baths and feeding troughs are there, and the Principal said he hoped every boy and girl in the school would take a personal interest in the plan."

The members of the Tribe were delighted to hear Billy's report, and Zan turned to Elena and said, "Billy sure is a good Woodcrafter! He remembered that plan about the school-grounds and I forgot all about it!"

The front door had opened during the talking and a lady entered the doctor's office.

When Zan said, "I don't believe Miss Miller remembered about those bird-houses either!" some one at the door of the library asked, "Who is taking my name in vain?" and the members all jumped up to greet their Guide.

After Miss Miller heard all about the Brownies'

progress and the doings of the Tribe since she last met them at Council, she held up her hand and said, "O Chief!"

"Hear, hear! Our Guide would speak!" cried Zan.

"I was just talking with Dr. Baker, and he offered the Brownies a treat. As we are nearing the last week of June, he thought we might like to take a holiday and spend the Fourth of July on his farm. We would have ten days in camp!"

"Down at Wickeecheokee!" cried a chorus of voices.

"Yes, down at the place where we spent such a wonderful summer!" replied Miss Miller.

"Oh, goody, goody!" shouted Edith, jumping up and down, while some of the other Brownies clapped their hands, and Billy grinned like a Cheshire cat at the very idea of that camp.

Teddy and Tammy were dumb-founded—not at the wonder of going to camp for ten days, but because they could not grasp what it was all about. Still, Teddy thought it quite safe to follow Billy's example in the matter, so he sat and grinned as widely as his big brother. Of course, Tammy did likewise.

"Oh, oh, oh! Just think of it, Zan—isn't your father a peach!" cried Jane, suddenly hugging Zan because she was her father's daughter.

"We'd better call Dad in and let him know what we think of him!" suggested Zan, laughing at Jane's demonstration.

"He must have had a presentiment of your sugges-

tion, for he ran out of the house as I came in here!" laughed Miss Miller.

"Well, we certainly are grateful to him, anyway!" added Hilda.

"I think a good way to show him how thankful we are, will be by trying to win all the honours we can while at the farm-camp, and try to start on all the new work we can in the ten days we are there," advised sensible Billy.

"When can we start, Miss Miller?" asked Nita eagerly.

"We will take the ride in automobiles this time. We can start whenever we are ready. Dr. Baker told me that his own family expect to go down the week following the Fourth, but we can go down and remain until the day after the Fourth."

"I'm ready now!" declared Elena, patting her skirt and pushing back a few stray locks of hair.

Every one laughed, and Jane said, "I suppose we are all going, are we not?" looking at each eager face.

"Oh, most assuredly! Who'd stay away, I'd like to know?" exclaimed Hilda.

"Well, then pack your kits, Woodcrafters, and say good-bye to hot city pavements for a while. I'll meet you here at eight o'clock in the morning, day after to-morrow!" said Miss Miller, rising to go.

"Oh, don't go yet! We have too much to ask you about!" cried Zan, anxiously.

"What shall we pack?" asked Nita.

"What shall we work on—shall we take some stuff?" asked Hilda.

"What will the Brownies wear—they haven't made their ceremonial costumes yet, you know?" added Jane.

"Will we see you again before the time we start?" wondered Elena.

"What shall we do for tents? We only had those small ones last year for the five of us!" commented Zan, anxiously.

"I see I must stay and answer all of these vital questions!" laughed the Guide, sitting down again. "Nita first! Take the least possible clothing you can, for we will only be there a short time, and all of that time will be spent in camp!"

"Now, about work! We ought to take our pyrography sets, and blue-print frames, and bead-looms. Everything else can wait for our permanent summer camp. There is enough material at Wickeechookee to keep us well occupied while there.

"As for tents—the doctor told me he has had several large tents all set up in the woods back of the Bluff, for a boys' Band will camp there this summer. With the tents we had last year, we will have more than ample room. The cots, too, are all there, so we need only take our scanty baggage!"

"Why, Miss Miller, if there is room enough for all of us, and to spare, why not invite the other girls of Wako Tribe to go with us?" asked Zan, eagerly.

"I was wondering if you would do that! The girls

have been rather neglected since the Brownies joined the Tribe and some of them have complained bitterly that you five girls have no more use for them—now that you have a new interest!" said the Guide.

"Oh, Miss Miller! You know that is not true! We asked all of the girls to help us with a Little Lodge, and they all had something else to do!" cried Zan.

Miss Miller nodded understandingly. "Well, then, I'll see them and ask each one to be ready to start when we do. Do we meet here?" asked Zan.

Zan lost no time in inviting the other members of Wako Tribe who had joined the original Band when it came back from Wickeecheokee Farm the summer before. Of the twenty-one members belonging to the two Bands, only six, besides the five girls who started the Little Lodge, could arrange to go with the Tribe. With the seven Brownies, it would make a total of eighteen—not counting Miss Miller, who would make the nineteenth.

The six girls to accept were Frances and Anne Mason, Eleanor Wilbur, Mildred Howell, Ethel Clifford and May Randall. Three of these girls were not yet thirteen years of age, and the other three were about fourteen, so Billy and Edith were overjoyed to find there would be girls near their own age.

Thursday, the hour-hand on the hall clock moved around until it was almost eight o'clock. Zan glanced at her wrist watch every few minutes, calling impatiently,

"I wonder where on earth every one can be, Miss Miller?"

"Oh, they will all be here by eight, don't worry. I don't suppose one of the Brownies slept a wink last night," replied the Guide, laughingly, while she packed some small items in a basket.

Soon after this, the call of a siren told Zan the other automobiles were approaching, so she ran out to greet the campers.

"Goodness! The day is almost over—you are so late!"

"Why, it is just two minutes to eight!" returned Nita.

"I think we did fine to pick up all the little ones and make it on time," added Hilda.

"Well, go right on, don't stop to argue! We want to get down there before midnight," retorted Zan, climbing into her father's automobile, the moment she saw Miss Miller coming from the hall-door.

"Where's Jane and Dot?" called Elena.

"We're going to pick them up on the way—we have to go past Jane's house, you know," replied Zan.

Nothing occurred to mar the joy of the ride to Wickeechokee, and when the girls of Wako Tribe, who had never before visited the farm, walked about the place—the old-fashioned house, the gardens, and grove, the tennis court, lawns, and woods—they agreed with the five girls who first started the Woodcraft Band at the farm the preceding summer that never was there a better spot for a camp.

"Huh! If you think all this is so fine, just wait until you see the Bluff and the Falls!" exclaimed Zan, well pleased at the admiration expressed by the visitors.

The girls then trooped up-stairs to change from travelling clothes to camp uniforms. Their dresses were neatly folded and placed in the high-boys, and bloomers and short skirts were soon donned, ready for a good time.

Miss Miller was on the porch when the Tribe gathered around her. So many there seemed to be, that Hilda cried, "Mercy! Think of the quantities of stuff we will consume down here!"

"It is fortunate the doctor told us we could have free access to the gardens and cellar," laughed Miss Miller.

"That almost sounds like Miss Miller's manner of telling us to go and get the dinner in the gardens!" retorted Jane.

"It means the same thing, girls! I'm ready to start—are you?" replied the Guide.

Many of the girls, and all of the Brownies excepting Billy and Edith and Teddy, were having their first experience on a real farm, and from their faces Miss Miller judged that they were enjoying it immensely.

"Zan, will we find the baskets in the cellar as usual?" asked Hilda.

"Huh, huh! But don't bump your head this time!" laughed Zan.

The girls who were well acquainted with the place went down in the cellar and handed up the baskets to the other girls.

"Here's some little grape-baskets for the Brownies!" exclaimed Nita, giving them to Billy who stood leaning over the trap-door.

The Brownies had been so unusually quiet since they came from the house that Zan remarked it. "I'm afraid the Brownies put away their tongues with their city-clothes!"

Teddy looked at the others and rolled his tongue inside one cheek to keep from smiling.

"Ha! Teddy has something in his mouth—is it a little piece of your tongue?" teased Jane.

Then Teddy thrust out his tongue as far as it would go to prove he had all of it where it belonged.

"I guess the children are all afraid to talk—thinking it is a dream!" chuckled Billy.

"Oh, the little ones will talk fast enough when once they feel more at home," added Edith, in a grown-up way, as if Billy and she were not members of the Little Lodge themselves!

Miss Miller smiled as she said, "I guess Edith is right. There will be Bedlam on the Bluff in a short time!"

The Tribe tramped along the path to the gardens, Zan and the Guide leading the way. The first vegetables found were the onions and potatoes—they grew nearest the rustic gate that opened to the truck garden.

"I see the potato vines are growing fine, Zan!" remarked Jane, stopping at a patch of potatoes.

"Are those green things potatoes? Where are the potatoes?" asked Paul, wonderingly.

"They haven't formed, yet, silly! These are only the plants growing. The leaves of the plants turn yellow before you can dig potatoes fit to eat," replied his sister, from her superior experience of one season on the farm.

"Paul will know all about these things before he leaves here," said Miss Miller, glancing around to embrace all of the Brownies in her speech.

Billy and Zan had been walking a little in advance of the others, and now Zan saw Billy looking anxiously up in the tops of the cherry-trees.

"Think there are any left to pick?" asked Zan.

"The leaves are so thick on these trees that I don't believe the robins got many of your cherries. Ours were all pecked to pieces 'cause we have so many birds about the place," replied the boy.

"You might climb up and see if there are any. No one else will pick them and they will only rot on the trees," suggested Zan.

So Billy dropped his basket and was soon up among the branches where he picked several quarts of late cherries.

Zan and Jane went to the strawberry beds and gathered a quantity of the late red berries generally found hanging under the green leaves.

A number of the new girls were directed to pick

string-beans while some were set to picking peas. Two others were told how to pull garden lettuce and radishes.

"Girls," called the Guide, "only gather enough of these things for this noon and to-night. We will come again in the morning to pick fresh fruit and vegetables."

Then Miss Miller turned to Zan. "Your father said there was a quantity of winter potatoes stored in one of the barns. We may use all we want and leave the rest for the boys."

"The potatoes and winter vegetables are in the old barn where Bill built huge bins after the new barn was finished. We can go over there now, if you like," offered Zan.

So the amateur farmers were left to their work while Zan and the Guide walked towards the out-buildings. In the old barn, Miss Miller found the potatoes and carrots and turnips, besides some bags of onions.

"We'll take a few onions, as those in the garden are too young to pull out. We won't need any turnips or carrots for to-day, but we can use some of these if it rains and the gardens are too wet to work in," said the Guide, while looking at the vegetables in a thoughtful way.

She picked up a large turnip and a smooth carrot and said, "Zan, did you ever make hanging baskets from these?"

"Hanging baskets! Mercy, no!" laughed Zan.

"Well, they make the prettiest things! I'll show the Brownies how to make them, I guess."

The Guide selected a large turnip and a carrot for each Brownie and gave some to Zan to carry. As they left the barn, she explained.

"These send out shoots and are very beautiful when made in the fall of the year and hung in a sunny window. Now, I suppose they are too old to grow very luxuriantly, but they will answer to teach the little ones how to make them so they can be made next winter. A sweet potato vine makes a beautiful basket, too. The vine is very graceful and trails down from the wire, making your dining-room window a refreshing place to look at in the cold bleak days of January."

"Well, Miss Miller, you certainly take the cake for ideas of anything we see or mention!" exclaimed Zan, admiringly.

The other gardeners were waiting at the house, when Zan and the Guide joined them there. As it was almost noon before the Tribe arrived at the farm, it was now long past lunch time; so Miss Miller advised the home-cook members to prepare dinner in the kitchen and the campers would eat on the lawn that day, to save time and labour.

While the Big Lodge attended to dinner, Miss Miller gathered the Brownies under a wide-spreading tree and began to tell them about the hanging baskets.

"First, you take a turnip and clean it carefully, taking extra pains not to injure the place where the

leaves grow. Cut off a piece of the bottom, like this, and scoop out the inside, leaving the top with the sprouts intact. Now, take a piece of picture wire and fasten it so that the turnip will hang upside down. Fill in the hollow with water and hang the turnip-basket somewhere in the sun and air to grow.

"Soon, you will see little shoots growing out of the bottom and as they grow they curl upward and will form a pretty basket of green. Next winter, you can have these green balls hanging in your school-room windows or at home. Now, watch me make a carrot plant," said the Guide, having completed the turnip-basket.

"Cut off the top of a carrot quite evenly, and place it on top of a flower-pot filled with sand. Moisten the ground well and place it in a dark place for a few days. When it begins to sprout, take it out and let it grow. Then, you will see something pretty, indeed."

Miss Miller stood her flower-pot with the carrot-top under the porch in the dark, and then helped the Brownies to make their turnip-baskets and carrot plants. This work kept them all happily employed until Zan came out to say dinner was cooked.

CHAPTER TEN

THE STORY OF THE ROBINS

THE Tribe of Woodcrafters sat under the oak tree enjoying the cool breeze while they ate the dinner cooked by the girls of the Big Lodge.

"That was a good meal, Hilda," commented Paul.

"Um! Just as good as if some real cooks had made it!" added Billy, approvingly.

The girls laughed and Miss Miller said, "Ha! Billy doesn't believe you Woodcrafters are genuine cooks!"

"Oh, I didn't mean that at all, Miss Miller! You know I mean, the cooking was as good as if our Dinah cooked it!" cried Billy, horrified that any one should deem him impolite.

"All right, Billy. I was only teasing you a bit! But, as long as the Brownies find their cooks efficient, I may as well tell you now, and have you prepare for the time. You are to entertain a party of guests on the Fourth. The doctor arranged for the parents and friends of the Tribe members to come down here and spend the day. They are coming in a huge jitney and stop at some hotel along the road for dinner. They will have all afternoon with us to see the Brownies

dance and demonstrate Woodcraft," was the startling news the Guide told the Tribe.

"Goodness me! Then we must have some new dances ready!" cried Nita, anxiously.

"Yes, Nita, as dancing master, has a reputation to uphold," laughed the Guide.

"Oh, we've got a s'prise for Nita! She hasn't seen us dance since Mrs. Remington taught us during the weeks of exams.," cried Paul, proudly.

"No, I haven't—and I didn't think any one would bother with you to that extent," replied Nita.

"Oh, then you just ought to see us do the Spring Dance!" called Billy, eagerly.

"Come out on the grass and show us now. We are only too eager to see it," invited Miss Miller.

So Billy jumped up and called to the other Brownies, "Come on and do the Spring Dance—the one where we make the corn grow, you know!"

The Brownies loved this dance and needed no second invitation, so they all ran over and formed a circle around Billy.

"Oh, pshaw! That isn't the way. Don't you remember we all come out on the one-two step, and form a ring around the fire?" cried Billy, impatiently.

"Perhaps your Indians wonder where the fire is?" ventured Zan, smiling because there was no stick or stone to mark a possible fire-place.

"I'll pile up a make-believe fire, Billy, while you take your dancers behind that big tree and then come out as you said," offered the Guide, hurriedly piling

up a heap of twigs and dried grass to mark a spot for the fire.

Nita caught up a tin pan that had held rice-pudding and began drumming on it with a stick. This answered for the music of a tom-tom.

On the third beat of the tom-tom, Billy led his followers forth from behind the tree. They came hop-stepping and holding up an imaginary ear of corn in one hand. Circling the fire once around they stopped at equal distances about the fire and knelt down on one knee. A make-believe hole was made in the ground for planting the corn. The imaginary kernel of corn was dropped in the hole and with two motions of the hand—keeping time with the music—the earth was scraped over the corn. When this sign was repeated from the four directions of the compass, the Brownies faced the fire and sang the Rain Song, making the rain sign at the same time.

After concluding the Rain Song, they hop-stepped to the right making the Sun sign with the right hand and the shimmer sign with the left, and danced around the fire once.

A second Rain Song was then sung and they all knelt, facing the fire. To the drumming of four beats on the tom-tom, they made the growing sign of the corn coming up through the earth, until it was knee-high.

Another dance and another Rain Song accompanied by the signs, and then followed four beats of the drum

while the corn grew waist-high—as was shown by signs the Brownies made.

A dance and another Rain Song and signs, and the corn grew head-high, shown by the children holding their hands above their heads. Then followed the part the Brownies liked best.

With hands held aloft the Brownies imitated the waving corn while the wind murmured about the stalks. The wind was mimicked by closed lips through which the children forced a moaning sound like the wind at a distance.

The corn was supposed to be fully grown by this time, so the planters danced for the harvest and gave the Indian whoop, then hop-stepped out of the circle with heads bent over and arms folded to represent night.

After the applause given the dancers, Miss Miller said, "Now, we'll start for the Bluff and introduce you all to your camp-home."

A lovely walk through the woods charmed the children, who watched eagerly the capers of a little squirrel, and the building of a bird's nest. Finally, however, the Guide reminded them that camp might need many hours of attention before they could use it that night.

They proceeded after that reminder, and Jane breathed in deeply of the sweet balmy air. "Oh, isn't it just too good for anything, to be here again!" cried she.

While the Big Lodge girls exclaimed and admired

the spot the Brownies ran hither and thither, eagerly investigating everything.

The large tents, each one of which would accommodate eight to ten campers, were placed back under the trees of the woods where the ground was level. Alongside of these the three tents used by the Woodcraft girls the previous summer were pitched. The cabin built by the girls that summer when the Tribe started its camp was to be used for papers, tools, fish-rods, etc., to keep them dry and safely out of mischief's way.

After the entire camp-place had been inspected and approved, Miss Miller said, "Well, there doesn't seem to be anything left for us to arrange, except the enjoyment of it. Even the cots are made up for us to sleep in to-night. This must be the work of Mrs. Sherwood—bless her heart!"

"Then we can all have a swim in that pool, can't we?" exclaimed Billy, eagerly.

"Ask our Chief," answered Miss Miller.

"Oh, I'll say yes to that, without hesitation!" said Zan, quickly catching hold of the Brownies nearest her and leading them to a tent to help them undress.

It did not take long to help the children slip out of their loose camp uniform and get into the one-piece jersey bathing suits. Then, the children out of the tents, the Big Lodge girls hurriedly changed their clothes and ran out to join the Brownies who were down near the pool.

Billy and Edith were already enjoying the water, while the children who could not swim sat watching them with envy.

"I guess the pool never had so many swimmers in it at the same time," remarked Miss Miller.

"It will surely overflow like the water in the pitcher when the crow dropped the pebbles in," laughed Zan.

"Well, here goes one pebble—come on in, you other pebbles!" shouted Jane, flopping into the water and splashing all the Brownies on the bank.

"I wish Wicky was down here to teach the children how to swim," declared Nita, as they watched the Brownies timidly trying the cold water with their bare toes.

"Oh, we should have brought him with us, Zan!" called Hilda, suddenly remembering the collie dog.

"Wicky's coming down with Bob and Figi. Mother is going to keep him over at the house with her, this summer," said Zan. "He and mother are sworn companions, you know, and I have been given second place in the dog's estimation!"

"Come, Paul, come in with me," offered Hilda, seeing her brother stand far enough from the water to keep dry.

"Nah! I don't want to swim," replied he.

"But you must learn to swim," urged Hilda.

"I tell you I don't want to!" retorted Paul.

"I tan 'wim!" cried Teddy, at this juncture.

"You go in and show baby Paul how to do it, Teddy," said Hilda.

So fearless little Teddy floundered about in the water and laughed merrily at the ducking he got when he ventured out too far. Tammy, not to be outdone by his friend, also flopped into the pool, while the other children stood about and laughed at the antics of the two babies.

"Come in, Betty, and I'll hold up your head to show you how to swim," said Elena, who was nearest the little girl.

Betty was very quiet and reticent, but she was not timid, so she permitted Elena to help her in the water.

"I'll help you, Dot," offered Jane, and Dot, too, was soon enjoying the bath.

Paul still stood fearfully picturing himself drowning, while Hilda was determined to catch him unawares and push him in.

The boy saw her coming and understood her motive so he screamed and ran up on the Bluff. But Hilda now grew stubborn and made up her mind that she would get him in that pool!

Paul led her a chase about the clearing and constantly evaded her, so that she finally called breathlessly, "You shan't stay down here if you act like this!"

"You don't own the farm and you can't send me away!" retorted Paul, careful to keep the Council chair between his sister and himself.

"Well, every one has to do what they are told, but

you—a great big baby—you just whine and won't do what you're told!" added Hilda, angrily.

"I do not whine! You always want me to show off, so now!"

"The worst of it is I never dreamed how we spoiled you and made a molly-coddle of you, until I saw you with the Brownies. Goodness! Why can't you be a man like Billy Remington!" said Hilda, keen disappointment sounding in her tones.

Miss Miller came up to the Bluff at that moment, and joined the two.

"Hilda, you may run down and have your swim while I talk to Paul. Not every child can overcome a dread of water at the first bath, and you must remember that Paul has never been in the country before."

Hilda willingly left the problem of Paul's behaviour to the Guide, and was soon enjoying a swim with the other girls. Miss Miller sat down in the chair and talked to Paul for a time. What she said doesn't matter so much as the fact that she gained Paul's confidence and both of them were seen coming down the slope to the pool. Paul permitted her to lead him into water where it was about two feet deep, but he trembled and shook like an aspen.

"All of you members keep away from us, now, until I show Paul how to float," counselled the Guide to the others.

After much encouragement and urging, Paul allowed himself to let go the tenseness and was able

to float on the water, the hands of the Guide firmly holding him up meanwhile.

After half an hour's practice the boy came out of the pool delighted with his swim and eager for another bath.

When all were dressed again, the Guide called them to her to show them another interesting work.

"I want you all to see how flowers take their own photographs and then you can do it at any time. Billy, will you run over and pluck some leaves from that ash, or break off a twig of the maple?"

While the others stood waiting, Miss Miller took some sheets of white paper and spread them out upon the flat seat of the chair.

Billy returned with the spray of ash leaves and a maple leaf.

"Now, I place these leaves smoothly out on a sheet of the paper, thus. Another sheet of paper is placed on top to keep them flat and clean. Then, a light weight is put over the paper where the leaves are, and the whole is placed where it can remain for a few days. We will put this on a shelf in the cabin until I think it is pressed."

This was done, and here let it be said, that Miss Miller took out the leaves a few days later and showed the children a dainty ghost picture of the pressed leaves.

When the pressed leaves had been left in the cabin, the Guide reminded the cooks that it was time to think

of starting supper if they wanted a nice long evening around the camp-fire.

"All right, Brownies, you can gather some wood while we Big Lodge members start things going," replied Zan.

"Maybe Hilda had better go with the Wood Brownies to show them what kind of wood you want," advised the Guide.

"Yes, and Jane and Nita can run down to Bill's for the milk and butter," added Zan.

For half an hour thereafter sounds and activity at camp proved there was going to be a fine feast for supper!

As soon as the dishes were washed and order restored to the place where supper had been thoroughly enjoyed, the Tribe sat about the dying fire to talk.

"We want Zan to tell us another fairy-tale," cried some of the Brownies.

"Oh, I'd rather sing and act a song!" exclaimed Billy.

"I'd rather do something lively, too!" added Edith.

"Isn't acting a song lively enough for any one," said Paul.

"Maybe our Guide has a suggestion to offer?" advised Zan, so the Brownies looked eagerly at Miss Miller.

"I had an idea that stories could be told when it is too dark to play anything else. And we have had some dancing to-day, so I thought maybe the Brown-

ies would like to learn how to make and fly an air-ship!" ventured Miss Miller.

No one need ask a second time whether the Brownies approved of the idea, for such a variety of "Ah's!" and "Oh's" and "Um's" seldom are heard from seven small people.

"Flying machines and aviators are playing such an important part in this World's War to-day, that the perfect construction of these ships, and the way they are managed, should be taught every child. Now, with our machines, we can give prizes for the best made flyer, for distances driven, for height and steadiness and other things, using judgment with the age and experience of the aviator."

Miss Miller had been collecting the things she needed—scissors, glue, paper and what-not, while the Brownies crept after her watching every movement.

"First, I will sketch the lines which are to be carefully cut out later. Also, I will make some dotted lines which will be explained later."

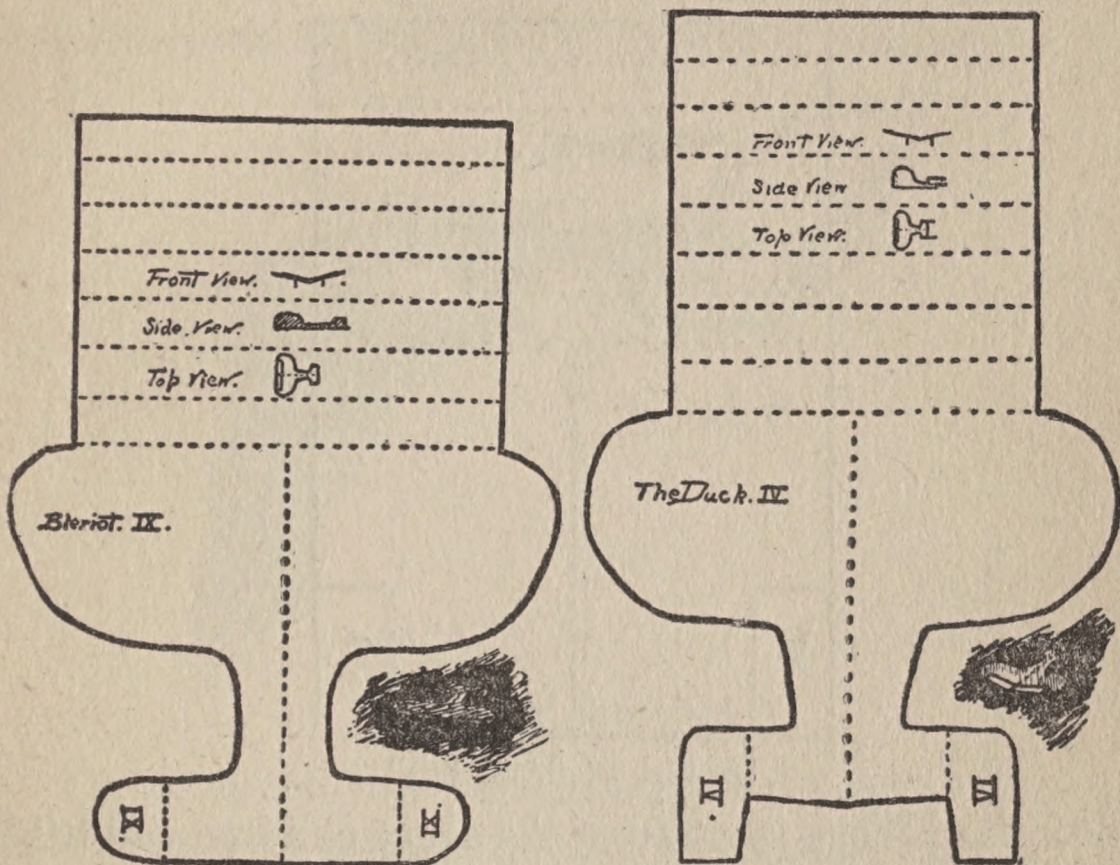
Miss Miller then sketched carefully, three models, using a ruler to measure the lines exactly. This done, she made a number of dotted lines as shown in the diagram herewith. When these were done, she deftly sketched tiny illustrations of the part each model would play in the finished toy.

"One important thing to remember, is not to wrinkle or bend, or fold the paper anywhere excepting the place it is supposed to be folded—on the dotted

lines. If the paper is crumpled it will not make a good flyer."

Miss Miller cut out the aeroplanes on the lines, and was then ready to fold them down.

"I will fold the Bleriot plane No. 9, on the dotted line across the square end. Then fold the paper over



Patterns of Aeroplanes

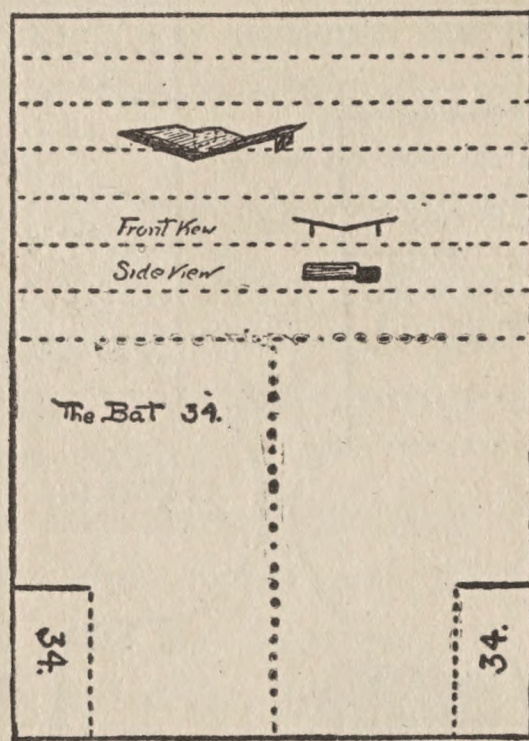
and over—not back and forth—or over and under. By being exact and careful of my folding I will keep the plane evenly weighted and it will glide steadily when sent off."

The Brownies watched eagerly, as the Guide followed her rules, and then she was ready for the next thing.

"Fold *down* the dotted line in the centre of the

plane, and fold *up* the ends that are marked with the numerals corresponding with the number of the plane, and it is done!"

Miss Miller wrote down the names of each type of plane on the little flyers—Bleriot No. 9, The Duck, IV., and The Bat, 34. She took the Bleriot and stood



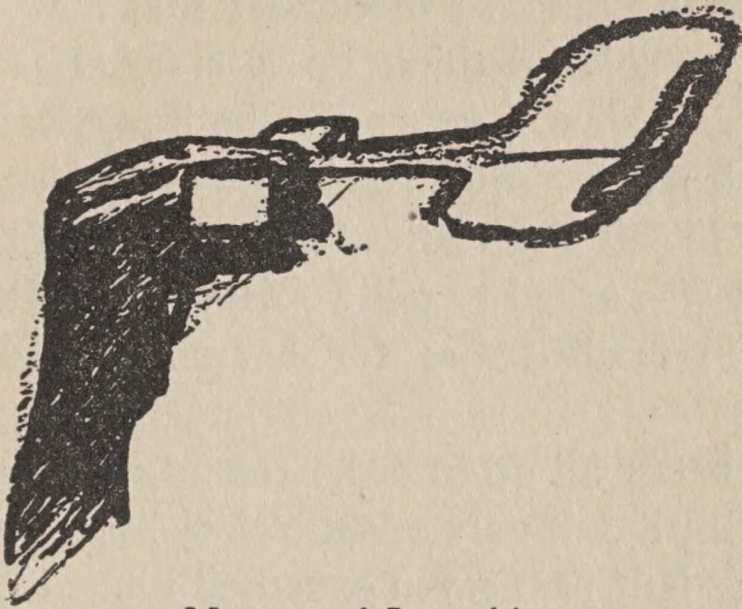
Model of "The Bat"

a short distance apart from the eager children and held it up above her head, the air-plane held gently between her fingers, somewhat like the sketch herewith.

In launching the glider she pushed gently forward and allowed it to slip from her fingers. The ship was not tipped upward but a trifle downward, and, tilting slightly downward from the weight of the folds of paper, it balanced beautifully and sailed along as if it had other motive power than the push that sent it off.

The children ran madly after the plane, shouting excitedly until it finally settled down in the grass a long distance from the circle.

Miss Miller stood with the Big Lodge girls laughing at the glee of the Brownies, and as they came back to the Council Ring she said, "Never push the plane too hard, and do not point it upward at starting."



Manner of Launching

The Brownies experimented again and again, finding new delight in the toy at each flight, then Zan called to them.

"It's growing too dark for flying now—better come and hear a story."

"Tell us a fairy-tale?" clamoured Dot, instantly.

"No, tell us about a fight!" demanded Paul.

"I'd rather hear how to make things—like this air-ship," ventured Edith.

Every one sat down about the dying embers of the fire, while twilight crept over the Bluff, and the big

girls were trying to think up some story to tell the Brownies.

The children had no idea of being impolite, nor of going to bed so early, but soon Teddy and Tammy were fast asleep on the grass, while the others were finding it hard work to keep open tired eye-lids. Finally, Miss Miller spoke.

"From appearances I should say that the Big Lodge will not be able to think up a story, nor will the Brownies be able to hear one, as both parties will soon be fast asleep."

"Well, to tell the truth, I am trying to remember whether I was asked to tell a fairy-tale or work out a problem in mathematics for examination!" laughed Zan.

"We'd better all go to bed," remarked Billy.

"Oh, Billy! It's only seven o'clock!" cried Edith.

"No, it's half-past seven exactly," replied Zan, looking at her watch.

"The Brownies ought to go, but who ever heard of big girls going to bed at that unearthly hour!" laughed Nita.

"Well, you never think it's time to go to bed, but I must say I'm sleepy," argued Zan.

"Miss Miller, send the sleepyheads to bed and let us enjoy the evening a little more!" exclaimed Nita.

"That's fair! So you girls can take the Brownies and say good-night, while we sit here and talk," consented the Guide.

The children were all so tired after a full day of

joy and excitement, that the novelty of sleeping in the woods was quite secondary to the cot-beds. And soon they were all fast asleep. But the girls who had to help them undress were awake again by the time the Brownies were in bed, so they returned to the circle about the fire.

Miss Miller was talking. "I want you to draw up a rough idea of the entertainment on the Fourth. We must have plenty of singing and dancing in it—and anything else you wish!"

"We must have inspiring music—such as the Star-Spangled Banner. Maybe Nita can improvise some new steps to go with that 'March, march, march, march' song of Farwell's!" suggested Jane.

"Maybe one of us can write up some new words to fit an old well-known tune," ventured Elena.

"I know one of the best patriotic songs ever composed. It is published by Schirmer, the big music publisher in New York. I think I will write and have some copies sent down immediately. We ought to have the music before Thursday, I should think," said Miss Miller, while she scattered the ashes of the fire.

The notes of a wild bird awoke Billy in the morning, and he jumped out of his cot to see where it was.

"Oh, Paul! Get out and see this big fat robin right by Edith's tent!" whispered Billy, hurriedly shaking his tent-mate.

"Agh! leave me be! I'm sleepy!" cried Paul, peevishly.

"Ah, come on, Paul!" beseeched Billy.

"Go 'way, I say, and lemme be!" shouted Paul.

Then Billy heard an excited voice from the adjoining tent.

"Billy! Billy! Are you up?"

"Yes—is that you, Edith? Look at that fat robin right at your tent opening!" whispered Billy hoarsely.

"Oh, but Billy! There are three of 'em! A mother, the father, and a little baby robin—just out of the nest!" returned Edith, also in a loud whisper lest she frighten away the birds.

While Billy quickly dropped his pajamas and jumped into a camp suit to run out and see the birds, every one in camp had been awakened by the excited stage-whispers, and were now hurrying to dress.

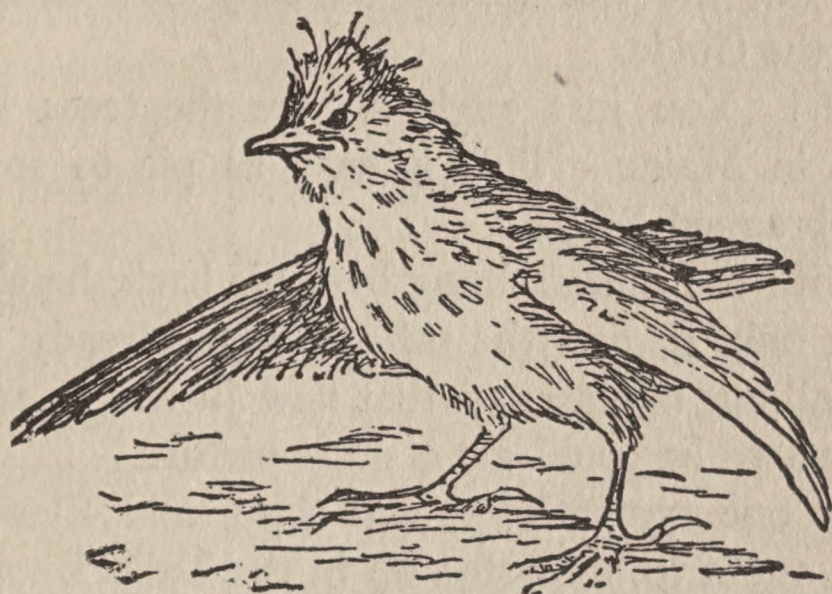
So much confusion—although every one tried to be as quiet as a mouse—frightened the parent birds back to the lower branches of their tree. They screamed at their daring son, to come away from such a dangerous spot as those white tents seemed to be.

The fat little robin, however, all unconcerned about the danger or warnings, hopped about until it reached the flat rock where the Tribe's supper had been eaten the night before. Delicious cake-crumbs were found here, such as mother never brought to the nest for her children to eat.

The rock was far enough from the tents to be comparatively safe, so the parent robins joined the little fellow and were soon enjoying the cake, too. Mother Robin flew up to the nest with some of the larger

morsels while Father Robin kept watch over the brave little son who had ventured to fly that morning.

Billy hastily prepared a film in his kodak to get a picture of the robins while they were feeding on the crumbs, and Elena was busy with pencil and pad, when suddenly, the little fellow remembered that he was out that day to learn to fly. Without a warning chirp



The Brave Little Robin

or flutter, he flew straight off from the rock right into the woods, the father following to see that he came to no harm.

"Thus endeth another lesson!" sighed Elena, who had not quite finished the sketch, and Billy had just focussed the kodak.

"And everybody is wide awake an hour before we expected to get up!" lamented Nita.

"But we will have a fine long day in which to enjoy the woods," added Miss Miller, running over to

gaze steadfastly up through the green of the tree where the mother robin flew.

"I was thinking how nice it would be if Billy could get a picture of the robins in the nest before they fly away," she explained, coming back to the tents.

"Oh, yes! Will I frighten them much, do you think?" eagerly inquired Billy.

"No, but the tree is not an easy one to climb," warned the Guide.

"Pooh! You just ought to see the trees I have climbed in Maine. This is easy as pie to some of them!" bragged Billy.

So, with the camera hung over his back, he climbed the tree only to find the other robins already taking flight—all but the last one that flew just as he reached a spot where he could get a good picture.

Every one sympathised with him, and Elena said the tale ought to be posted up in the Tally Book with her unfinished sketch.

Breakfast was soon under way and the Guide proposed taking the children for a short walk up the ravine while the girls finished the cooking. Accordingly, they took the trail that led up to Fiji's cave.

Teddy and Tammy had such short legs that they soon grew tired from the climb, and the Guide sat down upon a fallen tree-trunk to rest them.

"Tell a 'tory!" cried Teddy, the moment he saw Miss Miller sitting quietly with nothing to do.

"Oh, yes, Miss Miller, just a teeny one, will you?" cried Dot.

"Will we have time to hear a short story before the tom-tom calls us to breakfast?" inquired the Guide.

"Yes, oh yes!" declared the Brownies, quickly seating themselves about her.

"Well, I'll tell you about some robins I saw in Canada, last summer a year ago—that makes two summers ago, you know.

"I was waiting at a junction of the Grand Trunk Railroad where I had to change cars for Buffalo, when a long line of freight cars pulled in at the station. I had twenty minutes to spare and I amused myself in reading the labels telling of the different states the cars came from.

"When I reached a car marked from Winnipeg, I noticed some of the men—brakeman, oilers, and engineer—hurriedly run up to the ladder and creep up hand over hand, until the top rung was reached.

"I was curious to know what it was that made these rough men smile and act like children, so I went over to find out.

"They saw that I was interested and the engineer told me what it was.

"'You see, ma'am, when we were in Winnipeg waiting for orders to start east, two robins hung about the freight yards, and after Jim follered them up he found they were building a nest in the top rung of that ladder way. At first he was going to tear it down, then he said he'd see what they did when the cars started.

"'We were held up there for three days and the

nest was finished and Mrs. Robin had laid some eggs before we found out that it would be murder to tear that nest down at that stage of the work. So we talked it over and decided to take care of the birds if they needed it during the trip.

“ ‘When we were ordered to go, we watched anxiously, ’case we thought maybe Mr. Robin would desert his wife when he found he was travelling. But he didn’t! He’s game, all right!

“ ‘He couldn’t help grumblin’ some when he found they were being moved away from the fine worm-patch he had found in the switchman’s little garden alongside the tracks, but he worried more about taking care of his wife during those days of travel!

“ ‘Then Bill thought of a plan. The car where the nest was was loaded with Canada wheat, so Bill unchained the ventilator a bit and took a handful of grain from a bale and scattered it near the nest. Mrs. Robin soon told the glad news to her husband and we saw him peck at the wheat and feed his wife. Soon, he hopped over and found the little opening where the grain was easily taken out.

“ ‘After a long trip we stopped at a way-station and there the nestlings were born. Mrs. Robin was so excited at the fine little brood that she had to chatter all of the time. We tried to have a look at ’em, but she got too nervous so we waited.

“ ‘Mr. Robin was a busy man those days for he had a big hungry family to feed and he was getting tired

of the same kind of food all the time. So, he was glad to stop long enough to dig up some worms.

“‘When we started again, the little family seemed quite comfortable, and to-day we pulled in here to find the robins—big, fat fellows—crowding each other out of the nest. It’s a wonder one of them didn’t fall out before this.’

“As the man concluded his story I glanced up at the nest, and suddenly one of the robins flew right over our heads. The father followed and watched him for a time, then another child balanced on the edge of the nest and tried to fly. Before I left that junction the family flew away and the two parent robins went up to a tree in a nearby yard and sang merrily while the freight car started on its way to Toronto.”

Just as the Guide finished her story, the tom-tom sounded from the Bluff, and Miss Miller said, laughingly, “That must be the engineer calling the little robins to eat!”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

FUN AT WICKEECHEOKEE CAMP

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast, Paul^{*} said, "Can we go for a swim, now, Miss Miller?"

"Beginning to enjoy the water, eh, Paul?" smiled the Guide.

"I'd ruther swim than play anything else!" bragged the boy.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that you like the sport, but do try to use better English," advised Miss Miller.

At this moment, Billy ran over to Miss Miller and, after saying to Paul, "Excuse me a minute—I have to whisper to the Guide," he pulled her over to one side and whispered very eagerly.

The "something whispered" seemed to please Miss Miller very much. She nodded and said, "Yes, Billy, bring it over and show it to us."

Then Billy ran away in great haste to bring "something" from his tent.

"I find that Billy brought with him, something very good for our entertainment. I wondered what made his baggage so bulky, and now I comprehend!" explained Miss Miller.

While Billy was absent, the Guide asked the Brown-

ies if any of them knew of a way to assist at the entertainment on the Fourth. This question started an unexpected discussion which lasted until Billy was seen coming out of his tent. He was dressed in full ceremonial costume with the *coups* he had won by perseverance and persistence, decorating it, and the shield and spear he had made according to the Manual for Big Lodges.

The moment he was seen, Nita caught up the tom-tom and began drumming while the other children beat time with hands or feet until the young scout entered the circle. Then he danced the Lone Scout dance wonderfully well. During the dance, Teddy, who was tremendously interested in everything Billy did, sat upon a log and kept time with his hand.

Billy was applauded heartily, for it was an inspiring sight to see him do the graceful steps and poses of the Lone Scout and the great feathered bonnet and decorated Indian costume made an effective dress against the background of green trees and shimmering water.

Nita had been learning the Nana-bo-jou dance and, after Billy finished, the Guide called upon her to try and do the new dance for them. This request was eagerly accepted and Nita stepped to the centre of the ring.

"I think I can explain it well enough to have the Brownies practise it with me, Miss Miller," said Nita.

"Very well, then, you just tell them what to do, and we will help you all we can," replied the Guide,

motioning the children out to join Nita in the circle.

"I'll be the Nana-bo-jou and do the running and singing, while Billy and Paul can be the goblins to help me. All of you little wild-wood animals must wear something to show what you are. The goblins will wear some hideous-looking masks to make them look as dreadful as can be. Elena can make us the masks. They can be hoods of paper or muslin—black is best—with holes for the eyes, and a great grinning mouth showing big teeth."

Elena made a note of Nita's description and promised to have the fearful masks for the goblins ready before they would be needed.

"Now, Brownies, you must each choose the animal you wish to represent. You can be a bird if you'd rather!" said Nita.

"I'll choose a bear!" cried Paul.

"I want to be a robin like this morning's little bird," said Betty.

"I'll be a coyote 'cause we have a skin at home that mother can send down for me to use," explained Edith.

"Teddy wan's to be a doggy!" shouted the Brave.

"Tammy be a doggy, too!" instantly echoed the youngest of the Tribe.

"No, no, Tammy," objected Teddy. "Dere tan onny be one doggy!"

"Tammy *tan* be anudder doggy!" asserted Tammy, decidedly.



"TEDDY SAT UPON A LOG AND KEPT TIME"

"NO! yuh tan't! Tammy's dot to be a kitty-cat!" declared Teddy, masterfully.

"Boo-hoo!—Tammy won't! A kitty aint' Injun!" howled the little fellow, making every one choke to keep from laughing outright, for it was the first positive rebellion Tammy ever ventured against his lord and master, Teddy.

The latter was so amazed at his vassal's independence, that he failed to take advantage of Tammy's crying, and just sat and stared unbelievably until the Guide spoke.

"Oh, Tammy! *I* know of an animal much nicer than any yet chosen. Come here and let me whisper to you so no one can hear."

Tammy looked up quickly, drew his hands over his wet eye-lashes hastily, and ran over to hear the secret.

But Teddy ran, too. He wasn't going to be left out of anything so vital as this—not if he knew it!

"Doe away!" cried Tammy, turning angrily on Teddy.

"Won't neider!" retorted Teddy, wondering what could be the matter with his erstwhiles obedient follower.

Miss Miller tried hard to keep a serious expression for she saw how the confidence and independence of the others were beginning to have its effect on Betty, the meek, and Tammy, the youngest, who was dominated by Teddy with the will-power.

"I think a little monkey will be just fine, Tammy! He is a wild-wood animal, you know! He climbs

trees and swings from branches, and knows oh, so much! You can wear a red cap and dance," whispered Miss Miller, loud enough for Teddy to overhear.

Tammy considered deeply, contrary to the Guide's expectation, for she had been sure Tammy would quickly agree with her suggestion. But she was pleased to find he was considering for, and alone with, himself.

Teddy, however, liked the idea better than his own, so he quickly said, "Tammy tan be a doggy—Teddy'll be the montee!"

Another fracas would surely have followed had not Miss Miller used great tact in handling the delicate situation.

"Oh, Teddy! Just picture a little doggy with a fine brass collar about his neck, leading a little monkey by a string! The monkey wears the red cap and carries a tin cup in his mouth for the pennies to be given the poor children!"

The big girls clapped noisily at the idea and Teddy was reconciled to remain a dog as long as he could lead the monkey by a string and make him beg for charity.

The two combatants now made up and were the best of friends once more, so Nita continued her dancing lesson.

"I pretend that I crawl through the woods to find a good dinner, but all of you wild animals are afraid of me so that I can't get you. This way, Brownies:

I crawl about and you must run as if we were playing tag, see?"

"When I can't catch any one, I play I am friends with all the animals and I invite you to come and sit in my council near my cave. I promise to teach you how to dance as I do.

"Then the coyote stands out and cries, 'I am a dog, Nana-bo-jou, and we will come to learn dancing if you will agree to keep peace and not play tricks on us!'

"'Tricks! Pooh, I never play tricks! I only want to be friendly and teach you my dances!' says Nana-bo-jou.

"Then you all troop in and sit in a circle while I take the drum and sing. This done, I turn to one of you and say, 'Who are you? Can you dance as I do?'

"Then the bear comes out and says, 'I am the bear and I can dance the bear step.'

"Then I cry, 'Good! Come and show me the bear-dance!'

"The bear dances and when he is almost through I shout: 'Fine! but you can dance it much better if you have wings. Would you like to have wings so you can fly like an eagle?'

"Of course, the bear says, 'Yes.' Then, I turn and ask all of the other animals to help me make strong medicine so the bear can grow wings to fly with.

"All you animals promise to help, so I order you to shut your eyes tight and cover them with your

paws and not to open them for anything until you are told to do so. Otherwise, the magic will kill you and the bear can't fly like an eagle.

"Then I tell the bear to close his eyes, too, and dance around very fast while the magic works.

"The animals all do as they are told and while the bear is dancing around I rush over and hit him over the head with my club—of course, Brownies, it is a straw club, you know!—and he rolls over dead. At a signal, my two goblins rush in and drag off the bear.

"Then I shout to the others: 'Oh, look, Brothers! The bear is flying away over the tree-tops! See?'

"The other animals, not willing to seem stupid, say they see the bear flying—but they don't see him at all. So, one after another, I ask each animal if he wants wings and they do, so I kill one after the other until I come to the coyote. He is very clever and he had been keeping one eye open and saw the last animal killed and taken away. So, he turned and told the loon what he had seen and he feared the Nana-bo-jou was really tricking them.

"When I ask the coyote if he wants wings to fly with, he replies, 'No, I am satisfied with the way the Great Spirit made me,' and sits down again.

"Then, I tell the loon to dance, but he is afraid, still he dances, but he watches carefully for the time when the Nana-bo-jou will come with the club to kill him. At that moment, he calls 'Fly, Brothers! Fly, or Nana-bo-jou will kill you! It is a trick!'

"Then, I try to hit the loon, but only strike him on the back—which is the reason the loon has no tail and has always been lame—or apparently so—when he walks.

"But the lion was brave and he yells his battlecry of 'Lul-l-l-l-oo-o!' and faces the Nana-bo-jou while the animals rally around and fight the wicked magician. Finally, the Nana-bo-jou falls down and the animals, now released from the magic power, dance around and cry, 'Wakankan Seecha!' which means 'Black Magic, you are dead!'"

The Brownies listened breathlessly to the explanation and when Nita asked them if they understood, they all shouted they did—for they were eager to play. Edith showed them the step to use in the animal dance—the same hop-step as in the War Dance.

"Nita," said Miss Miller, "you must remember to explain the dance to our audience before you start to do it. If they all understand what it is, they will be deeply interested."

Needless to add here that the dance became very popular with the Brownies, for they succeeded in killing the wicked Nana-bo-jou and rolled her over and pounced upon her with such zeal that the Big Lodge had to call a halt, to save Nita from bruises. The doggy and monkey displayed greater enthusiasm than any of the other animals, so that Zan suggested that Teddy select a more subdued part or there wouldn't be any Nana-bo-jou left to dance again.

After this dance the Brownies sat down to rest for

a short time, and Hilda ventured the idea of going to the Big Bridge to find willows or dried grasses for some mats. This was something new and was readily approved by the Brownies, so they started down the slope past Sherwood's cottage.

Down by the Big Bridge the Tribe found quantities of dried grass, so that Miss Miller exclaimed, "Just the thing for our grass mats! This is so long and dry that it will weave beautifully."

After the bundles of grass had been gathered, and one of the girls suggested gathering some willows, Zan remonstrated.

"A willow-bed is really difficult to make, Miss Miller, and you know it takes a lot of time. Suppose we gather the rods and peel them while they are fresh, and then take them home with us to make the willow-beds in the winter months?"

This idea was acted upon, and soon the campers reached the Bluff and dropped their armfuls of grass near the Council Ring. While they sat about to rest and cool, Miss Miller went to the little cabin for the tools and twine to make the looms.

During her absence, Zan asked, "How many Brownies know the 'Star-Spangled Banner'?"

The big girls were amazed to find that only Billy and Edith knew the song while Teddy could hum the air.

"My goodness! I thought every babe knew that song. We ought to teach them the first verse anyway, to be sung on the Fourth!" exclaimed Nita.



WEAVING A GRASS MAT

Consequently, the Guide heard the Big Lodge girls teaching the Brownies the patriotic song, and she quietly dropped the tools for the looms and stood back of a tree to listen.

When the singing lesson was over for the day, Miss Miller joined the circle and said, "I wonder how many of you know who wrote this song?"

"George Washington!" exclaimed Paul, causing a general laugh from the big girls.

"I know, Miss Miller! Please, it was Fort McHenry!" cried Dot, eagerly.

Another laugh told Dot she too was mistaken, but the Guide said, "Fort McHenry is the place where the Government erected a bronze tablet and where the flag flying from a pole during the bombardment on September 13, 1814, inspired Francis Scott Key to write 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

"I knew he wrote it, Miss Miller," said Billy, not willing to be considered ignorant of such an important fact, but not wishing to take the honour of answering the query from another Brownie.

"I knew it, too!" added Edith, watching Billy covertly, to see if he would contradict her statement.

"I suppose you both knew, and now, perhaps, you can tell us the oldest flag—national flag, I mean—in existence?" asked the Guide.

The Brownies did not feel called upon to rack their brains to reply to this, as Billy and Edith seemed to be most concerned with this matter. But Billy frowned in vain—the information he sought would not be

found; so, Miss Miller took pity on his chagrin and explained.

"Why, our very own Stars and Stripes! France comes next and England's standard was not adopted until 1801.

"You see, the colonies, ships, and regiments of America used so many different flags that in 1775 Washington asked Congress to fix upon a standard flag by which vessels and people might recognise their own.

"In 1777, a committee consisting of George Washington, Robert Morris, and Colonel Ross, conferred with Betsy Ross who designed and made the first flag. Paul was slightly confused in his history, but at least he tried to enlighten us for which we thank him; and Dot came quite close to the fact, too, for she told us the name of the Fort where the song was written."

The Brownies liked this kind of a history lesson and Paul asked if Miss Miller would tell them some more about the Flag and Zan seconded the motion.

Miss Miller thought for a moment and then said, "Perhaps you are not aware of important resolutions which the Sons of the Revolution put into effect concerning our Flag.

"Proper respect for our Flag must be observed, therefor:

"It should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

"At sunset, spectators should salute the Flag and

during the rendering of the "Star-Spangled Banner" army and navy men are required to do so.

"Should our Flag be used in parade, review, or other public affairs, it should be duly honoured by every loyal American.

"To place the Flag at half-mast, first raise it to the top of the staff, then lower to half-mast. When lowering altogether, it should first be raised to top of staff then lowered entirely.' "

"Why do they want it only up half-way?" asked Dot, wonderingly.

"Oh, haven't you seen the flags at half-mast on Decoration Day—or when a great man dies? Some times for a world calamity or a dreadful disaster when many lose their lives? The country places the Flag at half-mast as a token of mourning," said Zan.

"I understand now—but I always wondered if the man forgot to lift the Flag all the way up to the top of the pole," said Dot, thereby showing how children wonder at things they have never had explained to them.

"While we are speaking of honouring the Flag, let me add, that 'Morning and Evening Colours' are observed on all naval vessels and army posts throughout our nation. But the general use of the Flag in public schools did not begin until the '80's when a Boston newspaper started the plan. To-day, practically every public school in the United States, including those of Hawaii, Alaska, and our other Is-

lands, flies the National Banner while school is in session," said the Guide.

"Miss Miller, don't you think the Brownies will be interested in hearing the story of Old Glory?" asked Jane.

"Oh, yes, yes, Miss Miller!" cried they in unison.

"Then Jane may tell it to you," replied the Guide, smiling at Jane as a signal for her to begin.

Jane had not intended it this way, for she had heard the story from the Guide and, of course, she expected her to tell it to the Brownies, but Woodcrafters are taught to obey, so she smiled.

"Once there was an old Captain Driver of Salem, Massachusetts, who was given command of the brig *Charles Doggett*. Just as he was about to sail from his harbour, he received a large American Flag to use on the vessel.

"He stood watching it unfurl during the hoisting to the top of the flag-pole, and he sighed to himself, 'My, but it is an Old Glory that thrills my soul!'

"The bystanders overheard him and after that he went by the name of 'Old Glory Driver.'

"The Captain was a staunch Union man while many of his friends, who lived in the South, were Confederates. He sailed the seas for many years after Old Glory came to him, and when he retired at a ripe old age to live with his relatives at Nashville, Tennessee, he carried his beloved flag with him.

"But the Rebellion broke out shortly after this, and the neighbours of Captain Driver determined to

get that 'Old Glory' from him. So, they planned and plotted and tried every way, but Captain Driver had heard of their intentions, and counter-plotted.

"To save his beloved flag from the spoilers' hands, he secretly sewed it between two sides of a bed-quilt and with his own hands quilted it down to hide it from curious eyes. He slept under that quilt every night until peace was declared. Then the Captain removed his 'Old Glory' from the 'sandwich' quilt and told his neighbours where it had been hidden.

"The brave old man lived to see the Stars and Stripes again flying over that city and the same 'Old Glory' belonging to old Captain Driver may be seen any day in Salem—the old harbour from which it sailed with its Captain so many years ago."

As Jane concluded her story the Woodcrafters cried "How."

"Woodcrafters, I sent that letter to Shirmer, asking to have the song I told you about mailed us at once. Now I will tell you why I am anxious to have that song for our National Birthday's anniversary.

"When 'The Star-Spangled Banner' was written our infant Nation was in the throes of war, and naturally the words are tinged with 'The rocket's red glare' and the 'bombs bursting in air,' as well as the fire, murder and destruction that always accompany war. To-day, however, our America must stand for Liberty and all the great benefits that true Liberty brings a land. We should have a song with the words typifying what we wish manifested to the whole world. Hence, my pref-

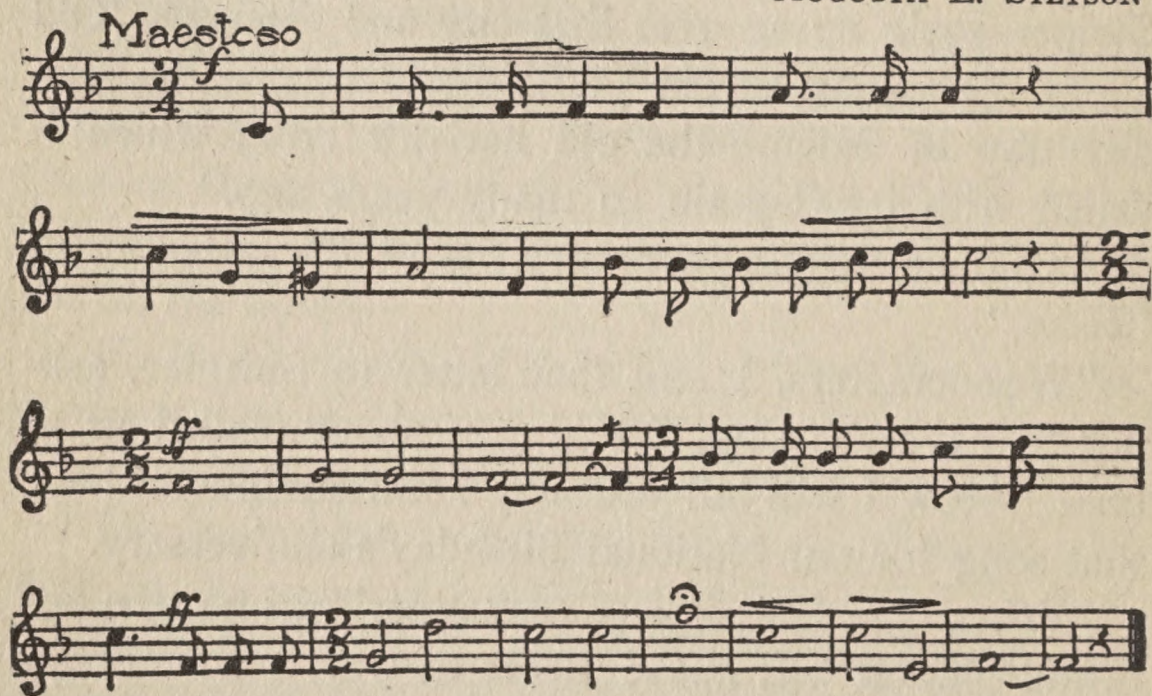
erence for the song called 'Our America.' Let every citizen agree with the Great Spirit to follow the patriotic meaning of this song, and our land will take its right place for Liberty."

"Why, I think Miss Miller ought to do her share of the entertaining to-day and sing it for us now," added Zan, and the Guide felt called upon to sing the song.

OUR AMERICA

ALICE M. HARRISON

AUGUSTA E. STETSON



I

America, America, thou gavest birth
To light that lighteth all the earth.
God keep it pure!
We love that onward leading light;
We will defend it with our might,
It shall endure!

2

America, America, our love of thee
Is free-men's love of Liberty,
The Spirit blest,
Which holds high happiness in store,
When Right shall reign from shore to shore,
From East to West.

3

America, America, thy seer-graved seal
Foretells the perfect Commonweal
Of God-made men;
It's eagle with unwearied wings
Is symbol of the thought-seen things
Of prophet's ken.

4

America, America, on-pressing van
Of all the hopes of waking man,
We love thy flag!—
Thy stately flag of steadfast stars,
And white, close held to heart-red bars,
Which none shall drag!

5

America, America, in thee is found
Manasseh's tribe, to Ephraim bound
By Israel's vow,
Whose destiny is heaven-sealed;
Far spreading vine in fruitful field
God's planting, thou!

6

America, America, faith-shadowed land,
Truth dwells in Thee, and Truth shall
stand
To guard thy gate.
Thy planted seed of potent good
Shall grow to world-wide brotherhood,
Man's true estate.

7

America, America, the God of Love
Whose name is ev'ry name above
Is thy defense.
'Tis thou must lead the longing world
From phantom fears to Love's unfurled
Omnipotence.

Silence reigned for a few moments after Miss Miller's singing ceased and then Teddy said, "Ess, Teddy likes dat song!"

"'From the mouths of babes'—you know, Miss Miller," said Zan, patting Teddy on the hair.

"Well, I think we will begin our grass mats, now, children. We will rest from singing any more to-day," suggested the Guide.

Every one was busy for a long time thereafter, for the queer camp-looms and the weaving of the grass mats proved to be a very interesting process.

The Little Lodge members wearied of the weaving long before the Big Lodge girls wished to stop work, so the Guide tried to think of some little game they might try while waiting for the mats to be finished.

"Tell us a story?" asked Dot, seeing the Guide's plight.

"No, I want to leave stories for evening-time. But I know of a fine thing to make, if Billy and Paul will run down to the Sherwood's and find out if Bill has any large pieces of glass in the barn," suggested Miss Miller.

Zan overheard the remark and called out, "Yes, I know there are lots of pieces of glass left from the front of the house. When we took the place the windows had wavy green glass in the sashes and Dad ordered clear white glass put in, and the other was put away in case we wanted it some time. Just ask Bill, he knows where it is."

Just as the boys started to run down the slope the Guide remembered another item.

"Oh, Billy! Try and find some sheets of tar paper, too. I ought to have some to make what I am thinking of!"

"If he hasn't any tar paper shall I bring a brush and pail of tar?" shouted Billy, seriously.

"No, never mind that!" laughed Miss Miller, while most of the girls who overheard the remark laughed also.

When they were gone, the Guide told the Brownies what she hoped to make. They all felt deeply interested and were hoping the boys would succeed in getting the glass and paper; then they caught sight of both boys laden with the required articles.

Half-way up the slope, the two boys were relieved of the burden, for eager children ran to help carry the paper and glass. Teddy and Tammy were given paper to carry as they were too small to be trusted with glass.

Miss Miller led the Brownie Band over to a flat place in the woods directly back of the tents. Here she told them to select a sheet of glass and a piece of paper about the same size.

This done, she said, "Now we will start the lakes."

"Lakes!" echoed Billy and Paul, for they had not heard Miss Miller explain about the work. So, the Guide had to tell them.

"Now, if you will watch me make mine, you can

each make one, too." Miss Miller dropped upon her knees and began smoothing out a spot large enough to fit the sheet of glass she had selected. The roots and weeds were pulled out and the ground levelled. Then a piece of tar paper was torn off about the size of the glass. It was laid out upon the ground and the glass fitted over it.

"You see, children, the tar paper makes the glass look like a dark mirror, doesn't it? Of course, it won't be effected by the moisture of the earth as other paper would, so I prefer it to any other kind. Being black, it will look more like water when I am through with my lake."

Miss Miller then took the children into the woods to dig up some tiny ferns and wild flowers. These were carried back to the "lake" and carefully planted about the edge of the glass; a number of very small trees were found and also planted at the bank of the "lake" so that it looked very pretty indeed, when finished.

"Now, I'll just put a stone or two here and there where the bare ground still shows, and some patches of moss where I took out some roots. There now, Brownies! These plants will grow into cute little 'shore property' and perhaps I will want to build a tiny log cabin on the banks for summer use, after I see how you succeed with your lakes."

The Brownies thought the green plants and small trees looked very real as they were reflected in the clear glass that imitated water. They liked this sort

of fun and were soon busy making their own ponds and planting the shores with flowers.

When the big girls saw what had been made, they exclaimed at the novel idea.

"The lakes would make very pretty table centre-pieces, wouldn't they, Miss Miller?" asked Zan.

"And so inexpensive and simple to make!" added Jane.

"And the tar paper keeps a polished table from sweating and injuring the veneer," explained Miss Miller.

The Brownies were still engaged in finishing the lakes when the big members of the Tribe sat near the Council Seat and wondered what they would try to teach the children next.

"We ought to start them making their bead-bands for the trimming on their ceremonial costumes, and there are the totems to paint and decorate for the camp!" said Zan.

"We ought to give them simple lessons in home-cookery, too," said Hilda.

"Well, I'm doing my best with the dances!" sighed Nita.

"You're doing fine! No complaints from that work!" said Jane.

Miss Miller heard the conversation and came over to advise, "I'd hardly start the totems here—we will only be here a short time, you know. Of course, the children will want to carry their work with them, and it will be much simpler to have them begin the totems

at permanent summer camp. But the suggestion to have a lesson in home-cookery is sensible."

"It will soon be time to start dinner, so we may as well begin the lesson to-day," added Hilda.

The lakes were finished and every one admired them tremendously, then the Guide told the Brownies that they were to help cook the dinner that day. This made every child feel so important that the big girls smiled.

Billy and Paul were told to wash and pare potatoes. Dot and Edith helped at the cooking, while Betty washed the lettuce. Teddy and Tammy were told to set the table over by the flat rock.

The little boys felt so proud of the fact that they had to do this task without any one to tell them every move, that they wore a constant smile as the cutlery and plates were taken from the cup-board.

As usual, Teddy was bossing the work, and Tammy obeyed.

"Here, Tammy; tate dese plates an' put 'em on dat tloth way ober by dat wock!" ordered Teddy, pointing to the cloth spread out on the grass.

Tammy started off with one plate at a time, Teddy calling after him. "Put him on dey aidge—not in dey middle ov de tloth!"

So, true to orders, Tammy placed the plates on the edge of the cloth, but he arranged them all on one side of the square cloth, having the edges of the plates touch each other.

While the dinner was cooking, Jane and two big

girls went to the garden to pick strawberries and raspberries. When they returned with a great basket of ripe fruit, Jane said, "Oh, there are so many berries ripe that I think we ought to pick some more this afternoon. They will surely rot by morning!"

So, it was decided to take baskets and go to the garden immediately after dinner. That would not take more than an hour's time, and every one could take a swim after coming back to the Bluff.

CHAPTER TWELVE

A RAINY AFTERNOON

JUST as the Tribe left the garden, an ominous sound was heard, and every one looked up at the sky, where clouds seemed to threaten rain.

"Dear me, I hope it doesn't rain just when we want to swim!" cried Edith.

"It is better to sit inside the house in case it rains than over on the Bluff!" commented the Guide.

"We could go swimming, anyway! Why should a little rain stop us?" asked Billy.

Everybody laughed, for it was a fact that folks never went swimming in the rain, yet they went in the water on a sunny day.

"Just custom and habit, as almost everything else is," said the Guide.

"There! I felt a drop of rain on my face!" said Dot.

"There's another!" added Nita.

"Goodness, here's three—four—five! Oh, it's coming down fast! Run for the house!" shouted Zan, catching hold of Betty.

Miss Miller caught up Tammy and two of the girls helped Teddy to run swiftly across the lawn.

The Tribe reached the porch before the rain fell heavily and Miss Miller said, laughingly, "Maybe this rain came to make you learn your parts in the entertainment on the Fourth!"

"Well, we're willing to practise! What shall it be?" asked Elena.

"What I have in mind will not need practise but careful application and work. I will need paper, glue and scissors to show you how to do it. Can you find those things in the house, Zan?" asked the Guide.

"Oh, yes! we never pack up anything like that when we go back to the city. I guess I know exactly where to find them."

So Zan ran upstairs to look for the articles needed, while Miss Miller turned to Elena.

"You'd better make a note of the things we use and copy it in the Tally Book later."

Elena went indoors to find paper and pencil in the desk and the Guide thought it best for all to go indoors as the rain was beating down on the porch.

"First, we'll need a large clothes-horse," remarked Miss Miller.

Zan was coming down the stairs and overheard it.

"A clothes-horse for a Fourth of July party!" laughed she.

"Yes, if you have one about the place. I'd like a threefold wooden one, if you have it," replied the Guide.

"Just the thing—out in the summer kitchen. I'll run and get it!"

When Zan brought in the clothes-horse Miss Miller said, "Just what we'll need for the fire-works!"

"Fire-works! Oh, are we going to celebrate?" cried some of the members.

"Just wait and you will see the kind of fire-works I advocate!" laughed Miss Miller. "They won't burn, or explode, and are absolutely guaranteed not to injure any one!"

Everybody was mystified, but no questions were asked, for the Woodcrafters knew they would know all that was necessary when the time came.

"Now, Zan, we will need some card-board—some of the large sheets we brought down for the flowers! And some oiled paper for the windows, some glue, a few wire nails, and a flat piece of board," said the Guide, while Elena made a note of the items.

The moment the material was found Miss Miller began to direct them how to work.

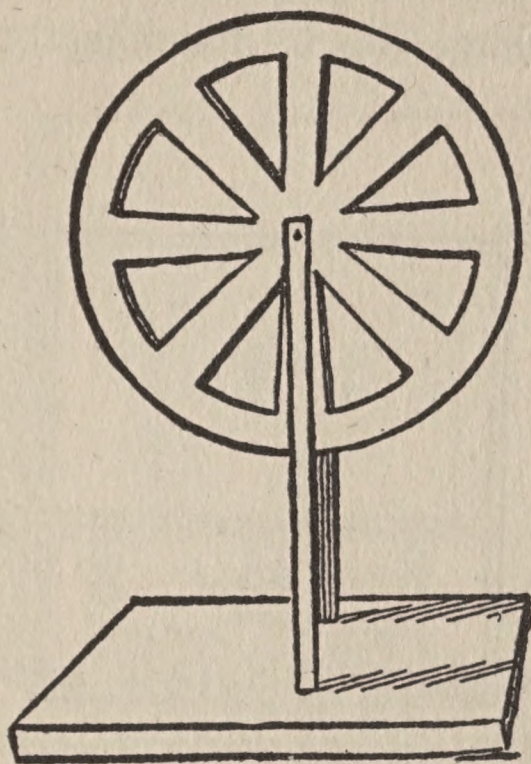
"I think Billy and Paul and Zan can cover the clothes-horse with the white card-board sheets. Tack them on carefully so the tacks won't tear out of the edges of the board."

"Next, Nita and Elena can take Edith and Dot and sketch some public buildings. You might take an exposition building or the Capitol at Washington. Have the dome perforated and all the windows cut out so we can paste oiled paper over them.

"Hilda and Frances and Betty can make a wheel after this pattern. It should be made of paste-board and be about six inches in diameter. The places be-

tween the spokes must be cut out and filled in with coloured tissue paper, or painted oiled paper. Hilda, here's the pattern to guide you."

Hilda took the picture of the wheel and studied it for a time to master the idea before cutting out the paper model.



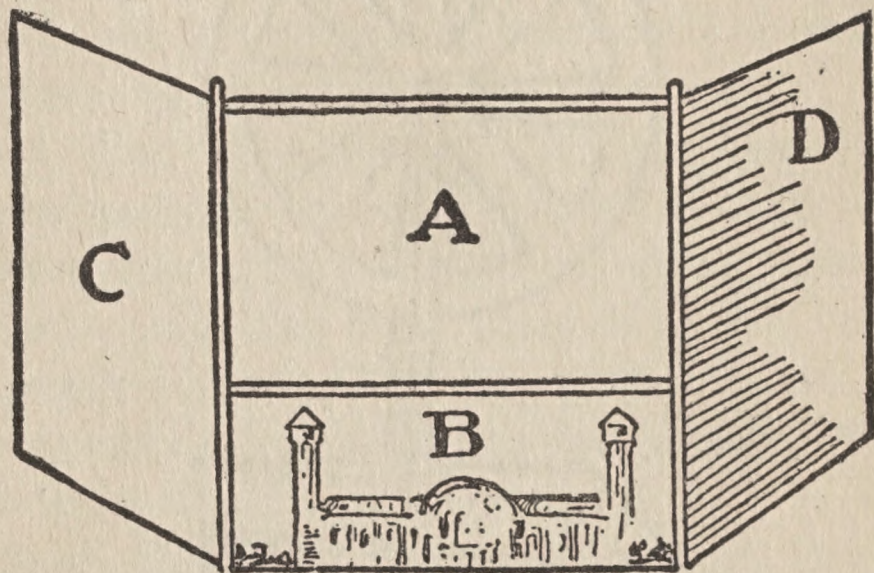
Pattern of Wheel

Elena and Nita were sketching a beautiful building with many windows and elaborate domes and the Guide said it would be very effective when the light shone through the papers.

The girls, with their Brownie Helper, punched holes in the cornices and domes for imitation filigree carvings; then the oiled paper was pasted over the openings that were meant for windows.

Meantime, Zan and Billy and Paul were busy completing the covered screen; the Guide showed them how to divide the centre wing of the screen into two parts—a lower and upper part.

That done, Miss Miller took the sketch of the building and fastened it to the lower section of the centre wing of the screen. This was tacked on the four corners so it wouldn't slip by handling or moving the screen about.



Clothes-Horse Screen Ready

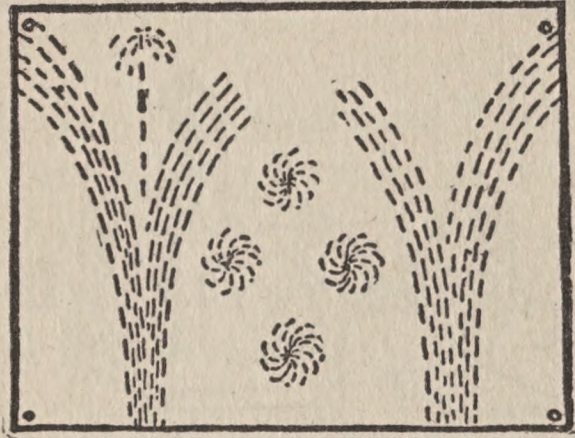
“Elena, I would advise you to make rough drawings of these things—the wheel, the buildings, screen, etc., in case you want to refer to this idea at some future time,” said the Guide.

Elena hastily sketched the finished parts and put the patterns with her other papers to be copied into the Tally Book when she had more time.

The screen completed and the lower section of the picture attached, there now remained the work on the

wheel and the upper half of the fire-works to be done.

The board found by Zan was almost square and this had to be sand-papered smooth. Two small uprights were made of some kindling wood found in the basket by the chimney, and after they had been shaved down to the right size they were glued into holes made in the square board. Then, a short piece of wire was used to fasten the revolving pasteboard wheel



Pinhole Design

between the two wooden uprights, as can be seen by turning back to the picture of the wheel.

The two artists of the Tribe, having finished the work on the buildings, were told to make a picture of sky-rockets and other graceful fire-works. These were perforated with pin-holes so closely that they looked very good when held up against the light.

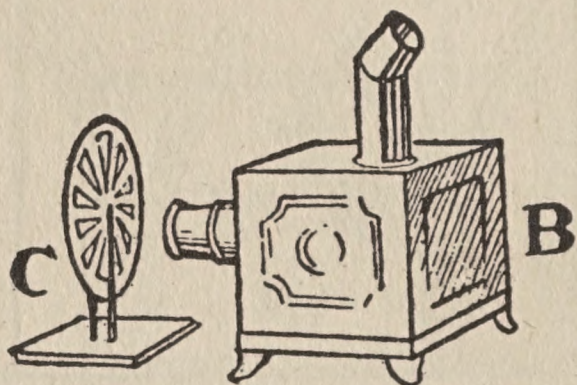
Different designs were made, so there would be a variety of patterns to choose from. Elena only sketched one, however, for use in the Tally.

When finished, the fountain design was fixed in the upper section of the screen which was marked "A"

the girls were then told that their share of the work was completed.

Miss Miller went to the closet under the stairs to get a bull's eye lantern the Baker boys had told her of. She looked and groped for it, but could not find it, but she did find a magic-lantern; so this she said would answer the same purpose as the bull's eye lantern.

"Girls, I'm sorry it isn't darker, for I could show



Use a Lantern

you the fire-works now! However, we will show you how it is done."

The magic-lantern was placed so that its rays would focus directly upon the card-board designs, as shown.

"Now, when the room is dark, and this lantern is shining brightly, it will shine through the coloured tissue paper in the wheel and continue its rays until it strikes the screen.

"The audience, sitting on the other side of the screen, will only see the buildings and coloured light as it streams through the perforations in the card-board.

"By spinning the wheel carefully so that it will whirl

for a time, it reflects various coloured beams of light in revolving and these, in turn, show through the holes and look like rockets and other fire-works coming from the roof of the buildings."

The plan was demonstrated by the Guide, who smiled at the surprised faces of the Woodcrafters.

After every one understood and felt gratified to think he or she had helped make the fire-works, Zan said, "I suppose that might be termed another optical illusion!"

"Quite true, for it is really an illusion in a dark room. You couldn't be hood-winked into believing there were rockets rising from the screen if you saw it in broad-daylight!" laughed Miss Miller, while she walked over to the front door to see if the rain had ceased.

"We may as well find something else to do—the rain is coming down faster and harder than ever!" said the Guide, coming back into the room.

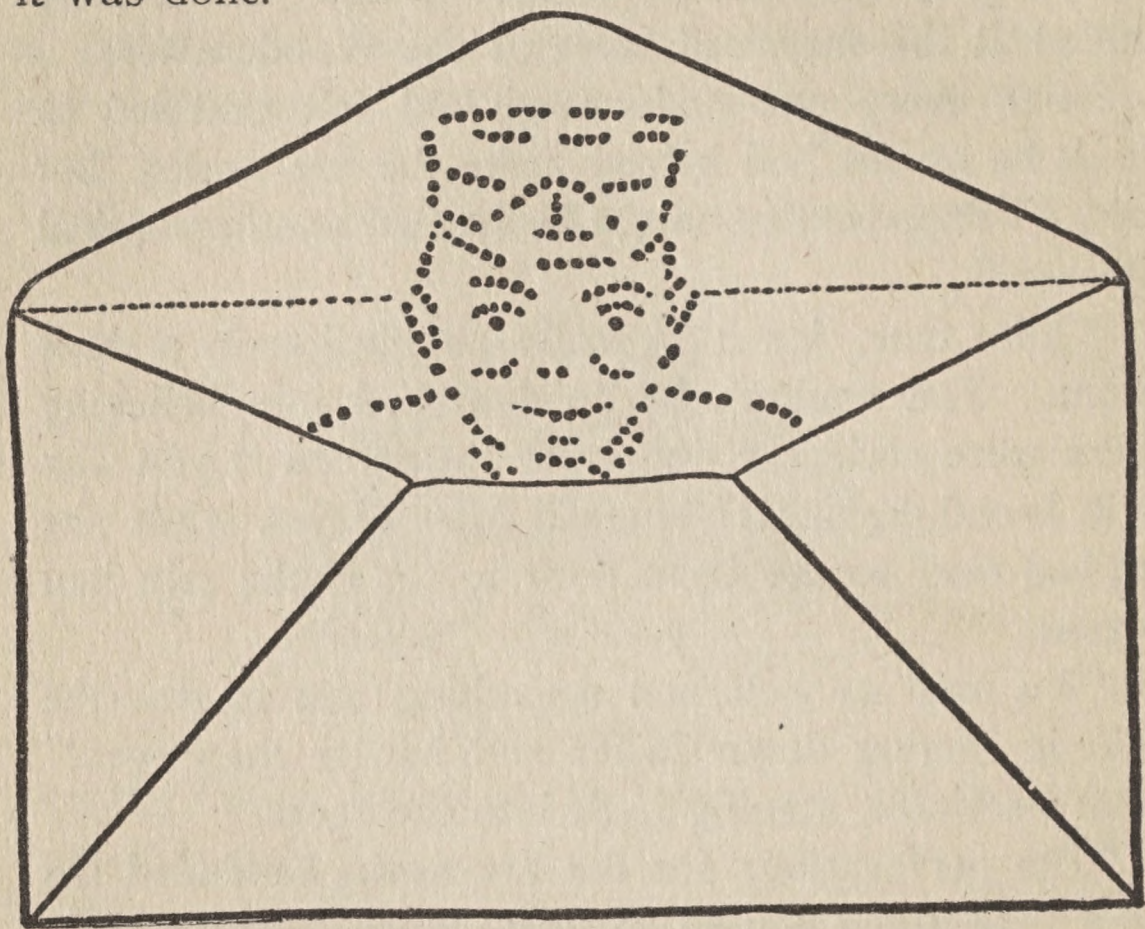
"The perforations for the fire-works reminded me of a little thing I used to make when I was a little tot!" said Hilda.

"All right—anything goes in a shower like this!" urged Jane.

"I'll need some old envelopes and a pin—that's all. But let me warn you that it is nothing to interest you big girls. It's just a funny little thing for the Brownies!" reminded Hilda.

"Never mind how silly it is—come on and make it!" insisted Zan.

So, Hilda sat down at the library table and opened the flap of an envelope. She hastily sketched a picture of a postman and then pricked the pencil lines with the pin. This done, she folded over the flap and it was done.



Pinhole Envelope

"But I don't see the fun, Hilda! Why must you have an envelope—any kind of paper will answer!" declared Nita.

"Well, the flap of the envelope makes it a surprise, you see. If you want to mail a valentine, you can make one of these and send it away. When the one gets it to whom it is sent, they will wonder what it is, until it is held up to the light!"

The Brownies thought the idea a fine one, but the Big Lodge girls laughed at the foolishness of the invention.

"Well, I told you it was only for the little tots. I guess Teddy and Tammy think my game is wonderful!" retorted Hilda.

"All of the Brownies do—just watch them trying to make funny envelopes of their own!" laughed Miss Miller, who had been watching the children work with a vim and had not heard the criticisms of the other girls.

"I guess it is clearing up, Miss Miller!" suggested Nita.

"Then we will start for camp," replied the Guide.

"Oh, dear! I wish it would rain all afternoon—we are having such fun with our envelopes!" sighed Edith.

"There, girls!" came from Hilda, and her companions admitted she was right.

"Come, Brownies—the rain has stopped and we can go. You can finish your fun some other day when it rains," advised the Guide, taking Teddy by the hand, while Zan took Tammy.

"We were having *such* a nice time, Miss Miller!" said Dot.

"But now you know how to make all of these things you can do them at home, you know," reminded Hilda.

The Tribe just reached the group of oak trees that stood at the end of the front lawn, when suddenly,

without warning, down came another heavy shower—exactly as if a great bag of water had been broken open to fall upon the unwary ones.

With a shout and a laugh, every one raced back to the house—the small children being carried by the stronger girls.

“Oh, goody, goody! Now we can play some more!” shouted Dot, clapping her hands.

“Let’s play tag!” suggested Paul.

“No, let’s make peanut animals—I saw you have some peanuts!” cried Dot, eagerly, but Paul hushed her suddenly.

“I want to do some more pictures,” ventured Betty.

“No, no! We all want to play Blind-Man’s Buff!” said Edith, shrilly, so her voice would drown the others.

“Brownies, Brownies! You’ll make us all deaf!” cried Zan, her hands over her ears.

“Children, we will play some nice indoor game suitable for a parlour!” declared Miss Miller.

“There ain’t no such game!” grumbled Paul.

The high-school girls were shocked at Paul’s grammar and Hilda winced, but the Guide said calmly, “Oh, yes, there is.”

“Tell us one!” demanded Dot, eagerly.

“Well, I was looking for a sharp kitchen knife when we were making that screen, and I found a jar of dried peas. I put them in water to soak for a short time and intended using them later, but forgot all about them. Now, I will show you something.”

No one responded to the Guide’s enthusiasm, but

she went for the peas, nevertheless. Coming back, she placed the jar on the table and asked Zan to get some old corks from her father's den, where he kept the bottles and things he used while experimenting with formulæ and chemicals.

Miss Miller took some matches and cut off the sulphur, then pointed the ends of the sticks. When Zan brought out a box of old corks, which she said were to be thrown away as being too brittle, the Guide showed the girls how to insert the stick in the cork.

"Now, there is your mallet! Elena, you can paint a coloured band about each mallet handle and about each croquet ball."

"Croquet!" gasped several voices.

"Yes, isn't that a quiet parlour game?" wondered Miss Miller.

The Brownies were growing interested in the game by this time and were closely watching every movement the Guide made.

"Elena can paint a band around the peas and Jane can cut out some small round disks of card-board for stands to uphold the wire wickets. Zan, are there any hair-pins upstairs?"

"Mother had a whole box-full she won't use because they are too thin. I'll get them."

And Zan ran upstairs and was soon down again with a full box of wire hair-pins which were just what the Guide needed.

These were bent over to form the wickets and the ends were inserted in the disks. The stakes were

made of matches and were banded in water-colours.

The croquet game was finished and just then a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder warned the Tribe that it was not yet practical to venture out.

"We'd better have a match game of croquet!" laughed Zan.

The handling of the tiny mallets and the awkward way the girls played the balls made every one laugh. But it was great sport; so much so, that Billy hurriedly ran over to see if there were any more peas and hair-pins left for the Brownies.

Edith and Paul joined him and they whispered together.

"I can make the mallets if you will paint them," said Billy to his sister.

"All right, and Paul can fix up the wickets!" said Edith.

When Miss Miller looked around to find them, she was pleased to see them all hard at work.

The sun had been shining a long time before any one in the house became aware of the fact. Then, they laughed and said what fun it was to play croquet with dried peas.

They came from the house, planning other games and contests for prizes, when Zan ventured a remark.

"I thought it was queer when Miss Miller said she hadn't another idea in her head for a game!"

"Did she say that?" laughed Nita, doubtingly.

"Yes, when we wanted her to suggest something

just before Hilda mentioned the silly envelopes, you know."

"I may have said so, Zan, but it was true at that time. You see, I was caught in the rain and the top of my head was sprinkled so that the new ideas sprouted forth with fresh vigour!" laughed Miss Miller.

"In that case, we will use the sprinkling can for your brain every time you complain of a lack of original ideas!" teased Jane, while the children laughed at such a funny joke.

"You won't need that treatment for some time, I hope, as the shower seems to have started a large crop of ideas. Some of them I used to play when I was a child," returned the Guide.

"Oh, tell us some!" cried Edith.

"I can tell you of a race that is such fun! You must place six potatoes in a row about three feet apart. Then place six more in a similar row some distance opposite—say about ten feet apart. Two players each have a spoon and start a race.

"They have to pick up a potato in the spoon, one at a time, and carry it to a given point. Each potato must be carried in this way until all have been taken from the row to the goal. The player must keep one hand behind him and hold the spoon in the other hand. The one carrying all of the potatoes to the goal first wins the race."

"Say, Billy, let's play it when we get to the Bluff, will you?" exclaimed Paul.

After the evening meal, the Tribe took a short walk while they watched for the stars, and the Big Lodge tried to add another to their list waiting to win a *grand coup*.

"You promised us a story to-night, Miss Miller?" said Dot, glancing at the other Brownies to find if they approved.

"Dot, I think I'll tell that story this time!" announced Jane, suddenly inspired with an idea.

Miss Miller called for silence, and Jane began her story.

"A little girl named—oh, let's call her Dot, for short—had been given a handsome doll for a birthday gift. Every moment Dot could spare from school or home duties, she was upstairs busily making dresses for her beautiful toy.

"One afternoon, after school, Dot was running home to play with her doll when a school-mate called to her to invite her over to her house to play.

"‘Oh, no, I can't come to-day! I promised mamma to help her at home!' replied Dot, knowing well that she never helped her mother in anything, and that she wanted to get upstairs with her doll.

"‘Oh, I'm sorry, 'cause I wanted to show you my new book,' said Mary wistfully.

"Dot tossed her head disdainfully at the idea of a book, when she had a fine doll waiting for her! She had not said a word about her doll to her little friend, for she feared lest Mary might want to come

in and see it, and she was too selfish to want any one to hold the doll.

"Dot soon reached her own gate and forgot all about the fib she had told, for she really didn't count that a fib—it was only an easy way to get out of doing what she had no mind to do.

"Slamming the front door, Dot went to the coat closet and threw in her books and hat. Her mother called from the kitchen and asked, 'Dot, did you put away your books and hat?'

"'Of course I did!' replied she, starting upstairs, but knowing quite well that her mother meant her to hang up the hat and place the books on a shelf.

"Dot didn't give a second thought to the story she told her mother, but hurried to her room and soon held her doll in her arms. Then the doll was placed in a small chair and the little girl took her sewing-basket with the doll-dresses over to the window.

"Snow clouds had hung heavy all day and soon Dot heard sleet tinkling against the panes of glass above her head. In a short time, the radiator valve began hissing with steam so the little girl knew her mother must have gone to the furnace-room to open the damper that would send more heat up through the pipes. The extra warmth made Dot feel very cosy, but she didn't think of being grateful to her mother for the forethought—most children take all these little acts from mother as a matter-of-course, and few ever try to repay mother's daily work and planning to make the home happier, but what a difference it

would make if all children would express more gratitude!

"It may have been the whistling of the valve or it may have been the tinkling of sleet on the glass—whatever it was, Dot felt quite drowsy. Suddenly, she saw the tiny spiral of steam from the valve turn into queer little elves who danced about in the mist without seeing her, so she called to them:

"‘You dear little fairies—have you come to play with me?’

"Before she could say another word, however, the golden-haired gauzy-robed elves turned into black-draped, ugly-looking little goblins who came at her scratching and snarling fiercely.

"‘Here, sirs! You all go back where you came from and let me play with the fairies,’ cried Dot, angrily.

"‘Fairies! There aren’t any fairies here. We are the only ones you ever saw,’ cried the leader of the goblins.

"‘I just guess I know a fairy when I see one!’ retorted Dot, scornfully. ‘You’re such ugly little black things you’d smut anything clean and white. Go away from that doll or I’ll throw something at you!’

"‘Humph! You can’t hurt us, ’cause anything you threw would go right through us and we’d be here just the same! You see, we are not made of flesh and bones as you are—we are the result of your own thoughts! If you always held pure, kind, good thoughts we would be pure and white and lovely. If

you hold cruel, greedy, untrue thoughts we are just what you see us now!

“‘What! Do you mean to say that you were the white elves I first saw coming in the mist? Then what made you turn black?’ cried Dot.

“‘That is easily explained. You felt a fleeting bit of gratitude for the nice warm home on such a bitter day, and that helped to make us white for a few seconds, but you soon turned us black again!’ explained the leader of the goblins.

“‘Do you mean to tell me that I could turn you pure and white again if I was kind and good?’ asked Dot, sceptically.

“‘Just so! And the truer and finer you became yourself, the more radiant we would be until some day you would shine as radiantly as we were, so that every one would love you!’

“Dot sat and stared at the black goblins in amazement, but she wished she *could* be kind and good like Mary! She would feel so much happier if she were only true to every one!

“At that, Dot was surprised to see the ugly goblins turning grey and she suddenly realised that it was her wish to be good that changed them. So she kept on desiring to be better and truer so she might shine as the goblin said she would some day.

“And the goblins turned still fairer until Dot thought they were *almost* white, and soon they would be quite white.

“Then she thought of a way to turn them into

fairies again: 'she would run downstairs and hang up her hat and put the books on the shelf! Then, she would run over and invite Mary over to hold her doll!'

"Without looking behind her she ran down and did as she planned to do, bringing Mary back to the room to play with her doll. The moment Dot came in the room she looked for the elves and was so happy to find they were shining white—almost dazzling!

"Then the leader cried: 'Oh, if you will only be like this all of the time, we will be so happy, and we will be able to help you much more, too, than if we were ugly goblins—'cause there are so many good fairies that we can call upon to help, while the black goblins are growing paler every day, and some day they will all be shining white, too! Now, I want to tell you our names so you will know which fairy is helping you in certain ways. I am the leader and I am named Love. This big fairy is Charity. My right-hand helper is Truth. And my left-hand helper is Humility. All these little fairies in my band are called Wisdom, Faith, Hope, Purity, Temperance, and many more who will always be glad to wait upon you if you wish true!'

"Dot was about to promise to always be true and kind when her mother called to her to open the front door for Mary, who was coming up the walk to visit her.

"Then Dot rubbed her eyes and stared, but could not see a sign of the fairies anywhere, but she still

heard the tinkle of the silver bells they rang whenever they jumped about.

"So she ran downstairs and opened the door, wondering how Mary got out of the room upstairs, where she was playing with the doll only a few minutes before."

Jane's conclusion of the fairy-tale brought forth a chorus of "How's!" but Dot said nothing, for she was pondering the similarity between the little girl in the story and some of her own short-comings.

"Jane, that was a sensible fairy-tale. We'll all try to have bright fairies with us after this, instead of smut-black goblins!" exclaimed Miss Miller.

"Tell us another one!" cried Edith.

The girls laughed at the greed of Brownies for stories, and Jane added, "Some other time, but not now!"

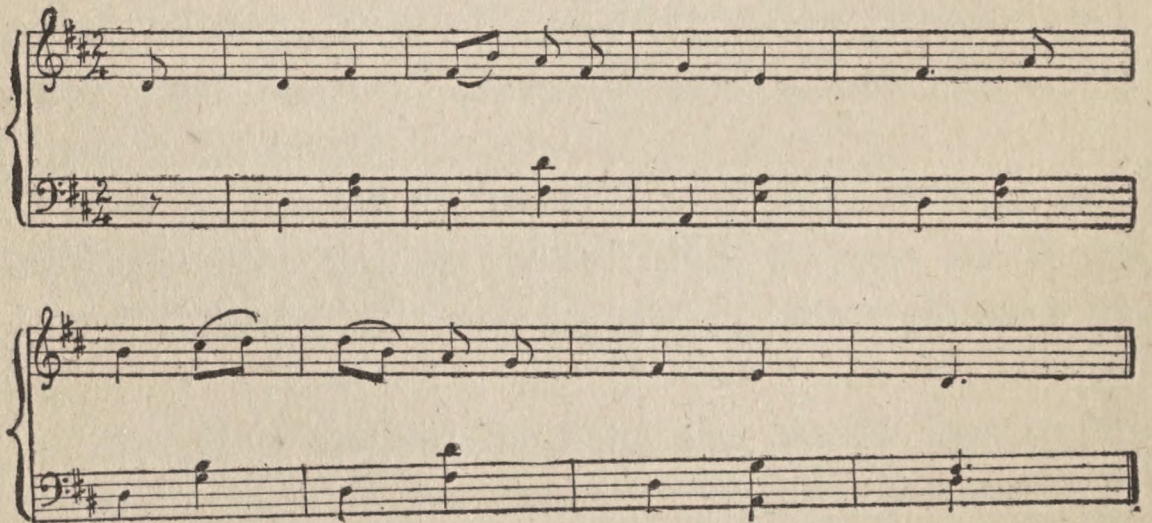
"Well, I say, let's sing our evening prayer and go to bed," suggested Zan, and the plan was soon acted upon the quiet reigned over the camp-ground on the Bluff.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

PREPARING FOR THE FOURTH

DURING the next few days every one was busy with the work and fun of Woodcraft. The grass mats were finished; the little glass lakes looked flourishing with the ferns and flowers growing nicely around the edge of the glass; the songs and dances to be used at the party on the Fourth were practised until the Brownies knew them by heart and could act as well as any one. Miss Miller had added a sweet little Folk Song, written by Goethe—"Gefunden," and this simple acting song was soon mastered by the children.

GEFUNDEN



I

“Ich ging im Walde,
So für mich hin,
Und nichts zu suchen
Das war mein Sinn.

2

Im Schatten sah Ich.
Ein Blümlein stehn,
Wie Sterne leuchtend,
Wie Aeuglein schön.

3

Ich Wollt' es brechen
Dasagt es fein:
“Soll Ich zum Welken
“Gebrochen sein?”

4

Ich grüb's mit allen.
Den Würzlein aus,
Zum Garten trug Ich's
Am hübschen Haus

5

Und pflanzt es wieder
Am stillen Ort;
Nun zweigt es immer
Und blüht so fort.”

“I want to give a ‘Flower Pageant,’ if possible, girls,” said Miss Miller, when they were suggesting ideas to fill in an extra half-hour.

“It sounds good, but how do you propose to do it?” asked Zan.

“Well, I brought down some rolls of crêpe paper that I had left over from our last winter's entertainment. Some of the very flower dresses we used at that time are in perfect condition, and can be made a

bit smaller for some of the Brownies to wear now. If you think we can do this, I will cut out the paper for some new costumes so as to take the place of the ones that were badly torn at that entertainment," explained Miss Miller.

"We need seven costumes in all—how many have you that can be used again?" asked Nita.

"I have four good ones—the chrysanthemum, the rose, a violet, and the pond-lily. Then, I have the patterns for a tulip, an Easter lily, the jonquil and a narcissus. Most of my crêpe paper is white and yellow, so I thought we would use the three flowers that would need those two colours."

"The little ones can help us make the dresses, I should think," suggested Hilda.

"Of course, if we watch them work. That is one reason for having the play," smiled the Guide.

So the paper and patterns were brought forth and the Brownies called to try their hands at being florists—although they would have to grow paper flowers this time.

The Easter lily was chosen by Betty, and every one said it was very appropriate for her sweetness and meekness.

Seven large petals were cut out of the white paper, Zan using the pattern to guide her. These were fastened to a green muslin band around the body just under the arms; and the edge of the petals were turned outward by drawing a round-headed hat-pin down the centre of each petal. Over the shoulders and falling

down over the top of the petals were green leaves similar to those growing on an Easter plant. Betty expected to wear white shoes and stockings, and a yellow hair-ribbon and bow. From under the white petals fell yellow stamens—made by twisting yellow crêpe paper into long spirals and sewing the tops to the band of green under the petals.

When the lily was completed it was very pretty and the Brownies demanded a peep at the costumes already made for them.

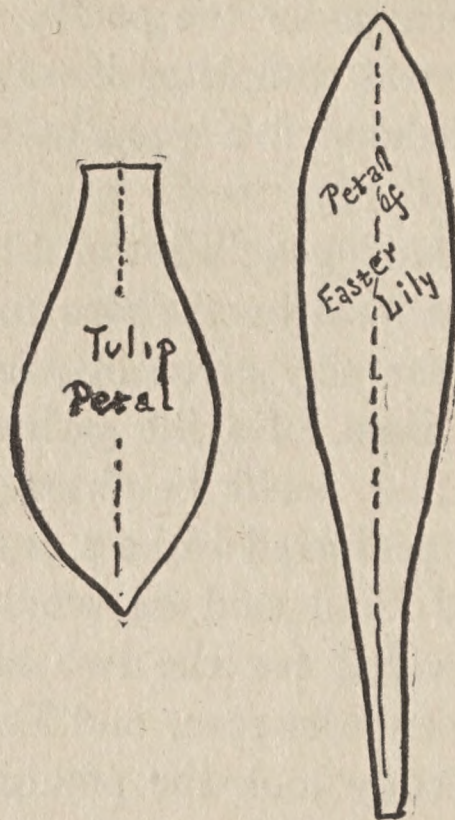
The plan of having a "Flower Show" was hailed with great enthusiasm by the Brownies, for they remembered how the play given by the Big Lodge was admired at the time. So the girls brought out the flower dresses that could be fitted for the smaller children. Billy preferred to be a jonquil and have a simple suit, and Paul said he would take the tulip suit. That provided for the two big boys and left Edith, who wanted the rose, and Dot, who took the violet dress. Teddy took the pond-lily and Tammy, the large chrysanthemum with its gorgeous petals.

"Goodness! I wish Paul would exchange with Tammy! We'll have to chop off half of the leaves to make the chrysanthemum fit a mite like Tammy. But it will just about fit Paul. Tammy could have the tulip made his size and look ever so cute!" cried Hilda.

"Your sister is right, Paul, and I wish you would do that, and save us *so much* time and work!" added Miss Miller.

"All right, then. Anything to keep peace in the family!" sighed Paul.

Some of the Brownies laughed, but Zan said, "Paul, I don't like to hear you say such things before the children. You never hear them at home, yet I can't understand where you boys pick up such sayings!"



Patterns for Petals

Paul looked embarrassed and said, "How do you know I never hear them at home?"

"Well, *I* know you never do! Mother would be broken-hearted if she could hear you hint at such a thing!" denounced Hilda, emphatically.

"Remember, Paul, not to repeat these offences!" warned Miss Miller, then turned her attention to the flower-making.

"We will make the tulip next, for it is so easy to do," said the Guide, showing Nita how to cut out the petals.

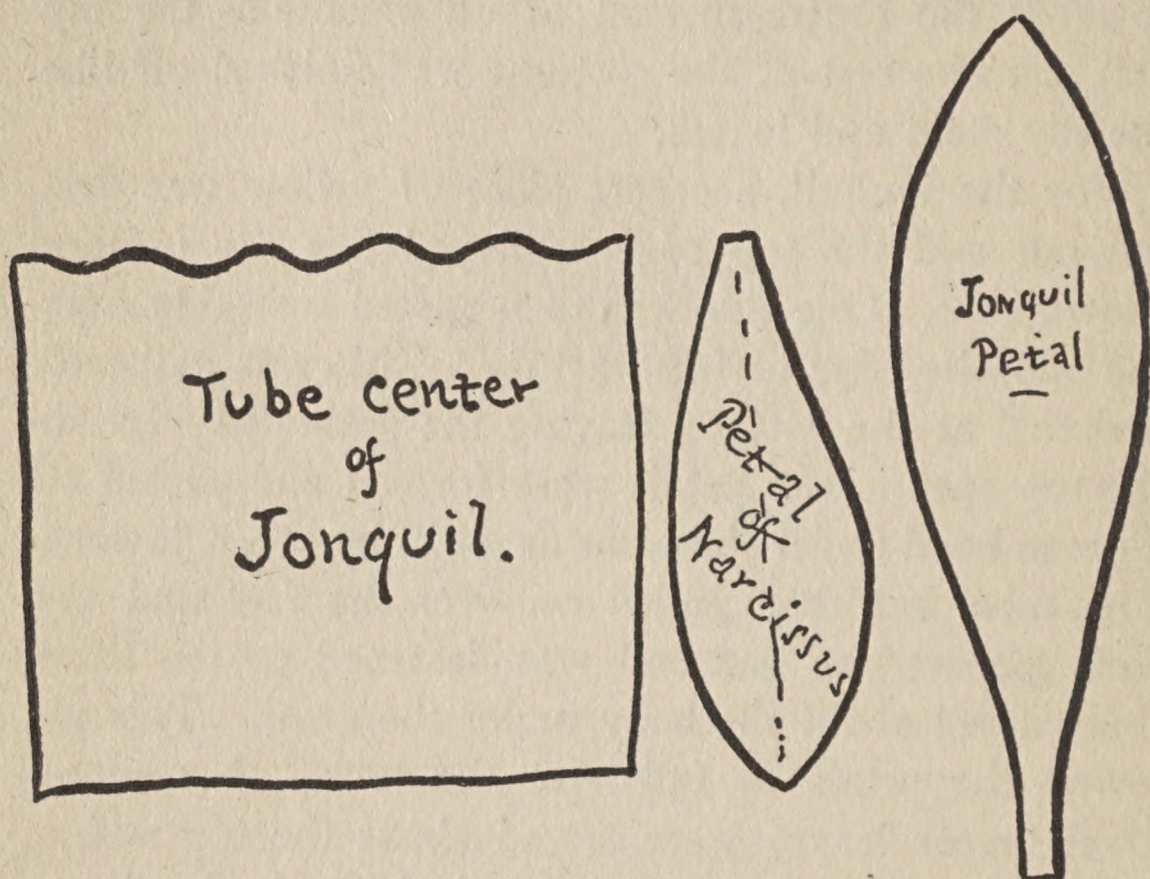
Two rows of yellow petals were to be used for the tulip, each row having five petals in it. These were crinkled in the centre with a hat-pin and turned in towards the centre instead of outward like the lily petals. The rest of the costume was finished off like the lily stem and leaves.

For the jonquil, a centre piece of yellow was first cut out and the top edge scalloped like the pattern shown here. One side was then pasted smoothly over the opposite edge to form a tube. This was gathered and tied at the bottom, leaving the scalloped edge at the top open. The petals were formed and pasted to a green band under the arms as with the other flowers. The tube was then pulled on over the feet and the part gathered at one end was fastened to the band that passed about the body under the arms. This allowed the petals to fall over the tube. A row of green paper leaves were sewed about the top and a little twisted paper cap was perched on the head.

The narcissus was made in the same manner, by crinkling the petals like the tulip and lily, and fastening the petals to a green band that ran around the body under the arms. The petals of the tulip were not crinkled in the centre, but were rounded out by placing each petal in the palm of one hand and drawing the cushion of the thumb down the centre of the paper very gently.

The tulip, jonquil and narcissus had no stamens, as the flowers covered the limbs of the wearer so that stamens would not have shown.

The end of the petals of the narcissus were slightly turned outward, but the centres were rolled by the hat-pin, so they were slightly dented inwards. (Each



Patterns of Flowers

petal shows on the curved or dotted line where it is to be crinkled or rolled by a hat-pin head.)

All of the children were expected to wear white stockings and white shoes, while a twist of green paper could be wound about the heads of the girls, and a tiny paper-leaf cap perched on the heads of the boys, on the day of the performance.

It took the Brownies the rest of the day to complete the paper costumes, but they all felt well repaid when the work was done, for it promised to make a goodly show on the Fourth.

"I think it will be so much nicer than a half-learned veil dance," said Nita, as the flower dresses were laid away in the little log cabin to await the day of celebration.

"Yes, and we still have the song, you know. So nothing was lost by the exchange except your worry—and that is always best to let go of!" laughed Miss Miller.

The second of July dawned with a foggy and threatening atmosphere. The sky was grey and the air so damp that the Guide advised all to pack up some things and start for the house.

Consequently, everything that could be injured by rain or prolonged fog was put away in the cabin while each camper had a bundle to carry to the house; then the fog lifted slightly and a steady rain started to come down.

"It's a shame to have it rain to-day! We only have one more night to sleep out-of-doors to win our honour, you know," grumbled Billy.

"If it keeps on raining hard by night time, you can all sleep on the porch of the house, you know. It is all open on the three sides. But we would have to take cots over, in that case," ventured the Guide.

At that critical moment Bill Sherwood appeared on the Bluff.

"I kinder thought you might be goin' over to the house through this rain! It's goin' to be a real down-easter, too, an' it's li'ble to last two to three days!" said he.

"We hope it will clear before the Fourth! It doesn't matter how much it rains to-day or to-morrow!" said Zan.

"Oh, it'll clear off by then, all right. When it comes down good and stiddy it allus does clear away sooner, you know," said Bill to Miss Miller, who was quite a weather prophet.

"We want to start at once for the house, but we don't know what to do about the cot-beds. The big girls and I can sleep in the bed-rooms, but the Brownies want to win an honour and they only need one more night out-of-doors!" added the Guide.

Bill scratched his head thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "Wall, you all start along with your tooth-brushes and ping-pong games and I'll hook up the plough hoss to the hay-waggin and haul over them cots and baggidge. I has to take him over to the barn anyways to git a lot of feed for the cow and him."

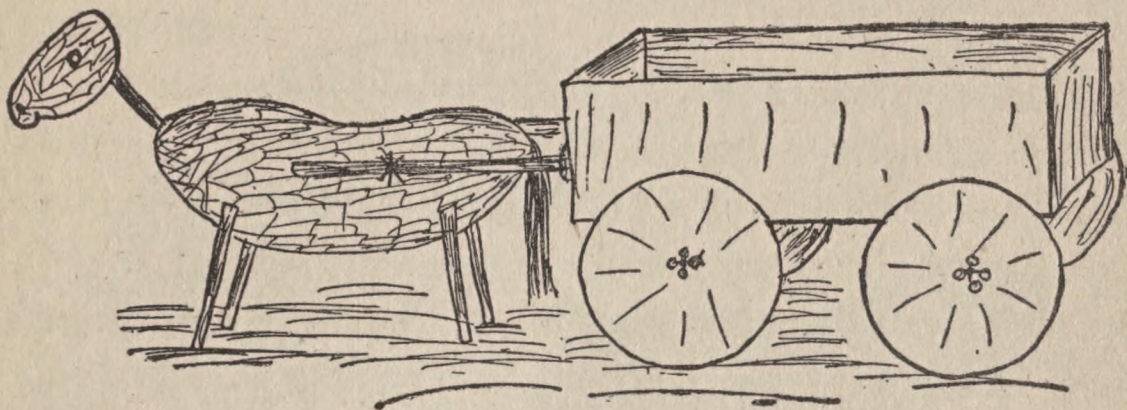
So the Tribe started off through the woods, Nita beating the tom-tom and Miss Miller leading with the song "March, march, march, march," which was fast becoming the members' favourite march song.

"I'm glad I didn't eat up my peanuts, 'cause now we will have plenty of time to make more toys, won't we?" asked Paul.

"Yes, brother, at last you shall have your reward!" laughed Hilda.

While Zan was trying the pulleys on the awnings, the Guide went indoors to see what the Brownies were doing. She found Paul spreading out his pint of peanuts for the children to choose from.

"I'll sit down and do some little pictures for you so you can copy them for your peanut animals," offered Miss Miller.



The Peanut Team

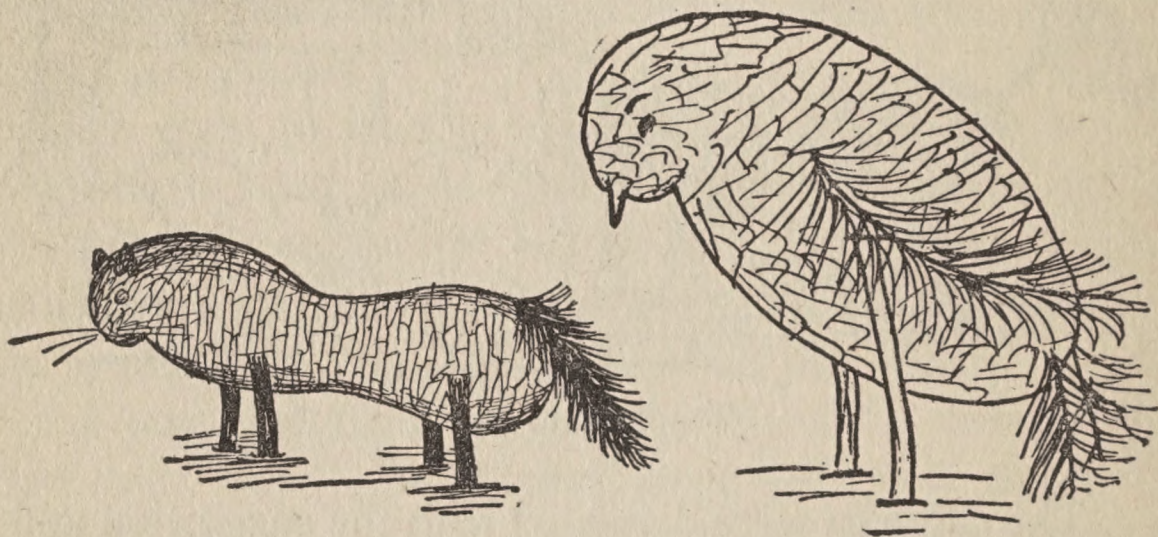
The children were delighted with the suggestion and she soon completed a little ink drawing of a horse and cart. It was so simply sketched that the Brownies could readily follow the idea and make their peanut toys accordingly. The first model they made was a horse made of a peanut, and Bill's haywagon made of a small paste-board box—the wheels were made of round disks of card-board fastened on with pins. The head of the horse was a tiny peanut attached to the body by a pin run right down through the head. The eyes were made of ink and the tail of black thread. This gave Teddy and Tammy more pleasure

than all of the other toys made by the Brownies.

When the first finished toy was ready to experiment with, the younger children dropped upon their knees and eagerly watched Billy draw the horse and cart across the floor.

"Yep! The wheels turn, all right!" shouted Paul.

"And he waggled his tail!" shrilled Teddy, excitedly, when the east wind blew across the floor and waved the black threads.



The Peanut Pets

This comment caused a general laugh, but Billy left the children to proceed with his next toy. The others soon jumped up and concentrated their attention on making their own horses and wagons.

Ever and anon, however, Teddy and Tammy cast envious looks at the completed toy, while Zan and Elena continued pasting and finishing the toys for the two little ones.

The kitten and the canary were quite simple to

make, for the Brownies used tiny feathers from an old pillow for the bird, and some clipping of fur from the frayed edges of the black rug that was spread in front of the fire-place for the kitten.

The animals were glued in card-board disks and the legs and beaks were made of tooth-picks.

When a picture of some boats was placed before the little workers, they shouted with pleasure, for they knew what fun they could have sailing the boats in the brook.

But the boats were not so easy to make as it seemed at first glance, for the sails would topple the whole craft over and it was found the mast had to be short and placed directly in the spot where the shell would balance evenly. After many trials, however, Billy succeeded and then was able to help the others perfect theirs, too.

"Say, Billy, s'pose we take our boats out to the rain-barrel and sail them?" whispered Paul, when his boat was completed.

"Maybe Miss Miller won't like us to," objected Billy.

"She isn't here, and anyway, we can try just a little and come right in again!" persuaded Paul.

So the two boys left the room unseen by the others and crept out of the kitchen door to try the boats.

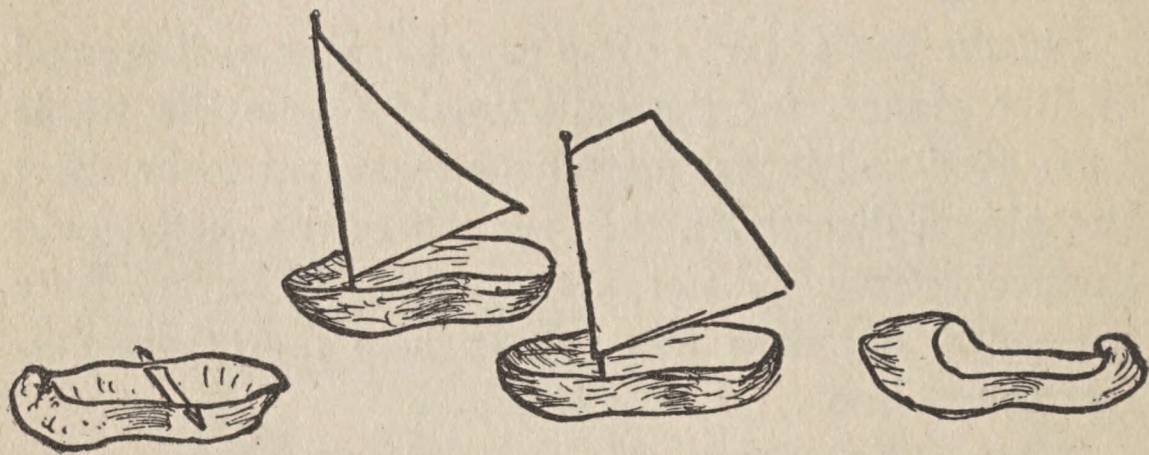
But, before the boats were launched on the top of the sea in the hogs-head, Zan missed the boys, and with the experience gained from two brothers, she surmised the truth.

"Here, both you boys come in out of the rain! Why do you suppose we left the Bluff if it wasn't to keep you Brownies dry!" called she, going to the door.

Edith and Dot felt so elated to think the two boys were caught in mischief that Dot exclaimed, "Give them both a Chump Mark!"

But the Guide did not deem the misdemeanour so dreadful as to deserve such extreme punishment.

The other Brownies soon completed their boats, too,



The American Merchant Marine

and Zan brought in a small tub of water for the boats to sail in. Great fun the children had, racing their boats or causing huge waves to roll up in the tub and engulf the ships.

After an hour's play the children wearied of the boat game and Miss Miller saw that they were quite ready for a new suggestion.

"Who wants to help me get the dinner in the kitchen?" asked she, with a lively manner.

"How!" came from the Brownies, for they thought

home-cook was great sport! They had only had one day of it, you see.

While Miss Miller was seeking for the salt-box in the cupboard, she found a bag of dried lima beans. She was about to replace the bag when she had an idea.

"Zan, do you folks want to keep these beans for anything in particular?" asked she.

"Mercy no! No one knew they were there!" laughed Zan.

"Guess Miss Miller wants to make a golf game out of them," added Billy, grinning.

"Well, you'll see what I want to do with them after dinner," retorted the Guide, smiling.

Immediately after the dinner was cleared neatly away, the Guide poured the beans out on the long table in the living-room.

"Is it 'buttony, buttony, who's got the button'?" cried Edith.

"No, child, it's 'beany, beany, who's got a bean!'" giggled Zan, the irrepressible.

Miss Miller pretended to be grossly offended at such remarks, but she continued counting out a dozen beans for each Brownie, leaving the rest in the bag.

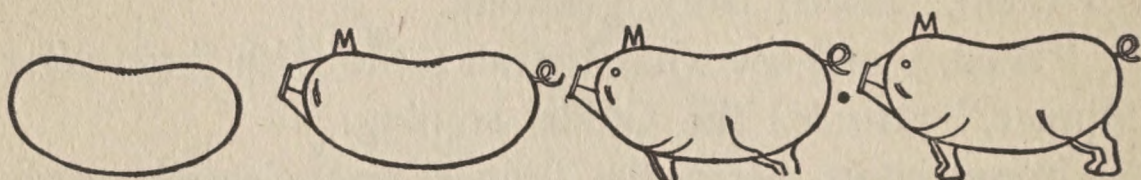
Next, she mixed some water-colours and with a fine brush painted eyes and a tail on a nice fat bean. Then she cut out card-board snout, legs, and ears, and glued them to the bean. Finally, she stood him up on his feet and the children clapped their hands when they saw the evolution of a lima bean into a pig.

20

"When I was looking for the Bull's eye lantern, I saw a few old coloured picture books in the closet under the stairs. One of them happened to be an animal picture book, so this will do nicely for a guide for you Brownies to use to get ideas of animals and colours for them."

Before Miss Miller finished speaking, Billy was in the closet looking for the book. As it was old and the pages loose, each child could take a picture and use it for a model.

While the Brownies made novel bean animals, the



The Lima Bean

Big Lodge girls baked some cakes for the party, and mixed the filling for sandwiches. Mrs. Sherwood intended baking the delicious home-made bread she knew how to make, for sandwiches for the entire company.

When the Guide again visited the living-room to see how the animals were behaving, she found many strange creatures all painted and arranged in rows on the table, but the Brownies were engrossed with another game.

Teddy was playing with his beans and Tammy was stretched out on the fur rug fast asleep, but the others were very much awake.

"Oh, Miss Miller—guess what!" cried Dot.

"Goodness, I never can!" laughed the Guide.

"Billy has taught us *such* a lot of Indian signs with the left-over beans! He makes believe they are rocks or stones and when he makes the sign we have to guess what it means, according to the Manual of Woodcrafters," said Paul, eagerly.

"Show Miss Miller how we do it, Billy?" urged Edith.

Billy then selected a large bean and a smaller one and placed the latter on top of the former; this done, he looked at Betty, whose turn it was to reply to the sign.

"'This is the Trail,'" said Betty, joyfully.

"Right! Now I will change the sign and go back to one we had before," remarked Billy, placing three beans, one on top of another, the largest at the bottom and the smallest one on top.

"Your turn, Paul," reminded Edith.

"That means 'important warning,'" said Paul, glancing at the Guide for commendation.

Billy nodded approval and changed the beans so a small one was on top of the large one and another small one was placed to the right of them. Then it was Edith's turn to answer.

"'Turn to the right,'" replied she.

"Right again!" said Billy, changing one bean and placing it at the left of the two beans. Then it was Dot's turn.

"'Turn to the left,'" said she, without hesitation.

Billy then piled up a little heap of stones—or rather beans—and asked Paul if he knew what they meant. This was a new lesson which had only been repeated once, but Paul knew it.

“It means, ‘we camped here because one of us was sick.’ ”

“Now, I’m going to teach you some new ones,” said Billy, making various signs out of combinations of the beans, thus making the Brownies understand the meaning of the different signs.

Miss Miller was so pleased with Billy’s idea that she went back to the cooks and said, “Do you know that the Brownies are on the road to win an honour for Sign Language?”

Of course the Big Lodge had to run in and see for themselves, and that interrupted the lesson for the day.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE FOURTH OF JULY PARTY

THE following morning the rain still poured as if it would never stop, so the girls of the Big Lodge realised that they must find other entertainment for the Brownies than that of the day before.

"I used to make some things that were heaps of fun," suggested Zan, as they all sat about in the Council Ring.

"Show us what?" demanded Edith, eagerly.

"Elena will have to help me, for it is tedious work. We need the card-board and Indian ink. Have you the ink here?" Zan inquired of Miss Miller.

"I saw a bottle of it on your father's desk," replied the Guide, sending Billy for it.

Meantime Zan marked off a square on the card-board about twelve inches on each side and then dotted lines as in the following illustration.

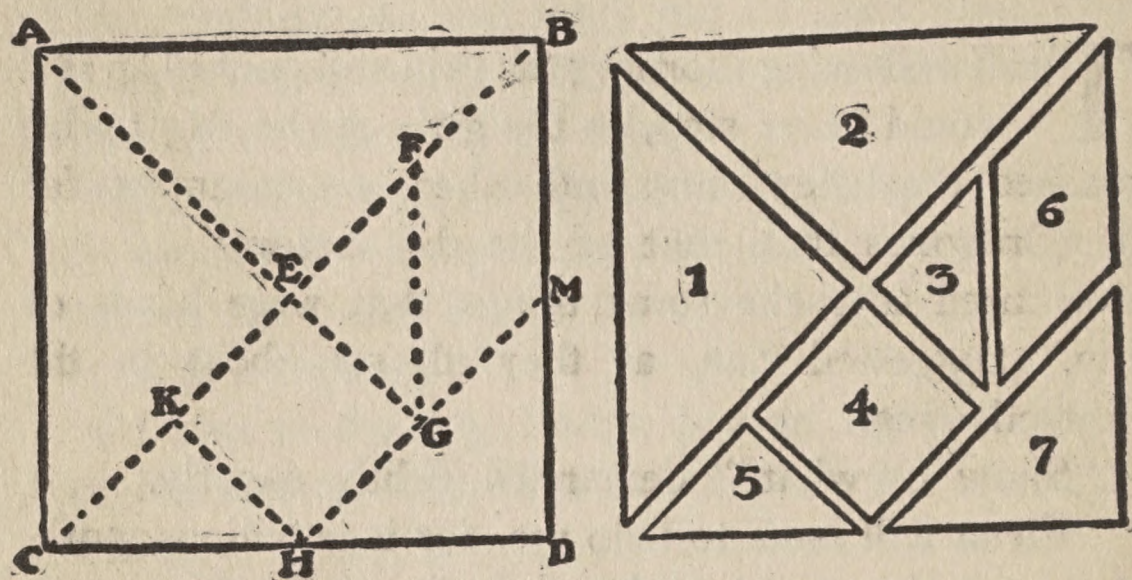
These dotted lines divided the square into seven sections, each section numbered and each line lettered so that they could be kept track of when the designs were made.

"Here, Elena, now it's your turn to ink all of these squares on the other side, leaving the side with

the numbers on white," ordered Zan, shoving the pieces across the table.

When Elena had completed inking one square and it was dry enough to handle, Zan cut the sections apart on the dotted lines.

"What are you doing that for?" asked inquisitive Dot.



Pattern for Browniegram

"This is what we call a 'working model'—that is a pattern we can use as a guide," replied Zan.

"According to Zan, Miss Miller must be our 'working model,'" laughed Jane.

"The best ever made!" quickly declared Elena.

"And one we will do well to pattern after!" added Zan.

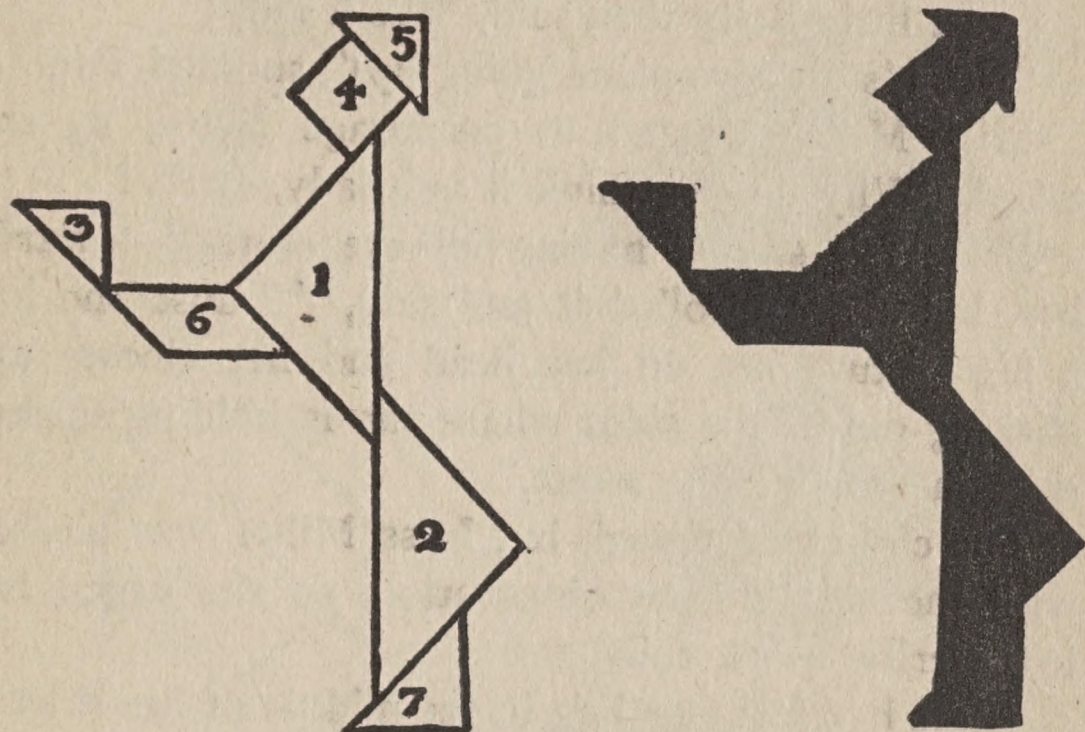
Miss Miller smiled at the compliments that she felt were sincere, but Edith bent over Zan and whispered, "Please don't stop to talk!"

Zan took the seven pieces and arranged them to

make a figure. Every one watched with interest, and when the figure was finished Zan gave it a title.

"Here you see Billy Brownie all ready to read to you from the Little Lodge Tally Book!"

This pleased the children and they laughed, so Zan shuffled the pieces and turned to Billy, saying, "See if you can make the same figure that I did just now."



A Browniegram

Billy took the sections and studied the numbers for a time, then tried to make the same figure which had seemed so easy when Zan did it. But he tried and tried, without succeeding.

"Gracious, I'll give it up! But I can make something else, for almost anyway you place them, you can see something in the finished picture," said Billy, quickly placing them in a new arrangement.

The others laughed at his failure to do such an easy thing as placing the pieces as Zan had them, but he finished his design and then told the others to guess what it was.

"It's a musical top!" cried Dot.

"Hardly—for a top wouldn't be upside-down," said Nita.

Quiet little Betty then said, "It's a lady!"

"No, it's an aero-plane going up!" shouted Paul.

Miss Miller wanted to encourage Betty, so she asked, "Why do you think it is a lady, Betty?"

Betty felt shy at having all eyes turned towards her, but she controlled it and said, "'Cause she has a big picture hat on her head and her elbows are sticking out at the sides where she is holding up her skirt in crossing the street."

The children laughed, but Miss Miller was pleased with the child's keen observation, so she urged her to describe more fully.

"I see her feet standing in the middle of her skirt—can you?" asked Betty, pointing to the lowest pointed section.

"Yes, that is quite plain," remarked Zan, smilingly.

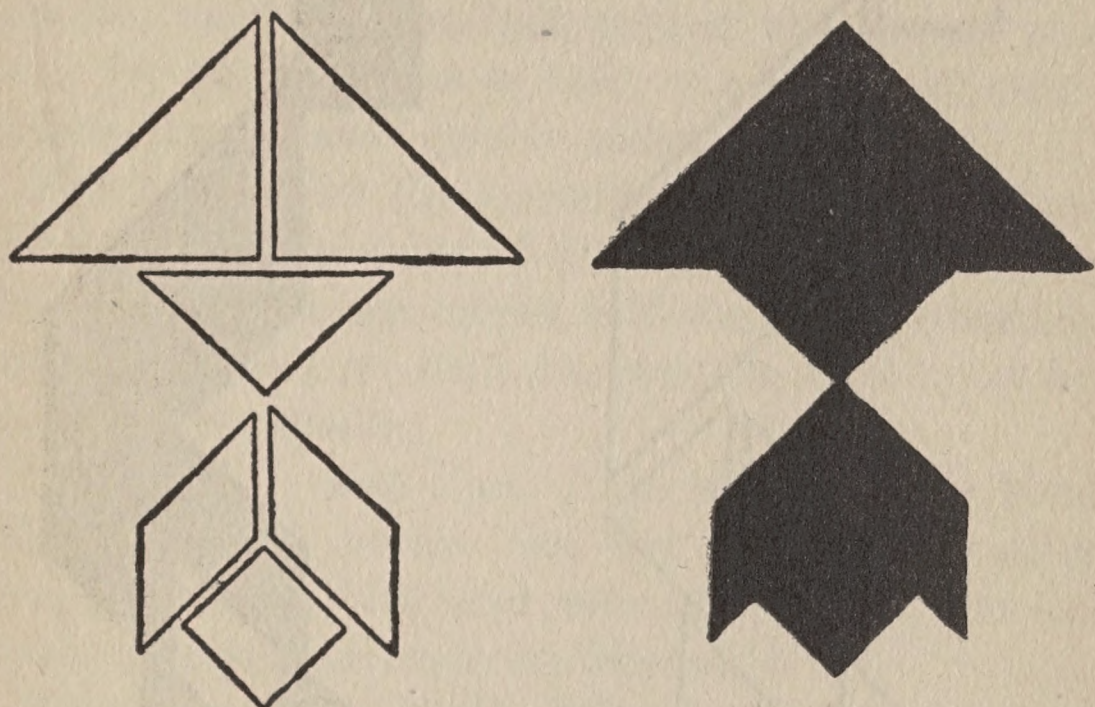
"And those two points are where her skirt hangs down from the hold her hands have on them. But maybe she didn't have a big hat—maybe that's her umbrella, 'cause it's raining!" ventured Betty.

"I can't see any lady there—I see George Washington in a cocked hat and a mantle hanging down from his shoulders!" exclaimed Paul.

"It is evident that the sex of the Brownie determines the interpretation of the figures!" laughed the Guide.

"Well, shall I call it a lady or a general?" asked Elena.

"Why not both titles? The lady won't care and the general can't object!" laughed Zan.



The Lady Browniegram

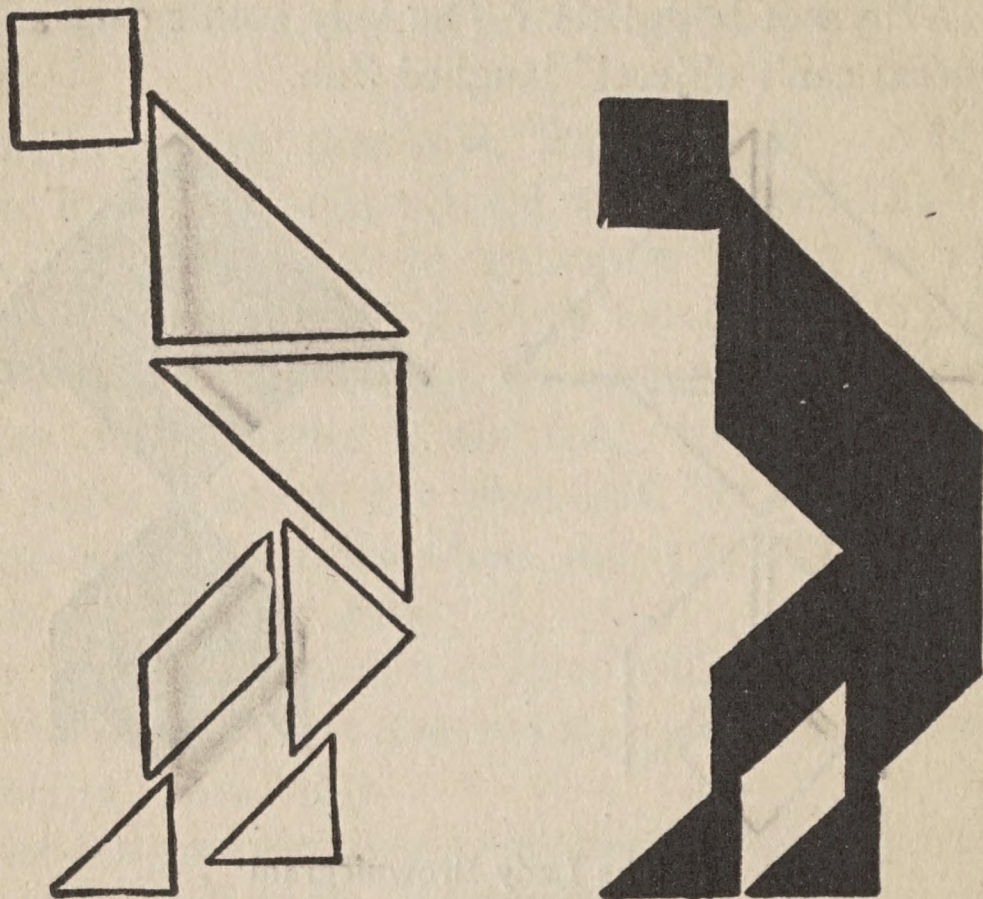
While they were talking Nita mixed the sections up so they might try another combination.

Edith tried to place the pieces so she could do the same picture of the general or lady over again, but neither would comply with Edith's wishes; however, she made an arrangement that made the Brownies guess again.

"It looks like the gardener raking our lawn," laughed Billy.

"No! Dat's Alfwed playin' piggy-back wiv Teddy!" cried the little Brownie who had been deeply interested in the whole procedure.

"Is that you on his back—why, how black you are!" teased Edith.



The Medicine Man

Teddy stared hard at the figure for a moment and Billy said, "I can't see *you* anywhere on Alfred's back!"

"Teddy dus fell off!" shouted he, victoriously.

The others laughed and Miss Miller was about to suggest that Teddy's title be adopted, when Paul cried, "He's a pedlar!"

"But he hasn't any pack!" objected Zan.

"Couldn't he be a book-agent and carry them under his arm?" asked Billy.

"Oh, yes, he could sell tooth-picks, too, and carry them in his vest-pocket, I suppose," retorted Jane.

"He hasn't any arms at all! Call him a cripple!" called Paul.

"No, no! let us play and have all the wholesome fun we can, but let us not suggest any mental pictures for our Brownies to hold, of suffering or other pitiable conditions!" quickly added Miss Miller.

Zan understood the Guide's aversion to undesirable talk or suggestions of sin, disease and death, for she believed that one cannot hold too many optimistic and good ideas, so that the opposite kind must be controlled eventually.

"I have it!" cried Zan. "He is a Medicine Man with moccasins on his feet and a Navajo blanket over his back! His head may look square, for he wears a bonnet of *coups* on his head!"

"Medicine Man—that's it!" abetted the girls; so that was the name given him.

"Now, the Brownies must all sit down and make a set of these Brownie-grams for themselves," advised the Guide.

The suggestion met with approval and there was intense quiet for a time, while the children cut and inked and planned.

It cleared off during dinner and before two o'clock the sun was shining as brightly as if such things as clouds and rain never were seen or heard of.

"We've got a hard afternoon's work before us, if we expect to make the camp presentable for the party," said Zan, the moment the dishes were washed.

"Zan, will you call up Bill on the 'phone and see if he is coming over with the horse—if so, he can cart back the cots on the wagon," advised Miss Miller.

Bill said he would be glad to get the cots and baggage in an hour's time, when he hooked up the horse to drive to Hamilton's.

Although the guests coming to the party were not expected until noon on the Fourth, the Tribe had everything ready and were impatiently waiting when cat-calls and a great confusion of shouts were heard coming from the direction of the Big Bridge.

The first thing Paul said, in greeting his mother, when the visitors had climbed the slope, was, "Had your dinner?"

"I should say we had!" replied Fiji, speaking for all. "We stopped at a country hotel and the distracted owner must have wondered where such a lot of hungry people ever hailed from!"

During the preceding winter, the doctor had had men clear the broken or diseased trees out of the woods immediately surrounding the Bluff and the largest of these were cut in proper lengths and placed in a circle about the Council Fire. Here now, fond parents and indulgent visitors were invited to sit.

Miss Miller and Zan opened the Council, as usual, but most of the business was omitted to leave more time for "Reports of Scouts," which included the

work done since coming to camp and for the entertainment proper.

The blue-prints of ferns, flowers, and grasses were passed from hand to hand and greatly admired by every one, while the Brownies stood smiling at the pleasure their parents expressed.

The description of wild birds, wild animals, and wild flowers came next, each Brownie choosing what they wished and telling all about it.

Then the forest trees were described and a few legends of the stars were told before the Guide suggested a change in the programme.

"Now, friends, we have all been quiet for so long that I advise the Brownies to show you their popular dance. Miss Nita Brampton will explain the story of this dance, as she is the teacher of the Brownies' Class of Dancing."

Nita told the story of Nana-bo-jou, while Paul and Billy assumed the hideous masks of the goblins, and the other Brownies prepared for the dance. The loon had a feather in her hair, the fox a brush hanging down her back, the bear had a shaggy rug, brought from the house, Tammy had his little red monkey's cap perched upon his head, and Teddy, the collar made of tinsel.

Edith represented the Nana-bo-jou, so upon Nita's conclusion of the story, the dance began and continued with gusto, particularly the last part where the Nana-bo-jou is overcome and Black Magic is destroyed.

The guests enjoyed and laughed at this dance as

heartily as any member of the Tribe could wish for, and they all asked for another distinctly Indian dance.

Paul had begged so hard to be permitted to do the Lone Scout that he had practised faithfully and now could perform very well. So Billy, his instructor, gladly loaned him his Indian suit and bonnet, also the shield and spear.

Nita started beating the tom-tom and Paul soon appeared from out of the bushes. He held the spear high above his head with one hand, and the shield before him. With a loud whoop he sprang to the centre of the circle and quickly changed the spear to his left hand which held the shield. He made the rolling-call by patting his mouth with the flat palm of his hand while he gave the "Oo-oo" sound of warning.

After this, he danced twice around the ring swinging the spear and throwing both hands up above his head to cause the spear and shield to clash together as a prowess of his hunting.

When he made rapid passes at his audience they shrank back making the Woodcrafters laugh merrily at their fear. Then he did some impromptu steps and gestures very gracefully, always showing self-possession and confidence—both new qualities in Paul.

Next came the time for the scout to go hunting, so he crouched low and shaded his eyes with one hand and pretended to be listening for suspicious sounds and watching the movement of the twigs and leaves. As he danced around the ring in two-step, keeping



THE LONE SCOUT

time to the beating of the tom-tom, the visitors clapped encouragingly.

At the beginning of the fourth round, Paul stopped suddenly and started in surprise as he found a trail—showing by his acting that he had done so.

The music then changed to march time and the Lone Scout followed an imaginary trail, picking up dry leaves, or watching the direction the plant-life turned in the breeze. He sniffed the wind and sought here or there for a possible sign of game.

Suddenly, he pretended to spy a deer feeding in the copse, so he crept up slowly, while the tom-tom beat slower time, until he was near enough to cast the spear. He then rose from the crouching position and made a feint of throwing the spear, then another feint as he stood upright, and at last he was about to launch the weapon, when a significant sound came at one side of him.

He turned swiftly and saw a band of enemies ready to close in about him. He dropped down in the hiding grasses and crept to the sheltering bushes. Once there, he fled to a safe distance, where he turned to fling a defiant call to his enemies and shake his spear in derision; then, he ran to the protection of the deep forest and was lost to sight.

The dance was unusually well-done by Paul, and at the end, where the scout finds protection in the forest, he dropped gracefully upon his knees and rested. The applause was really deafening, the visit-

ing boys giving cat-calls and whistling between their fingers in a shrill manner.

Miss Miller was delighted at the applause given, for she knew how encouraging this would be to Paul, as well as being an incentive to the other children.

Zan then announced that their next number was a patriotic song recently written to represent the desires and yearning of the American People who knew that Liberty and Freedom must be the foundation of lasting prosperity and contentment.

The songs had arrived from New York the day before and Miss Miller had ordered enough copies to distribute among the guests.

"When our Tribe sings this song called 'Our America,' I wish every one to join us—whether you can sing or not; it is not the physical that sings, you know, it is the spirit!" said the Guide.

Dr. Baker smiled at Miss Miller's words, and when they all stood to sing, the doctor, who never sang a correct note in his life, joined the singing with a heartiness that bespoke volumes for his spirit.

Zan then invited the visitors to join in the "March, march, march, march" song by Farwell, singing as they marched about the Council Ring. This the guests also enjoyed as being part of the Brownies' fun.

After all were seated again, the Green Corn Dance was shown and Nita was then invited to dance the Storm Cloud.

While she was doing this, Zan and Miss Miller dressed the Brownies in their flower costumes to act

in the tableaux. As the seven little blossoms posed gracefully, Elena recited the jingles written by the big girls to fit each character and pose. This entertainment was so admired by the guests that many of them took snap-shots of the groups in their various poses.

Immediately after the tableaux Paul whispered anxiously to the Guide, "Don't you think they ought to have refreshments, now?"

"I will see what Zan says, but rest assured, Paul, that I will see that you get an extra slice of cake for that Lone Scout of yours!" laughed Miss Miller.

Paul sighed contentedly and sat down beside Betty to bide his time. Meantime, Mrs. Sherwood bustled out of the circle of visitors and went to the outdoor kitchen, where stood the table with sandwiches and cake.

Before any new suggestion could be introduced, Dr. Baker stood up and gave the sign to the Chief, then said, "I have been requested by some of the male contingent present among your guests that you give another deer hunt similar to the one we enjoyed last summer."

"We will be pleased to do so, Doctor, on condition that Fiji has nothing to do with the get-away!" retorted the Guide, making every one laugh as they remembered the trick the mischievous boy played on the Band of Woodcrafters the summer previous.

"I will offer to carry the deer!" called the doctor.

At this the laugh turned to shouts, for it would

indeed be amusing to see the professional city man doing all sorts of queer turns to carry the straw-stuffed deer away to a hiding place of safety.

"You folks laugh as much as to say that I can't save the deer! Well, I will show you!" promised the doctor.

As soon as the hand-clapping was quieted, he added, "Of course, my ceremonial costume has not yet been beaded, but I am prepared to wear my camp uniform. I will just retire for a moment to change my appearance!"

So saying, the jolly doctor hurried to the little log cabin and closed the door. In a few minutes he reappeared with a pair of blue overalls drawn over his city clothes. When the children saw him in his "country-life clothes," they shouted "How!" and the guests laughed merrily.

Then the doctor called to his friend, who was sitting on a low tree-stump, smiling at the wholesome fun. "See here, Hubert, aren't you going to be a little boy, too! Get up and join this deer hunt!"

As the doctor was ready to go, the Guide called all of the hunters to their places and explained what must be done. She then said she would remain at camp with Mrs. Sherwood to attend to refreshments, while the others went on the trail.

The moment the ten minutes' leeway given the doctor was ended, the hunters started on his tracks. But half an hour passed while the Guide completed all arrangements for refreshments and still no sound was

heard that the hunters had caught the "Deer" doctor.

Miss Miller sat upon the Council Chair wondering where they could possibly have gone, when a whoop close behind her made her jump up.

It turned out to be Mr. Hubert, who suspected the doctor of a clever dodge and, instead of going with the rest of the crowd of hunters who followed the tracks, crept back waiting for a sound or sign from the bushes surrounding the camp on the Bluff.

He was well acquainted with the doctor's habits and knew that his friend was not very likely to tramp miles up and down rough mountain-sides.

The result was that he heard a faint crackling of dry twigs and he followed the doctor back to the log cabin at camp. There he found him sitting upon a log chewing contentedly upon a strip of sweet-birch.

Mr. Hubert led his captive out to the Council Ring and claimed the honour for killing the deer. Miss Miller laughed at the clever dodge both men had played and wondered where the other hunters could be scouting at that time.

"Well, as we are alone, I want to tell you of a plan Hubert and I have outlined for this summer," said Dr. Baker, throwing himself upon the grass, while Mr. Hubert sat beside him.

He then told Miss Miller the surprise in store for Wako Tribe, but they were not to hear of it until the following morning.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

AT WOODCHUCK CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACKS

THE Tribe slept late the following morning, and when all assembled for breakfast, they were dumbfounded to hear that they were to return to the city that afternoon.

"Would one day more or less make any difference to Dad?" asked Zan.

"I don't want to go home!" whined Paul.

"Neither do I!" added Dot.

"Teddy tsay all dey time!" cried the little fellow.

"Tammy too!" quickly came from Teddy's vassal.

The Guide placed both hands over her ears while every one had some argument to give for remaining at Wickeecheokee. When the confusion had quieted somewhat, Miss Miller explained.

"Is there any reason why we should not enjoy camp at some other spot? You know, we were only invited to remain until the day after the Fourth!"

"But mother and the boys are not coming down for a few days—they said so!" remonstrated Zan.

"Besides, we have things to do that can't be made in a city. It has to have the country!" complained Edith.

"Oh, but I didn't say we had to remain in the city! The country is a large place, Edith!" returned Miss Miller.

"Maybe you have some idea in your head!" suggested Billy.

"I rather think I have! But it was given me by Mr. Hubert and the doctor the short time we were alone waiting for the deer-hunters to return to the Bluff."

The children quickly drew closer to the Guide and waited for the revelation.

"Last summer, while we were beginning our Woodcraft Camp here on the farm, the Baker family joined the Huberts in taking a cottage on the sea-shore where the three boys enjoyed the novelty of a summer on the beach.

"During the summer the Hubert's Adirondack camp was closed, but Wako Band used this farm. Now, we have been planning to go to some mountain camp this summer, but have not found what we wanted, until the doctor's idea was placed before me yesterday.

"The Bakers will use the farm this summer for the boys' camp and Jack Hubert will be here with his friends. Mr. Hubert will come down with the doctor whenever they can, but that leaves Mrs. Hubert to go to Woodchuck Camp all alone. So, we have been invited to spend our summer in camp with her."

Before the Guide could conclude her proposition, there was such a babel of shouts that she had to shake

her head in disapproval. After a few moments they quieted again.

"You see, Mrs. Hubert is as much interested in Woodcraft as her husband is, but she likes to work with the girls, while he will assist the doctor in this boys' camp.

"The Adirondack camp comprises several hundred acres of woodland and a small lake. There is enough cultivated land there to raise certain vegetables, and there is also a chicken-run where eggs and chickens are furnished during the summer.

"There is the large cabin always used by the Huberts, and several large and small tents that have been used in the past by Jack and his school-mates. We will not have to bother about any shelter or cots, as those are already there, and the ones Mrs. Remington offered to send up with us will more than accommodate us. Now, who votes to go back home at once and get ready for Woodchuck Camp?"

So many "Hows!" sounded that there was no doubt it was a unanimous vote. Then questions came fast and furious.

"When do we start?"

"Who's going?"

"What shall we pack up?"

"How far is it?"

"What route do we travel?"

And so many other queries that Miss Miller refused to reply to any unless they were answered by her following words.

"Mrs. Hubert leaves on Monday—next week—which gives us five days in which to prepare to be ready to meet her at the station and go with her. I shall be there!" said Miss Miller.

"So'll I!" added Zan.

"What about the Brownies?" asked Billy.

"Hilda can take me," cried Paul, with relief.

"And I will look after Dot!" offered Jane.

"I can help with Betty and Tammy!" said Zan.

"I can offer to help look after the Remingtons!" added Elena and Nita.

"Maybe mother won't let Teddy go without Anna!" ventured Edith.

Teddy frowned belligerently at his sister at that, but the Guide's next words quieted his fears.

"I was talking over the 'phone to Mrs. Baker while you children were still asleep this morning, and I hear that the plan was talked over on the way back yesterday. As soon as I get home I am to let Mrs. Remington hear from me so that the three of us—Mrs. Hubert, Mrs. Remington and myself, can make arrangements."

"Then let us hurry back!" cried Edith.

"We've got to clean up camp and pack our things!" reminded Billy.

"No, Dr. Baker said we were to start as soon as possible and leave the camp as it was for Bill to clear up. Bill has had his orders," explained Miss Miller.

"Then we must vote our thanks to Bill and Mrs.

Sherwood for doing it for us!" declared Billy, who forgot nothing that gave Woodcraft the honour.

The Guide nodded her approval, while Edith added, "And that nice Dr. Baker! We must write a letter and thank him for the camp these last ten days!"

"How! How!" approved the Tribe members, so a letter was written and signed by every member—Teddy and Tammy making their marks after their written names.

"Oh, it doesn't seem true that we are really going to the mountains!" sighed Nita.

"Just think of it—two months!" cried Billy, dancing a "scalp" dance.

"I can't get back to the city quick enough to get ready, can you?" Edith asked Dot, excitedly.

But each one managed to be ready when Bill Sherwood blew the horn to call them down to the road where stood the lumbering farm-wagon, well-filled with straw for the children to sit in.

One team could not draw so many children so Hamilton's carryall had been engaged to carry the Guide and some of the Woodcrafters to the railway station. Teddy and Tammy were in Miss Miller's charge, while the five girls who founded the Little Lodge sat in the wagon with their charges. The other girls rode in the carryall.

After they had really started Dot cried, "Oh, I wanted to carry ~~my~~ turnip-basket back home!"

Every one laughed, but Miss Miller said, "You can

trust it to Mrs. Baker's care. And next fall you can start some new ones."

Good-byes were called to Bill and the other driver after the campers were settled in the cars, and soon they were on their way back to the city, showing fine coats of tan for the ten days in camp, and cheeks plumped out while faces looked happy and contented, instead of peevish or irritable as is often the case with children in cities.

During the ensuing five days, so many telephone calls were made that the doctor laughingly said Wako Tribe ought to start its own company. Purchases had to be made, material selected for Woodcraft work that summer, and all the accessories that go to make camp-life a joy, had to be attended to by the grown-ups.

It had been planned that Mrs. Remington, who felt a deep interest in Wako Tribe, should accompany Mrs. Hubert to Woodchuck Camp that summer, and the following summer, if all was well, they would all visit her Island in Maine where a fine Woodcraft Camp was established.

Mrs. Remington explained that she could loan the camp to some other Guides of the League, as Elizabeth expected to go with some friends to a Summer Art School and her son had already joined some friends on a trip across the continent.

When the invitation to camp in the Adirondacks was extended to all of the members of Wako Tribe, which numbered twenty-one big girls not including the

Guide, it was found that many of them had made other arrangements. One girl expected to go with her parents to Canada, another was going to the seashore, another was going West, and so on, until there were but nine big girls and the seven Brownies going to Woodchuck Camp. With Miss Miller, and Anna, the governess, it would make eighteen to camp, while Mrs. Remington and Mrs. Hubert would occupy the Cabin.

Mr. Hubert sent the large automobile to the camp with the extra baggage, the maid, and Tim, the chauffeur. They left before the rest of the party and arrived at Woodchuck Camp the day before the campers did.

From the railroad station to the camp was a distance of over ten miles, much of it upgrade through wild forestland. Another large car had been engaged from the nearest garage to carry the Brownies, with Anna, Zan and the Guide, while the Hubert car was filled with the others.

Jane was the only member of the Tribe who had ever seen such primeval forests, so it was a wonderful sight for the others.

The first glimpse of the camp site with its beautiful lake, towering pines, and thriving little garden of vegetables, made the members of Wako Tribe rejoice in silence for a time, but then there was Bedlam for every one wanted to express their joy at once.

Tim had the tents up, cots made, and other things

all ready for the Tribe so, upon their arrival, they could unpack at once and get settled.

Before a week had passed, the campers all felt very much at home, and ready to begin some interesting work.

They were located near enough to the lake for it to be readily accessible for swimming, canoeing and fishing; then, too, the beautiful rushes that grew in the small inlets offered inducements for weaving, and the spring of cold water near the tents provided washing privileges.

So, with every one happy and eager to win honours and *coups* during the summer, the Guide outlined some plans for work.

"I think we will begin on our totems first; we want them to place before our tents. Mrs. Remington brought many designs with her, and Elena can suggest colours while we all help the Little Lodge in painting the totems."

Accordingly, the Woodcrafters were soon at work on the totems, which were made of barrel-heads sand-papered down to a smooth finish. Each Woodcrafter could select a design for the individual totem, hence Edith chose a five-pointed star and painted it red on a white ground.

"I like a star because it will be the same as that on the American Flag, but I'm making it red, 'cause I like red!" explained she, when Elena asked her about it.

Paul chose a duck for his totem, and Zan helped

him to enlarge the design to fit the totem before he began painting it.

"I'm going to paint a blue on the background 'cause that means either sky or water."

Billy was such an adept at the work that he needed no help from others, but soon painted his totem. He had chosen a fox for his emblem as he had heard Figi say the new boy's band was to be called the Grey Fox Band. And Billy had secret ambitions of joining that Band the following year, when he should have attained the proper age to leave the Brownies.

The Fox Totem finished, Billy decided to decorate some canoe-paddles belonging to the new canoe that had been sent to Woodchuck Camp by Mr. Remington. He selected some designs from the assortment loaned the Brownies and was soon ready to sand-paper the paddles.

"If you fasten a strip of sand-paper to a block of wood it will make your work a lot easier," suggested kind-hearted Tim, who was so willing to help the Woodcrafters in every way.

All were so intensely interested in their work that not a word was spoken, hence the sudden commotion that sounded from the group where Paul and Dot were painting caused all the more surprise. Instead of subsiding it grew louder and the Guide sent Zan to investigate.

She ran over and heard Dot wailing while shaking a paint-brush threateningly at Paul.

"Yes, you did, too! Your old foot kicked it over!"

PAINTING THE TOTEMS



"You hadn't any business to let the old paint-pail sit right in my way!" retorted Paul.

"Well, anyway, you've got to give me your blue paint!" continued Dot, scowling at Paul.

"I guess not! Why should I?" cried Paul, angrily.

"I'll take it, if you don't give it to me!"

"Just try and see what you'll get!" scoffed Paul.

Zan appeared at the moment Dot pulled up a clump of sod and threw it at Paul. He dodged it and the dirt fell into the paint-pail and scattered over his freshly decorated totem.

"I'll make you pay for that!" screamed Paul, jumping up to run for Dot's totem.

"Here, here! What's all this fuss about?" asked Zan.

"He spilled all my paint!" cried Dot.

"She spoiled my totem!" shouted Paul.

"Tell me how it happened and let me decide what to do," said Zan, trying to calm the Brownies. "Billy, will you explain?"

"Better let Dot and Paul explain first—then I will add my opinion!"

Zan smiled for Billy scored one that time, so she turned to Dot for the story. But Paul hurriedly began his tale.

"Well, you see, I had a cramp in my leg 'cause it was doubled under me so long, and when I stretched it my foot turned over her pail of paint—that's all! Then she got mad and fired a big lump of dirt all over me and my totem and the paint!"

"Oh, ooo! What a-a-a——" Dot started in to say when Zan interrupted her.

"Wait a moment, Dot! Merely tell me what you did and what did Paul do?"

"Well, he's a big story-teller, anyway! I was only painting my totem when he said, mean-like, 'Get back out of my way!'

"I told him I couldn't move 'cause the tree was right in my road and my little dish of paint was too full to move!

"Then he never waited a single minute but just pushed his old foot over to overturn my paint! I told him to stop shoving against my totem and he wouldn't. When he said lots of real mean words at me I threw a teeny bit of grass at him, but it hit his paint-pan instead!"

"Billy, can you give me any extra information on this?" asked Zan, wishing to be fair with both children in the quarrel.

"All I can add is that they are both wasting good time in a bad quarrel! Why not get some fresh paint from Elena and go on with their painting? But, for goodness' sake, Zan, put them with enough trees between them to save any more things being kicked over. A tree won't tip if Paul kicks at it!" said Billy seriously.

Elena and Zan laughed delightedly at Billy's practical way of judging the matter, and Zan said, "You'll be a Judge in the Supreme Court, some day, Billy."

Dot was given some fresh paint and Paul was stationed at some distance where his feet could not interfere with others.

The painting then proceeded without more trouble, until Teddy got up to admire the art of the other Brownies and, returning to his own work, he stumbled. That caused him to sit right down in the small tin lid which was filled with white paint.

He looked anxiously about, but couldn't see the pan so he jumped up and started hunting for it before the Brownies knew what had happened. Then, it was found that the tin was fast to the back of Teddy's bloomers so that he couldn't see it.

The others had a great laugh at Teddy's expense, but the little Brownie laughed as merrily as any, while Elena filled the little dish with fresh paint.

Then the horn blew for dinner and, during the meal, Elena asked Mrs. Hubert if Billy might use his art on the canoe and paddles. Permission was given and Mrs. Remington suggested that the Alaskan figures represented on the miniature totem-pole standing in the cabin be used for the designs.

"I brought that totem all the way from Seattle, children," said Mrs. Hubert. "It came originally from Sitka, and was sold to a captain who lived in Seattle."

"By the way, Brownies, do you know that Seattle is named after a mighty Chief?" asked Mrs. Remington. "His house was about five hundred feet long and the posts were all elaborately carved. A royal dwelling, indeed, had this Chief Seattle!"

In the afternoon, while the Brownies finished painting their totems, the Big Lodge girls started on the bead-looms so that the children could begin making bead-bands as soon as they were through with the totems.

Mrs. Hubert assumed the responsibility of the Little Lodge that afternoon while Mrs. Remington assisted the big girls with the bead-looms.

For several days thereafter, the children were intensely interested in making bead-work, then they tired of that for a time. But during the time they had been weaving, the Big Lodge experimented with a telephone apparatus so that they might speak to the cabin without running back and forth.

When the Brownies wearied of the bead-work Billy said, "Let us make a telephone, too!"

This appealed to the others, so Paul and Billy soon found some empty baking-powder and condensed milk cans on a heap back of the garage. Tim helped them melt off the ragged rims where they had been cut open, and he also waxed the twine they expected to use for the conductor of the message.

A length of about a hundred feet of twine was rosined and then each end was pushed through a hole punctured in the ends of the cans. A knot secured the twine inside the can, and then the telephone was ready for the children to play with.

It mattered not to the Brownies that their apparatus was crude and faulty, so long as they derived all the fun they did from their tin cans and waxed twine,

while the Big Lodge were completing a fine piece of work.

After this, no one wanted to paint, and a telephone had been made; hiking, swimming, rowing, and other water-sports, besides flowers, birds, forestry and star study were matters of course in Woodchuck Camp, but there must be some new work to do to interest the active children; so Mrs. Remington had a talk with Billy, who was very clever with carpentry work, and he agreed to superintend the Brownies while they built something of wood.

There was such a quantity of good down-timber of all kinds and sizes that Billy suggested that he use some of the pieces to make a rustic article. His mother approved, and he sat down to sketch a crude pattern of a book-shelf for his guide.

Of course, Tim was a most valuable ally in this plan; so, after gathering suitable wood the Brownies began to construct the book-shelf.

The shelves were made of planed boards found in the attic of the cabin, left over when the carpenters built the house. The posts and brackets were made of the hard wood found in the forests, the bark having been peeled off and the wood polished.

Tim showed them how to build the frame-work so it would be firm before beginning to fit the shelves and nail them in place. Teddy and Tammy were sure they were making wonderful things, but their ideas of proportion were so queer that the four posts of the book-racks they made were all different lengths, and,

of course, no self-respecting book could be expected to rest upon the shelves even if the shelves themselves would agree to remain in a permanent position. However, the baby Brownies never seemed to worry over such a small matter as a teeter-tawter book-case.

When the carpentry work was finished the children began to cut and paint their totems on the posts and on top of shelf.

The work on the book-cases took several days, but the Brownies were highly commended when the work was completed. Even the Big Lodge thought it was splendid handicraft.

"If you Brownies can make a book-shelf as nicely as these are done, you ought to make your own bead-looms, too, and win an honour for it," suggested Zan.

"And they can help us build that cabin we want to make!" added Jane.

"Oh, are you girls going to build a house?" cried Edith.

"We want to, pretty soon, but we must find the wood and wait for nails, tools and other things first; so that we each can work without waiting for Tim's one hammer and saw!" said Zan.

The letter ordering the tools was sent to the post-office the next day and, while waiting for the things to come, the big girls had the Brownies build some more bird-houses to erect in the trees, and at the corners of the garage and cabin.

The bead-looms were started too, so that each Brownie might have one of his own when he returned

home. The bead-work started on the girls' looms was worked industriously until each Brownie had a head-band, and trimming for the ceremonial costumes. These were made and finished with the help of the ladies and Big Lodge girls.

One afternoon, a heavy thunder storm came up and the Tribe had to run for the dry shelter of the cabin, where they sang and danced during the downpour. It was then that a big party was planned for friends and relatives who would take the trouble to come to Woodchuck Camp to see the wonderful progress the Little Lodge members had made during the summer.

"We must have some new songs and dances, you know," said Nita, eager to teach the willing Brownies.

"Yes, something different from the ones we gave on the Fourth," added the Guide.

"I know a new one since then," cried Billy.

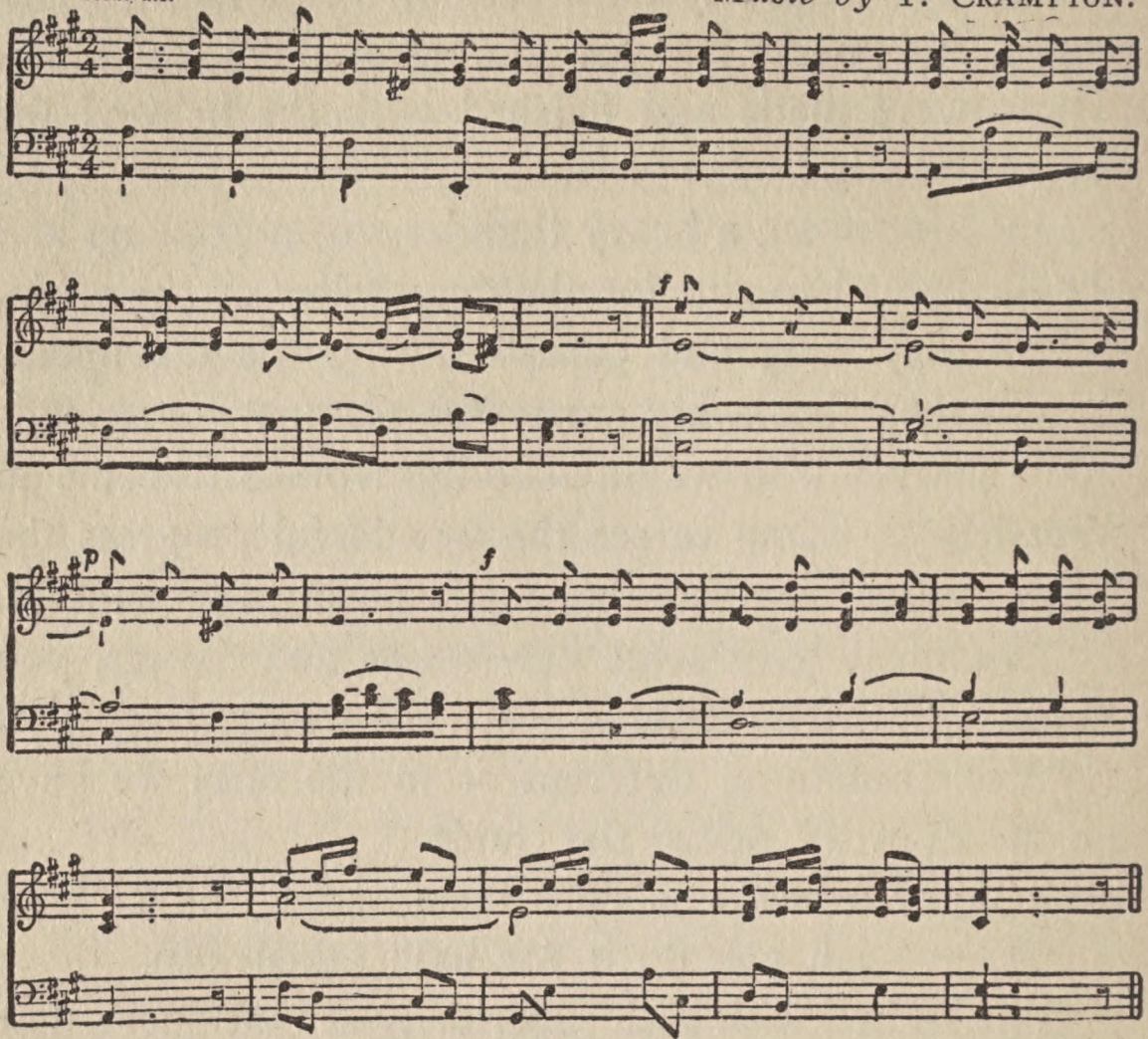
"What—can you do it for us!" asked Zan.

Billy smiled with such superiority at that query that his mother nudged Miss Miller and both of them smiled.

So, Billy sang and danced the old song.

The next day Miss Miller said, "We need new camp brooms and Mrs. Hubert says there is a spot some distance from camp where reeds and rushes grow. So, I suggested that we pack up a picnic lunch and spend the day there. We can cut the material for the brooms and come back to camp in the evening."

BUMBLE BEE

*Moderato.**Music by T. CRAMPTON.*

I

Bumble Bee superbly dressed in velvet, jet, and gold,
 Sailed along in eager quest, and hummed a ballad bold.
 Morning Glory clinging tight to friendly spires of grass,
 Blushing in the early light, looked out to see him pass.

2

Nectar pure as crystal lay within her ruby cup;
 Bee was very glad to stay, and tried to drink it up.
 "Fairest of the flowers," said he, "it was a precious boon,
 May you still a glory be, each morning, night, and noon."

The idea was hailed by every one, so early the next morning lunches were packed and the Tribe started

to hike for the distant place where the broom could be found.

Mrs. Hubert led the way and they walked along finding a trail through the forest. They had walked for a long time before Mrs. Hubert said they were almost at the place she had in mind.

The Tribe members were not sorry to rest when they finally reached a lovely spot on the shores of a beautiful lake.

"Oh, did you know this lake was here?" cried Nita.

"Yes, isn't it pretty? Almost as beautiful as our own, don't you think so?" said Mrs. Hubert.

Different opinions were given, but Billy said nothing.

The Guide and Mrs. Hubert watched him closely, for they wondered if he guessed the truth!

The reeds and rushes for brooms were cut and every one had a merry time making camp brooms, before Mrs. Hubert called them to help with the dinner.

"Oh, we haven't any water! Is there a spring near here?" asked Hilda.

"We can dig an Indian Well—near the lake," suggested Zan.

Then Billy said, "I have a better plan. Miss Miller, will you please come over here while I speak to you?"

Miss Miller instantly complied with the request and Billy whispered to her.

"This is our very own lake, but Mrs. Hubert led us a long way around that inlet and every one is

twisted in location. Now, our camp is right over there across that little peninsula of land, so I'll hike across and bring back some good water from our spring!"

Miss Miller had hard work to keep from laughing at the keen Woodcraft sense of the boy, but she admitted that he was right. However, she said he would be tired out from carrying a pail of water across the tangled woods that separated the camp ground from the picnic place.

"You didn't think I was going to carry it over, did you?" scorned Billy.

"What then?" wondered the Guide.

"Why, I'll let Paul go with me and we'll bring back two pails of water in the canoe. Then we can paddle back all of the blankets and pans and other stuff we had to lug over this morning when we hiked from camp!"

Miss Miller laughed to herself and called Paul over to hear the proposition.

When she joined the picnickers, Billy and Paul had started across through the woods to find good water, she said.

Then she whispered to Mrs. Hubert and Mrs. Remington: "Do you know that Billy is a better Woodcrafter than any of us? We might have spared the burden of carrying the axes and other things if we had given a thought to the canoe and the trip by water."

While the two boys were absent, the Tribe enjoyed



"HAIL, O BROTHERS!"

some dances given by Nita, and then a shout was heard coming from the lake.

Every one jumped up in surprise for they had no idea that strangers might be near their camp site. Running down to the shore, the girls were amazed to see a canoe much like their own at camp, being paddled swiftly across the water. Then, they saw two Indians dressed in ceremonial robes paddling the canoe.

Finally, Zan cried, "What joke is this?"

But Billy called out to the speechless Tribe, "Hail, O Brothers! We bring a blessing of pure water!"

At that he stood up and steered the canoe safely to a tiny cove where it could be anchored.

"Hail, O Brave!" laughed the Guide.

"Welcome to our shores!" added Mrs. Hubert, laughing at the surprise of the Brownies.

As soon as Paul and Billy had lifted the two pails of water from the canoe, Zan cried, "Will you tell us how you got back to camp so soon and canoed here with this water?"

Then Billy explained how he discovered the hoax on the girls, and determined to get the canoe so the baggage could be taken back over the water.

"And we found an easy trail over that peninsula, too, so you can go back to camp that way. We blazed a trail for you!" added Paul.

So, the brooms and other articles were taken by canoe and the campers followed the trail back to camp.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE END OF THE SUMMER CAMP

THE tools ordered arrived in camp the day after the picnic, and every one began to work on the cabin. Tim proved to be an indispensable boss, for he knew just what to do and how to do it. The members of the Tribe made admirable "journey-men" learning the trade, for they were eager and willing to be taught, and the grown women enjoyed superintending the Brownies.

The wood had been gathered during the time that elapsed since the order had been sent in, so there was plenty of timber to work with.

After many days of sawing, hammering (sometimes a finger caught the blow) and nailing, the cabin showed signs of nearing completion. It still lacked windows and a door, but these were minor items to be finished last of all.

While some of the campers made the windows and glazed the sash, others worked on the door that was made in Dutch style, an upper and lower section. The totems were painted on the doors and great crude hinges made of some pieces of zinc found in Tim's garage.

When the graceful flower-pots made earlier in camp by the Brownies were hung at the corners, and a large flat step laid in front of the door, the cabin was pronounced completed!

And it was well that the cabin was finished that day, too, for it was needed soon after completion.

The summer thus far had been an ideal season without other rain than the showers which quickly passed over, leaving the camp as dry as ever. But Tim ventured to say that a wet spell was brewing and he advised the girls to place all of their tools and other precious things in the cabin to keep dry.

And it was well that the Big Lodge obeyed Tim's advice, for that very night a fine drizzle began falling and in the morning everything was saturated and the air was as chill as in November.

"Better come to the big cabin for breakfast," suggested Mrs. Remington, coming over to the camp.

"I guess we will!" added Zan, shivering uncomfortably.

So, the tents were left in good order and the campers carried their cots over to the big cabin where they could place them on the great wide verandah.

A cheerful log fire was burning in the wide chimney of the living-room and here the children gathered to enjoy the warmth while waiting for breakfast.

After the meal was cleared away, Mrs. Hubert took up her knitting and asked the Woodcrafters if they wished to have a lesson in needle-craft.

"Oh, dear, no! Not to-day! We want to dance and

jump about to keep warm!" laughed Nita, who detested needle-craft.

"I'd like it, I think," said Hilda.

But she was soon overwhelmed with opposition, to the merriment of the grown-ups.

"Instead of knitting suppose we do some weaving? We have plenty of rushes under the piazza floor and no one has done any weaving in some time," suggested Jane.

So, the morning was devoted to weaving—the older girls making baskets and the younger Brownies weaving table-mats.

After dinner Mrs. Hubert started the Victrola and the campers danced to their heart's content, doing every dance they knew, and many of the games, too.

"I wish we had horns to do the Caribou Dance," sighed Zan, who liked that one better than the others.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait many moons before you have that wish fulfilled—unless you go out and cut some horns!" laughed Jane.

"Now, don't be too sure, Jane! There are some things I never travel without, and Caribou Horns is one of them!" laughed Mrs. Remington, going towards the narrow steps that led to the loft.

Every one was surprised, but Billy smiled. "I bet mother put a set of antlers in the trunk with our other Woodcraft stuff!"

And so it proved to be. With the return of Mrs. Remington to the room carrying a pair of horns for the dance, the furniture was quickly moved back out

of the way to leave the centre of the floor quite clear. Then, Paul and Billy danced the Caribou to the great enjoyment of the others.

When supper was announced every one was surprised for the afternoon had passed so quickly.

"Well, we can have supper out of the way and have a fine long evening for story-telling," said Edith, as they went into the dining-room, which was a continuation of the living-room curtained off by portières of summer material.

Immediately after the meal, the Brownies clamoured for their story.

"Dear me, we are all told out!" laughed Mrs. Hubert.

"Billy's mother *never* is!" declared Dot.

"I must live up to my reputation after that!" said Mrs. Remington, smiling; then she sat and gazed out of the window while the rain beat steadily down on the panes of glass.

As she gazed, the remembrance of a story told by a friend out West came to her and she decided to tell it to the children, as it was very sweet and helpful with its suggestions.

"One day a dark cloud sailed across the blue sky and said, 'How do you do, Mrs. Sun? I've gathered the water that the earth needs so much, and if you will please stop shining until I have finished sending the rain down upon the dry and dusty vegetation and ground, I'll be much obliged.'

"So, Mrs. Sun smiled at Mr. Cloud's brusque man-

ner of speaking and hid her face behind a veil of fleecy vapour.

"Soon after that, a great gathering of little rain-drops came tumbling out of their home in the big black cloud and started for the earth. They were happy, laughing little rain-drops and they just couldn't help dancing and singing all the way down.

"The gruff face of the old cloud broke up slightly in a watery smile as he heard them singing, so he called after them:

" 'Be sure to do your best to-day,
To make some one happy and some one gay.'

"The first thing a small group of the rain-drops did, was to flash against a broken window pane that partly sheltered an attic room in the top of a tall old tenement house. There sat an old man, his face drawn from suffering and his back bent with age and the load of cares he had had to carry so many years.

"When the rain-drops tinkled at the glass he looked up and felt refreshed at the sound, for he knew the shower would cool off the sultry city and his little grand-daughter working in the factory would feel better on this hot July day! As the little drops chased each other down the window panes, the old man remembered how he used to watch them run down the glass of his boyhood home. Thinking of his happy childhood made him more cheerful and gay.

"Another group of the singing rain-drops saw a

weary little bird sitting on a dry bough of a tree. His suit was dusty, for he had travelled many, many weary miles that day to reach home where his family waited for him. But the sun had been so scorching and there was little water to drink on the land he had to fly over, so he drooped with discouragement among the wilted leaves.

“Then the rain-drops called gaily to each other and all at once, from the branch above the weary bird’s head where they had gathered, a tiny stream poured upon his dusty feathers and washed the little fellow clean. He felt so refreshed at this that, with the confidence a clean body and a clear conscience always gives, he sang a lay and then flew down to a little pool of water and drank deeply to quench his thirst. He then flew on his way and soon reached home where he sang a gay song of thanks.

“Still another group of rain-drops pattered upon a window near which sat a little crippled girl. She sat there most of the day looking down the narrow street to pass away the time.

“As she watched the rain-drops playing tag and hide-and-seek upon the glass she smiled and was soon engrossed in trying to follow the flashing lines a drop made as it rolled down after its brother.

“Then some of the drops ran together and made zig-zag pictures for the little maid until she clapped her hands in glee and laughed merrily.

“Other rain-drops hurried down where dusty leaves of trees cried for a drink and still others fell upon

the drooping flowers and sank into their hearts to send refreshing moisture down into the roots that would enable them to hold up their pretty fragrant heads again with a stronger faith than ever.

"Then, some of the rain-drops fell upon streets or on dry land, where they too had a mission. For many drops would run together to a gutter or along the roadway until they fell into sewers, leaving filthy streets pure and clean; or the roadways would drop them into the ditch where they sank down out of sight. Roots of trees and growing plants would revive from the moisture soaking through the ground from the ditch-way, or perhaps, the tiny streams along the road-side would empty into the ground to lead the rain-drops along under ground until they came forth again, filtered and purified in a cool spring to offer wayfarers a drink.

"After many days the father cloud managed to gather them again in his arms, and when they were cuddled at his breast he said:

" 'My rain-drops did their best that day
To cheer the weary and make them gay.' "

When Mrs. Remington concluded the story, there were many voices raised in "How! How!" and it was pronounced one of the dearest stories ever told the Brownies.

That night, the two boys had to sleep in the loft where the windows were opened, and the girls of the

Tribe slept on the piazza or in the living-room. But they did not like the closeness of the house after having slept in the open for so long a time.

After breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Hubert offered to show the Brownies how to make a pin-hole camera if they would send one of their Tribe upstairs to find some empty boxes. So Zan was ordered to get them.

"I'll go up with you, Zan, as I know where some shoe-boxes are kept," said Jane.

"Those will be just the thing. Of course this is not going to be a real camera, but it is very amusing," explained Mrs. Hubert.

Hilda was sent to the kitchen to ask the maid for some sheets of oiled paper, and Elena was told to get her sketching materials ready to make a model for the Tally Book.

When all the material was brought to the table in the big living-room, Mrs. Hubert began.

"First, I cut a piece of cardboard about four inches longer than the end of this shoe-box. This is the sliding-screen frame inside. It will be bent over at each end into flaps that will hold it in place—like this."

The section was cut out and fitted in the box as she said.

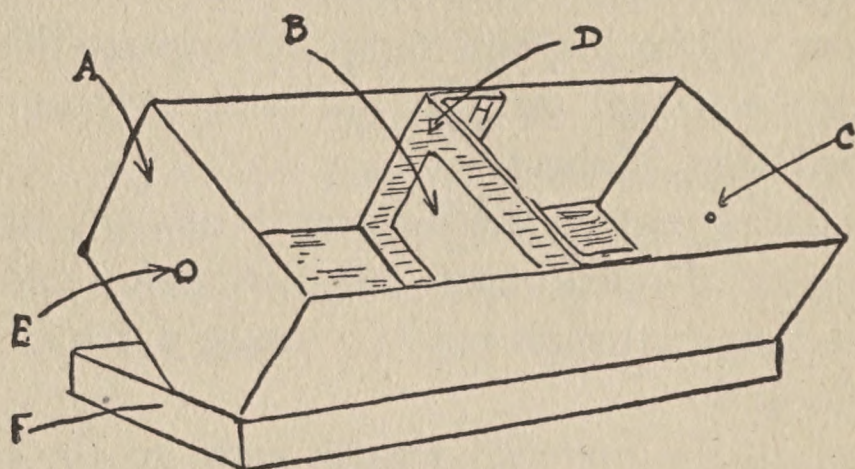
"Then, mark the end of the box 'A' and the screen-piece 'D' and the flaps 'H.' When we come to other pieces we will letter them accordingly.

"Cut out a section of the screen to make an opening

for the wax-paper—about half an inch of card-board is wide enough for a margin to hold the oiled paper. Now mark that margin 'D.'

"Next, I must have a piece of oiled paper large enough to fit this opening and, after glueing it to the frame, it must be smoothed out very carefully that there may be no wrinkles in the paper.

"After the glue is dry on the screen, I'll cut a peep-hole in one end of the box—like this. That can be



Pinhole Camera

marked 'E'; and at the opposite end I'll make a tiny hole with a pin and mark it 'C.'

"Now move the screen about four inches back from the pin-hole and put the box-cover on top. Point the box towards an object outside of the window and look through the peep-hole.

"If it is night and the room is lighted, point the camera at whatever you wish to see in the room, and it will be focussed upon the wax-paper screen inside the box. To make the image larger or smaller, move the sliding screen back and forth to suit."

When the camera was finished Mrs. Remington leaned over Elena's chair and took the sketch. She handed it to Mrs. Hubert, saying: "Isn't that a clever drawing model? I could make a camera by just looking at this sketch!"

Of course each Brownie wanted a camera-box for himself, so Jane was told to run upstairs and see if she could find any more empty boxes for the children.

A few moments later Jane was heard giggling to herself and she seemed to be jumping about on the floor overhead. So, Billy was sent to help her bring the boxes, for Mrs. Hubert thought she had too many to carry.

Then the circle waiting in the living-room heard Billy laugh and say, "Let me try them—I bet I can do it!"

Suddenly a crash as if the ceiled flooring was breaking through caused Mrs. Hubert to call out: "What is the matter?"

"I warned you not to try up here. Out on the grass you will find a fall much softer!" laughed Jane, as she started to come downstairs with the boxes.

Billy followed after her, but he carried something very different from empty boxes. Every one looked in surprise for Billy had a pair of stilts.

"We've found something to make during this rainy weather! There is a pile of wooden pieces like these stilts waiting for us upstairs and Tim can help us saw off little blocks for the steps. We can each make

a pair to play with as soon as the rain stops!" cried Jane, eagerly, as Billy went out on the porch and tried to walk with Jack's old stilts.

Everything else was forgotten and soon the ladies heard hammering and sawing overhead that threatened to bring down the flooring.

"Many a bump they'll have before they learn to walk on stilts!" laughed Mrs. Hubert.

"But I know this will be splendid practice to teach them to balance the body. I tried it myself when I was a girl and plenty of bruises I had before I could walk well," laughed Miss Miller.

"Yet I think they can soon learn when to jump clear, if the stilts topple over," added Mrs. Remington.

So, all that day the Tribe and Tim worked in the loft making stilts for themselves. The older and taller members had high ones, the others graduating down in sizes until Teddy and Tammy had their steps about nine inches above the ground.

When the children finished the work and came downstairs with the stilts, the ladies admired each pair and advised generously as to balancing.

"You just ought to try them to see how far your advice will be used," said Billy, laughing, but not meaning to be impertinent to the Guide.

"Dear, I wish it would stop raining!" cried one of the big girls.

"Did you girls make stilts, too?" asked Mrs. Hubert, sceptically.

"Of course, we're going to have as much fun as the Brownies," returned Zan, going out on the verandah.

Late that afternoon, the rain ceased and the sun peeped through the clouds just in time to say good-night to the children.

"Can we try the stilts now?" asked Paul, impatiently.

"No, it's too late now, but you can walk down to camp on them in the morning, if you like!" said the Guide.

The sun was shining brightly the next morning when the Woodcrafters moved back to their camp and the Brownies tried their stilts, trying to walk from the cabin down to the tents. Many a tumble they had before they could learn to balance well, but then they had great fun striding about on the Giant's Legs.

Soon after this event, the Guide said they must begin to practise for the exhibition to be given the parents and friends the week before breaking camp. So, various pursuits were dropped and more time given to charting their summer's work. Butterflies had to be mounted and named; flowers pressed, and blue-prints had to be arranged neatly; plant life, forest life and insect life had to be systematically catalogued in the Tally Books, and these took considerable time to do properly.

Dances had to be practised, games tried out, and Indian songs acted. The bead-bands had been finished and used for trimming the ceremonial costumes, the

younger Brownies having simple bead trimming while the older ones made more elaborate bands.

Betty had a pretty little dress and a head-band with bead trimming at intervals sewed on the bands. Teddy and Tammy had fringed trimming with scanty bead-work as they would not take the time necessary to weave bead-work on their looms.

Then came a letter saying that a number of guests in automobiles were coming up the Saturday before Labor Day, to spend the two days in the mountains. "Of course Mrs. Hubert need not feel the least bit worried about accommodations for they all intended remaining at the little country hotel in the village where the train stopped at a signal from the conductor. As the sleepy little place was but ten miles from Woodchuck Camp, the guests could motor over from the hotel on Sunday and again on Monday."

The news made a great bustle at camp; for *two days* in which to entertain made it possible to show off everything learned since the Pangi Wigwam started.

But the news that capped the climax was heard when the Guide received a letter from the doctor in which he wrote that the three boys from Grey Fox Band had learned so much of Woodcraft during the months spent on Wickeecheokee Farm that they, too, were coming with the party to show what they could do.

"There now, Paul! Billy and you must sure do



BILLY AND PAUL PRACTISING THE DANCES

your best or the Baker boys and Jack will make us feel like taking a back seat!" exclaimed Hilda.

"Not much! Billy and I will practise so hard that we will be able to do the Scalp Dance, and all the others, to perfection."

So, every day the two boys dressed in ceremonial costume and practised diligently until they could do anything Mrs. Remington called for.

As the entire party was to be devoted to the Brownies' work, the big girls spent most of their time in helping the little ones to be ready when the days should arrive.

Finally the Saturday arrived and the children began counting the hours that must pass before their parents and friends would arrive. Mrs. Hubert said it would not be possible for them to reach camp much before afternoon, so everything was in order before noon.

As Mrs. Hubert stood with the other two ladies smiling at the Brownies' last rehearsal, she turned to Hilda and said, "My sister-in-law will hardly recognise her hoyden in the Dot we can now introduce her to! The child has developed so many lovable traits and lost all the disagreeable habits!"

"If that is true of Dot what must it be of Paul! Fancy that big spoiled baby—greedy, lazy and backward in most things—changed to this healthy, active, bright-minded boy! Why, mother will be speechless when she sees him!" added Hilda, feeling very proud of the little brother with whom Woodcraft had worked such marvels.

Little Betty was much more self-reliant and natural as children should be, instead of shy and stammering as she had been. And Tammy had grown to be dependent upon himself instead of upon Teddy. While the latter had become more observant of the claims that others had to his time and attention.

In fact, the entire Band of Brownies showed marvellous improvement in every way since they first joined the Tribe a few months before.

After dinner, when every one was dressed and waiting for the arrivals, Mrs. Hubert was called to the telephone and heard her husband's voice.

"We are just leaving the hotel and will be at camp in half an hour's time!"

The message was told to the others and little Betty gathered a handful of flowers for her beloved parents, but she wanted to give it to them before Tammy called for all of their attention.

Zan said to herself, that the dear little girl made a perfect picture of patience and she was going to have a snap-shot of her if possible.

So she crept behind the trees and skirted the spot where Betty stood unsuspecting any plot. When Zan reached a point in front of the little girl she carefully focussed the kodak and Betty heard a faint click. She looked about wonderingly, but saw nothing. So, she concluded it was a twig of a tree that snapped.

Before she gave another thought to the incident, however, the sirens were heard, and Betty clutched

her flowers so tightly that it is a wonder they were not hurt.

As soon as greetings were over, the Tribe was complimented upon its great improvement. Each member had a claim to this honour, and parents were delighted to find their children so well and happy.

When the boys from the Grey Fox Band at Wickecheokee saw the exhibits of woven baskets, mats, Indian beds, and seats; the bead-work and looms; the carpentry done by the Woodcrafters; the totems, and other decorations; the botanical exhibit and the insects, to say nothing of the songs, dances and games, and above all the little cabin, they decided they had absolutely no ground upon which to compete with this camp.

The doctor marvelled at the progress made since he saw Wako Tribe on the Fourth, and he mentioned the fact, that some of the children had overcome chewing gum, as well as other habits!

Considering the large gathering of friends and Woodcrafters at that camp, it was noticeable that everything went off as planned and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure and joy of any one.

When the visitors started for the return trip, Dr. Baker said, "I hope to see every one of you in a few days, ready to start your winter work in the city."

And the members of Wako Tribe—Big Lodge and Little Lodge—answered "How! How!"

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